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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FREE NOVEL

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Verse by P. DUNCAN-BROWN. Drawing by BOOTHROYD.

DAHLIAS

Dahlias, the symbols of Summer,
Encircled by slender young arms,
Have more than their own native fragrance
And more than their own blushing charms.

They're held in the arms of beauty,
And beauty lies close to God;
O'er flower-flung fields of the Summer
And paths where the seasons have trod.

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"LITTLE MOTHER" of Australia's NEW GOLDFIELD

Batlow Woman's "Lovesome Spot:" Gave Church to Town

By Our Special Commissioner

Mining speculators all over Australia now have their eyes fixed on the picturesque little town of Batlow, in N.S.W. Company directors, stock-brokers, and many distinguished visitors have paid calls on Batlow of late. For the little town has recently awakened to that pitch of excitement which always follows in the wake of a gold boom.

But no more interesting personality is to be found in Batlow to-day than that of one of its oldest residents—Mrs. R. R. Timmis.

For over half a century Mrs. Timmis' life has been bound up with the welfare of Batlow. She is probably the only woman in Australia to have presented a church to the town in which she lives. The beautiful little Anglican Church at Batlow was her gift—a memorial to her husband and her mother, Selina Barberi.

BATLOW residents are proud of this church, and prouder still of its donor. Well may they be, for the church is indeed a thing of beauty, and its donor a woman so lovable and large-hearted that her good deeds are legion. As many of them as possible she keeps strictly secret, but it is not for nothing that she has earned the affectionate title of "Mother of Batlow."

When I asked where I would find Mrs. Timmis I was told, "You are sure to find her in her garden," and this proved right. I reached her house, a roomy, weatherboard bungalow, surrounded with wide, cool, inviting verandahs. But the old-world charm of the house was outdone by the glory of its garden, and there, almost hidden among tall, golden lilies, I found Mrs. Timmis.

I had expected an old woman, but one does not think of age when with Mrs. Timmis. Her grey eyes sparkle with the spirit of youth. Her keen brain is as active as ever. Widely travelled, she has retained her interest in world affairs, though most of her life's work has centred in the quiet little town.

Her years, in the truest sense, have been spent in "cultivating her garden" and the "lovesome spot" which surrounds her home is typical of the garden of good deeds which is her life.

All the fragrance of old-world flowers seems to have been captured in Mrs. Timmis' garden, and thriving just as cheerily as the old-fashioned blooms are many of the loveliest of modern varieties. For the garden is not laid out according to any set plan, but is one of those places which seems to have grown just naturally in obedience to its owner's wish—a garden, in short, with a personality.

Glorious Stained Glass

HAVING introduced myself to the owner of the garden, I made known the purpose of my visit. Would she show me the church? Of course she would!

Directly opposite the house is the church. A most artistic brick building pleasantly lined with native woods. Especially lovely are its windows of stained glass. During her travels in Europe Mrs. Timmis made a special study of churches and stained glass. As a result, she selected her windows with the greatest care, and the result must be a continual source of joy to all comers to the charming little church.

Mrs. Timmis is honorary caretaker of the church, and I doubt if a day passes without her visiting it. She knows every aspect of the windows. When the sun pours through they are wondrously beautiful. In shadow, they are still lovely. The subject of each makes a living story-book which she never tires of reading.

As we sat in one of the wooden pews she turned back the leaves of her life and gave me some glimpses into the past which, later, she amplified in the cool comfort of her sitting-room.

She came to Batlow as a young girl, riding across the mountains from Victoria, on a brief visit to her brother, a young school teacher. The "brief visit" has lasted half a century, for there she met and married Mr. Timmis.

In those days there was only a small wooden hall for church and Sunday-school. She taught in the little Sunday-school . . . and visioned her church.

Dreams Come True!

BEFORE the dreams reached fruition, she saw the little hamlet in the grip of a gold fever. That was in the days of the famous Walsh's Dyke.

Walsh, a prospector, discovered the dyke, and from the first shaft he sank took £6000 worth of gold. There and hard by, along the Adelong Creek, miners flocked. Later Walsh, with a few tools and a jet of water, uncovered the enormous "dyke" which still bears his name, and when he left with his fortune one of his successors was the late Mr. Timmis.

So it was that some of the gold won in Walsh's Dyke eventually built the historic Anglican Church of Batlow. You see the vast chasm in the hillside. About four miles away is the church. The link between them is the wonderful little old lady who, fifty years ago, teaching in the shabby wooden Sunday-school, dreamed her dreams!

TO-DAY, Walsh's Dyke is again the centre of a gold rush. An Adelaide company known as Mutoroo Copper Corporation has purchased Walsh's Dyke and adjoining leases. The surrounding country is pegged out for miles. As many as 300 applications for leases have been made to the warden in one day. Batlow talks gold, thinks gold, dreams gold.

Such names as Mutoroo, Hansel Mundy, Midas, and Hall's Associated are on all lips. As always with a gold rush men feel that any moment the place may prove to be an El Dorado.

Its mining future may eclipse the glories of its past when Walsh's Dyke was a name to conjure with.

Batlow was then known to the world as Reedy's Flat, and had its regular gold escort.

But whatever the future holds, Mrs. Timmis will not get excited about it. She knows all there is to know about gold rushes. The solemn beauty of her church windows and the glories of her garden will always seem more important to her now than any other El Dorado.

RENITA KRAMER, a remarkable dancer who electrified London just before Christmas with an unusual dance in which she appeared as two persons (photographs of which were published in The Australian Women's Weekly), has now evolved the dance shown above, in which she uses her arms as two snakes. She goes through a realistic and artistic struggle with these "venomous" reptiles.

"EVENSONG" is Next Week's Free NOVEL!

New Homecraft Feature Writers

Our next free novel is Beverley Nichols' famous book, "Evensong," the Gaumont-British film version of which is shortly to be released here by Fox Films.

Bitter controversy rages around this book. Beverley Nichols has been charged with drawing its dominant character, Irela, from Melba. He denies it, but is his denial convincing? Read "Evensong" and judge for yourself.

BEVERLEY NICHOLLS was at one time Melba's private secretary and it was known that she had treated him with that generosity which was characteristic of the great diva.

If the Irela of "Evensong" is intended to represent Melba, it is a gross and cruel libel on this great Australian. The fact that the book was published after Melba's death would make the libel the more hateful.

BECAUSE of its especial interest to Australian women, The Australian Women's Weekly decided to buy Australian rights in "Evensong" and to present it as a free novel to readers.

There is only one way to judge the book—read it for yourself. You may hate it. You may delight in it. The Australian Women's Weekly is giving you this opportunity to form your own opinion of a book which is one of the most discussed novels to-day.

Homecraft Features

THIS week two notable additions have been made to the already large staff of special feature writers contributing exclusively to The Australian Women's Weekly. They are Mrs. Bertha Maxwell and Mrs. Ruth Furst. In the realm of needlecraft Mrs. Maxwell stands pre-eminent in the Commonwealth, and Mrs. Furst occupies an equally distinguished position as a cooking expert.

In addition, the first of our exclusive new series of overseas knitting designs appears in color in this issue.

All lovers of needlecraft know the beautiful, original designs of Bertha Maxwell. To her goes the credit of pioneering needlecraft designs based on Australian plant and flower life. An artist in oils, who has specialised in botany, Mrs. Maxwell's training has well fitted her for the work for which she has become famous throughout the Commonwealth and beyond it.

She is the only woman in Australia to have specimens both of her needlework and her designs bought by the National Art Gallery.

The first of the series of designs which she will contribute exclusively to The Australian Women's Weekly will be found on page 33.

Cookery Expert

RUTH FURST is very widely known as a lecturer, teacher, and demonstrator of cooking.

Thoroughly trained in domestic science, Ruth Furst holds full teacher's certificates in all subjects. She has been a teacher of domestic science on the staff of one of our leading technical colleges and has lectured on these subjects and given cookery demonstrations at many city and country schools.

For the past 14 years she has been lecturer in charge of the Domestic Science Department of the Australian Gaslight Co.

Ruth Furst is now writing exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly. All recipes published on our cookery page have been personally tested by her in our own kitchens.

Mrs. Furst has always kept in close touch with the needs of the woman in the average home, and her recipes are essentially practical. This week, for example, she gives recipes for serving potatoes in interesting new guises.

A Lying Rumor About The Australian Women's Weekly

A MALICIOUS rumor is being persistently circulated to the effect that The Australian Women's Weekly is being sold to the Associated Newspaper combine group. This rumor is completely without foundation. THE DIRECTORS OF THIS COMPANY HAVE NOT AT ANY TIME CONSIDERED THE SALE OF THIS PAPER TO ANY INDIVIDUAL OR ANY GROUP.

This attempt to associate The Australian Women's Weekly with a newspaper combine appears to have as its object the damaging of that valuable asset of originality and independence which, we consider, has largely contributed to the phenomenal success achieved by The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Associated Newspapers combine recently launched a woman's paper. We have told our readers the story of the combine's monopolistic endeavors to force sales of that paper by trying to hamper newsagents engaged in selling The Australian Women's Weekly. That effort failed miserably—and whether the Associated Newspapers' new venture has also failed miserably we leave it to our readers to judge.

It is a sinister coincidence that on top of these events comes the campaigned dissemination of this injurious rumor.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Dorne.

MANAGES OWN VINEYARD

MRS. T. FIASCHI is probably the only woman in the Commonwealth who both owns and manages her own vineyard, and manages the business side of marketing the wine.

There are two Fiaschi vineyards, one on the Hawkesbury River, about 11 miles from Windsor, N.S.W., and another near Mudgee, N.S.W.

Mrs. Fiaschi not only tests the wines while they are being made, sees to their bottling and laying down, but even breeds her own horses to do the ploughing of the vineyards.

Her wines have so far been on the prize list every year at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show.

While she spends some time at the vineyards every year, most of Mrs. Fiaschi's days are now passed at her wholesale and retail business premises in the city.

—May Moore.

HAS UNIQUE HONOR.

SISTER PARRY, organising secretary of the New South Wales Centre of the St. John Ambulance Association, is the first and only recipient of one of the highest orders of the Order.

Advice has just been received from London headquarters that she has been elevated to the rank of Lady Commander.

Sister Parry has recently been absent from Sydney on an organising tour through the Federal Capital and southern districts of New South Wales, accompanied by a member of the local executive committee.

SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT

MRS. BERTHA SOUTHEY BRAMMALL, of Tasmania, had the honor of securing second prize in the recent Original Play and Sketch Competition conducted by the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Her play, "Flickering Candles," was broadcast through Station 2BL on January 30.

Mrs. Brammall has a distinguished literary ancestor in Robert Southey, at one time Poet Laureate of England. Southey was her great-grandfather.

While still at school she began writing stories, publishing a book under the title of "Dusky Dell," and for over six years she has been a storyteller during the children's session under the pseudonym of "Anthoress."

WORLD'S *Luckiest* WOMAN *Becomes* the WORLD'S UNLUCKIEST

... Tragic Story of Mme. Stavisky, Now Wasting Away in a French Gaol!

From Our Paris Correspondent

LIKE the story of Cinderella, the romance of Arlette Stavisky, widow of Serge Alexandre Stavisky, the French millionaire swindler who committed suicide last year, describes how a poor and unknown girl rose to fame, wealth, and happiness on the appearance of her Prince Charming.

Unlike the story of Cinderella, however, Mme. Stavisky did not "live happily ever afterwards."

She is now in gaol, separated from her children, deserted by her friends. And it may be said that she who was once the world's luckiest woman is now the world's unluckiest.

MME. STAVISKY—once a beautiful Parisian model—snapped at the height of her husband's success—before the crash came.

THE CROWD went mad, in Paris, when the full details of the Stavisky swindles became known. Riots broke out and much damage was done.

A PATHETIC PHOTO of the beautiful wife of the French swindler, hurrying from the courtrooms and hiding her face from the French camera man. Mme. Stavisky had many society friends, and, of course, she hoped, at first, to save herself from implication in her husband's affairs. The French Government, however, were so anxious to do something to avenge the public against Stavisky that his wife was clapped into prison at once.

ARLETTE STAVISKY was a well-known mannequin when she first met her bridegroom-to-be, and she was noted for her flair for wearing lovely gowns, and for her slender beauty. She was born of humble French country parents.

It is almost certain that Stavisky was in love with his wife, for his adoration was, it is said, obvious to all. But it is also almost certain that he realised his wife's value as an investment.

A beautiful and charming woman could be a most powerful card for him to play when it came to persuading politicians and other influential men to do his will.

Meeting Mme. Stavisky, many of Stavisky's business friends were induced to forget any disquieting thoughts they might have had about his methods.

Arlette was also in love with her rich "financier" husband, for she was a perfect wife according to the standards of their set, being well dressed, good looking, vivacious, a perfect hostess, and mother of two much-admired children. But she had no ulterior motives in her love.

If Mme. Stavisky had been the gold-digger type, like many other French mannequins, she would hardly have handed over her jewels to her husband whenever he wanted them to raise money. This sort of sacrifice was not demanded, however, at the commencement of the Staviskys' life together.

For several years it was the proverbial bed of roses.

Gifts, especially jewellery, were showered upon her daily. She always wore the prettiest of dresses, and in every way she was given to understand that she was a princess in all things except name.

Luxury Homes

HER home was a luxurious apartment in Paris, and magnificent villas were rented, at her wish, in all the most fashionable seaside resorts that exist.

Unlike most members of to-day's Smart Set, she not only had two children, but was immensely proud of her motherhood, and was earnest in her efforts to bring up her babies in the very best possible way, and besides that she was, in spite of her love of beautiful clothes and exquisite surroundings, unusually economical.

Even if the tragedy which has now come to Arlette Stavisky had been her own fault, her fall from the position of one of the luckiest women in the world to that of a total outcast would have been the occasion for some pity; but her present condition is probably not her fault, which makes it especially tragic.

FOR whether she knew anything about her husband's frauds is highly problematical.

It is often pointed out that she was once arrested and thrown into gaol for theft during her mannequin days and, therefore, is by no means such a tyro in crime as believers in her innocence make out.

Also, just before her second baby's birth she was arrested as "a receiver of stolen goods." Even though this charge was later dropped, her accusers say that such an affair must certainly have made her suspect that there was something wrong about her husband's business.

Yet Mme. Stavisky's guilt has not been proved, and there are no accusations against her that are based upon really adequate grounds.

That anyone should be cast into prison and left for months without at least a chance of proving herself innocent is a disgrace to civilisation.

And when it is Arlette Stavisky, once so happy and so prosperous, who lies in a prison whose walls are engraved with "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," the case is particularly pathetic.

This prison life has left deep traces.

Months of sewing sheets for money to eke out her scanty prison fare, distress at enforced separation from her children, and worry, have caused all her former good looks to vanish.

In the absence of the daily cosmetic luxuries that she had been accustomed to for years, Mme. Stavisky is now a heavy-faced, slatternly, woman.

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"I am well satisfied with the results, as I have gained 2in. in height, and have become much stronger and more supple even in this short time."
P. A. Brine, P.O., S.A.

"I have increased my height."
W. Galyer, W., N.Z.

"You can enter me as a well-satisfied pupil. I can only say that, so far, I am more than pleased with your course, and think it is more than you claim it to be."
W. H. Shiller, J., N.S.W.

"Height increased 2in. already." A. Barnes, M., Qld.

YOU can now add several inches to your height! With this remarkable method, it is now possible to increase your height, at the same time improve your health and appearance. Without the use of drugs or unnatural methods this system will add inches to you. You CAN be taller!

How Is Your Appearance?

ALL the social and business advantages of a commanding figure can be yours. You can stand above your fellows and command the attention and respect which only tall people receive. Nothing adds you more to social and business success than a tall, commanding appearance; nothing will add more to your personality—and yet all this is within your grasp! You can NOW get this extra height—you can be the person you have always wanted to be.

TEST THIS METHOD—AT NO COST

BY deciding at once—NOW—you can make a test in your own home of this amazing method at absolutely no cost to yourself if you are not satisfied! Tall people to-day are the winners—the short person is pushed aside. Why remain short when you can be your normal height? You can stand above your fellows and command the attention and respect which only tall people receive. Nothing adds more to your personality than height; and yet all this is within your reach! You can NOW get this extra height—you can be the person you have always wanted to be.

This Offer Expires SHORTLY—Post NOW!

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The above sum will be paid to any person who can prove that any one of these testimonials appearing in this announcement are other than genuine extracts from actual letters in our possession.

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THIS remarkable literature will amaze you. It will show you the short cut to a tall, commanding personality. Through reading this wonderful booklet hundreds have already increased their height; hundreds are doing so at this moment. For a short while you can get one of these booklets Free—if you SEND AT ONCE! Get this coupon in the post NOW!

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Sydney Physical Institute,
Dept. W.W., Lombard Chbs.,
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Dear Sir,—Please send me "How to Increase My Height." I enclose 4d. stamps for postage.
NAME .....
ADDRESS ..... 16/2/35.

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LOVE CALLED . . . *and even* a *Prince* DIDN'T MATTER!

Doreen Hordern's Trip to England Leads to Romantic Engagement

Though Sydney during the past few weeks has produced quite a crop of interesting engagements, the most romantic of the moment is that cabled from England of Miss Doreen Hordern, elder daughter of Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern, of Babworth House, Darling Point, to Mr. Oscar Peall, son of the late Mr. Octavius Peall and Mrs. Peall, of Oare Pennings, Marlborough, England.

This branch of the well-known Hordern clan has been a good deal in the news of late. Last week the birth was announced of a daughter to young Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hordern, the first grandchild to be born to Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern.

MISS HORDERN left Australia for England last June, and many people were surprised that she should be absent during the visit of Prince Henry. Perhaps this news is the happy explanation.

She did not, however, meet her fiance for the first time in England. Mr. Oscar Peall is well known and very well liked in this country, and the young couple have been friends for some time past.

About 12 years ago he was a jackeroo on Stirling Wallendbeen, the property of Mr. Jim Gibb. While there he took part in all the social doings of the countryside, and was a popular figure at picnic race balls, where he was much in demand as a dancing partner, though work was always his first consideration, and Mr. Gibb found him a great asset on the property.

After a voyage to England Mr. Peall became manager of Mount Tamar, the John McPhillamy stronghold at Bathurst. He was also a personal friend of the owner, and did several motor tours of the countryside with him.

Sydney was not neglected, and during his holidays Mr. Peall was frequently to be seen playing tennis and dancing at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, where, in all probability, he met his prospective bride.

Like his fiancee he is devoted to country life and was always anxious to return to Australia after his trip to England to see his people.

Miss Hordern is, of course, very well known in Sydney society, but her interests extend far beyond those which usually comprise the social round.

Her parents' Sydney home is one of the stateliest in Australia, with spacious lawns and glorious gardens, but, on the whole, Miss Hordern preferred to spend her time at the country seat belonging to her parents at Bowral.

THERE she took the keenest interest in rural happenings, and became a splendid tennis player and equestrienne.

Although very attractive, she was by no means the social butterfly type, and never seemed to care for the attentions of men. She is of a very retiring disposition, and unlike most pretty girls was extremely averse to having her photograph taken, so that even her closest relatives had very few pictures of her.

Her two main interests in Sydney are centred in the ornithological branch of the Royal Zoological Society and the District Nursing Association.

A fellow member of the Darling Point Branch of the D.N.A. once said to her, "It is very good of you to give so much time to good works."

"Oh!" replied Miss Hordern, "I am quite old enough to do something useful, and think it is the least I can do."

They will make a very handsome pair, as Miss Hordern is very pretty, with dark hair and blue eyes, while Mr. Peall is about six feet tall, with fair hair, fresh English complexion, and athletic figure. Their many Australian friends are hoping they may be able to be present at the wedding.

A BEAUTIFUL Boothroyd sketch of Miss Doreen Hordern. Miss Hordern is seldom photographed, and very few pictures of her have appeared in the Press. Boothroyd has successfully captured the rare combination of intelligence and charm for which Miss Hordern is noted.

★ *The letter from which this extract is taken is authentic and can be verified*

"I feel I must write and tell you that I think Craven "A" are the most delightful Cigarettes I've ever smoked . . . I have tried many others but find your Cigarettes have never given me a sore throat. . . . They are, indeed, everything you say about them in your advertisements."

Carreras add to their inimitable knowledge of mature and mellow tobacco crops every development of Scientific making and every scruple of Hygiene in the production of Cigarettes. As a result, Craven "A" give *constant* smoking pleasure, and without risk of harm or irritation to delicate and sensitive throats.

IN PACKETS
10 *for* 9d.
FLAT TINS
20 *for* 1/6

Wrapped in Moisture-proof "Cellophane," which protects and ensures Factory-fresh condition, always and everywhere.

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CORK-TIPPED ··· 100% VIRGINIA
Made specially to prevent sore throats
K3239M

ANZAC *Memorial* *Shut* AGAINST PUBLIC

Though formally opened by the Duke of Gloucester in November last, the Anzac Memorial in Hyde Park, Sydney, still has its doors closed against admission.

On the eve of the twentieth anniversary of Anzac, on behalf of subscribers and the general public, The Australian Women's Weekly enters a protest against the trustees' policy of mystery and exclusion.

VISITORS to Sydney, passing Hyde Park in the tram, cast admiring and reverent glances at our Anzac Memorial. Seen from a distance it is entirely admirable, fronted with a calm stretch of water, its exterior apparently completed, and everything apparently in order. It is only on closer inspection that some drawbacks are revealed.

The apparently clear water is seen to contain empty beer bottles, pieces of paper, and other refuse; and the exterior, apparently complete, is in reality lacking in two of its most important groups—1914 (Civilisation Sacrificed to War) and 1918 (Victory After Sacrifice).

The Anzac Memorial, at an approximate cost of £80,000, has been fully subscribed, both the cost of the statuary and Mr. Rayner Hoff, the artist, being paid. The groups are not missing, therefore, for lack of funds.

There was an outcry, particularly from the churches, when civilisation was shown in sculptured form as a nude figure. And, possibly, this objection has a great deal to do with the fact that the Memorial is incomplete. Yet, if the original idea has been abandoned, what is to take its place?

Red Gravel Trouble

AFTER the opening by the Duke of Gloucester the Memorial doors were closed against the public because the red gravel approaches, when trampled on, were responsible for marks being made on the floor of the Shrine.

But the red gravel approaches, for which the City Council is blamed, have long been removed. For weeks past, as far as could be seen, there has been no reason why the Memorial should not be thrown open to the public.

Yet the doors of the Memorial still remained closed. This might have arisen for some good reason, or even have been a mere oversight, but one feels it was more than that.

Why the Hush-hush?

TO attempt to find out anything about what is happening, or what is going to happen, to the Anzac Memorial is to come up against a wall. Inquiries were met with suspicion, questioners received curt replies, and on this subject of wide public interest no information at all is volunteered.

The trustees of the Memorial are the Premier, the Leader of the Opposition, the Lord Mayor of Sydney, the Deputy Governor of the Commonwealth Bank, the Public Trustee, the President of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League, the President of the T.B. Sailors and Soldiers' Association, and the President of the Limbless Soldiers' Association (all, of course, ex officio).

What can be the cause for the air of mystery that fills the atmosphere when one mentions the Memorial?

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Start This Splendid Story To-day

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrated by WEP

Victorian Family ROBINSON

"The mate was not ill-mannered. He supported Adeline with grace and ease."

THE story opens with the family life of the Robinsons, in rural England, in the mid-Victorian period.

At the death of his wife the Rev. James Robinson is left with two daughters, Eleanor (17), Adeline (15), and twins—a boy and a girl of six months.

Adeline is a headstrong young woman, who has shocked the community by falling in love with Capt. Charles Chaine, an officer in the army.

Chaine's letter to Adeline, asking her to run away with him to Australia, is found by a servant and handed to Mr. Robinson. After an interview between Mr. Robinson and Chaine, the girl is forgiven, and the family set out for Australia, where Mr. Robinson has received a bishopric.

Off To a New Land

THE captain, in blue and gold, sat at the head of the dinner table. Down each side, in order of diminishing importance, sat officers and passengers. Very high up, Lady Gilliland, the young wife of a colonial governor, going out to join her husband. Not so high, Miss Sumner (the honorable) travelling for health, it was said (but Adeline and Eleanor knew better. She was thirty, the age of despair).

Further down an actress, a pretty creature, popular with "the gentlemen," then Mrs. Black, a thin woman pious, travelling with an athlete husband, Gerald Black, who had won the amateur championship at Lillie Bridge, and meant to show the Australians and New Zealanders what a true Briton could do on the track. More and more passengers, and then Eleanor, and the second mate, and others, and Adeline, and the purser's assistant (the purser was among those high up, and so was Papa, happily remote, as a future bishop, from the jolly middle of the table). And then some youths, sent out to sheep-farm, because they were black sheep at home, presumably. At all events they didn't seem to have any other qualification for a pastoral life, taking no interest in anything save the liquors at the bar, cards in the smoking-room, and private giggling jokes of their own. But it was all amazing and romantic, once you had recovered from the horrors of seasickness, and could take your place at table, without blenching at the sight of hot roast, boiled and stewed meats served three times a day, beer, wines, and brandies liberally accompanying. Tea there was also—but what tea!

Wonderful. . . The cabin that Eleanor and Adeline occupied; about as large as the inside of a four-wheel cab, with two shelf-like berths, one tiny washstand, a row of hooks, and an all-pervading smell of marine soap, mattresses, bilge-water, and paint. The stewardess, with her white apron, her bulging, ruched and frilled skirts, and cap set high on sloping chignon. Mornings on deck, in the sunny South Atlantic, with passengers playing cards, reading novels, walking arm in arm. Spouting whales. Ships that passed by in the distance. The line—the line that little mother had loved and wanted to see—would she have enjoyed as Eleanor and Adeline giggilingly enjoyed, the ceremonies of crossing, with Neptune coming on board, and Neptune's wife, with a "tournure" of stuffed tow, and the dressing youths, and all the less important passengers, ducked and shaved?

This, they thought, was life.

As for James Robinson, who in another stage would certainly have spent his years within the safe shade of the cloister, instead of wandering wildly overseas, harrying his soul with the affairs of troublesome daughters—James Robinson approved of very little that went on. This voyage, so long drawn out, seemed to have separated him from all the familiar landmarks of his life, mental as well as physical. Passionately pitiful of the poor, deeply concerned with their needs, he missed them now more than he could have said. To the Reverend James, stuffy cottages and unwashed old people, barefoot, dirty children hurrying on their way to work fourteen hours in a mill, were not repulsive. He had been known to take off his clerical coat and wrap a shivering tramp in its inappropriate folds. He had, impulsively swept his entire breakfast off the table, and carried it to a laborer who was lying ill in bed. He had spent the last shilling in his pocket upon bread and milk for little hungry victims of mill-owners' greed. Eleanor and Adeline wanted for nothing, not even the luxury of a carriage; but the Vicar went about with a pony and a governess cart, and his clothes were often shabby with age. It was a matter of conscience with him that his children should have all they wished and needed. For himself, luxury was sinful. . .

The Vicar had never heard of that eccentric young Russian, Count Tolstoy, who was already beginning to trouble his aristocratic family with wild New Testament notions of the same sort. But in his time and circumstances he was more or less Tolstoyan.

On the ship, luxury was not to be avoided. It was woven into one's life; it could not be transmuted or shared. Sheep, bullocks, pigs, poultry were carried on the afterdecks. Fancy breads and cakes were baked each day. There was beer, wine, and brandy always at hand. White-coated stewards attended to your wants. You had nothing to do, no duties except the morning and evening prayers and the Sunday service. No poor to visit (the captain set his face from the first against district-visiting in the forecastle, considering it likely to give the sailors "ideers.") Ship games were scarcely thought of. The passengers were quite content to sit or walk about the decks, to play cards, do fancywork, gossip, and read. Why not? It was, if anything, less monotonous than people's lives ashore.

There was, of course, much flirtation, and this James Robinson profoundly distrusted. It was the simple instinct of his time, to keep one's women in a sort of seraglio. To drive away young men, even the eligible, with flouts and sneers. Thunder out, "Tell your sister not to make a fool of herself grinnin' at that fellow there," when Florence, Margaret, or Matilda was caught looking softly under her eyelashes at something male. The theory of the matter—so far as any theory existed—seemed to be that girls should marry, in the abstract; any concrete instance of a tendency towards marriage being instantly abolished and suppressed.

Girls, of course, were not satisfied with marrying in the abstract. They preferred a nice gentleman with whiskers. Hence the trouble caused by Charlie; the half-suppressed bitterness of such as Eleanor, who saw herself verging towards the dangerous age of twenty-one without a single beau.

James Robinson, impulsively sweeping his ewe lambs away from danger, had not realised that danger, of that particular kind, existed everywhere outside of convents—whose continued presence upon English ground he felt bound, as a good churchman, to deplore. Sometimes, visualising the peace of medieval monasteries, he had felt tempted to wish himself back in the early centuries when all religious establishments, of course, were essentially Anglican in tone. He had seen himself robed and cowled, pacing somebody's cloisters, with his daughters (who, of course, could not have existed without appalling sin; but you couldn't, in your mind even, abolish Addie and Nell) safely housed in some not too far distant nunnery, their pale brows hidden under the drooping veil, their hands, when not upraised in prayer, continually occupied with good works. .

Roused from this dream by a laugh, the silvery laugh that was taught to well-bred girls, he ceased his restless deck-pacing, and stood still, looking about.

IT was winter in England now and winter they had had themselves, in the high latitudes through which the ship had passed. Magellan had been cruel, and the Southern Pacific certainly had not acted up to its name. But now they had called at the sun-dried, strange Chilean port that was to give them their first taste of the tropics. Now they were back in summer, the eternal summer of the blessed latitudes near the line. Air was warm milk; sea was blue satin chipped with dancing diamonds. Unstained the hyacinth sky arched overhead, light-filled as though the gorgeous sun himself were but a single manifestation, and that the least of one great universal light behind. The decks blazed white, the bellying sails seemed carved in Carrara marble. As if in sympathy with all this tropic splendor, the passengers had clad themselves in lightest and gayest clothing. The men went about in white coats and white, swelling, pegtop trousers. The dresses of the women, delicately pale, spread over yards and yards of deck as they paced about. When they sat down, their gracefully managed hoops surrounded them in clouds of ruchings and flounces; over which their small high busts, rising on waists that were like the stems of flowers, showed provocatively in square-cut, frilled, open bodices. On the uplifted bosoms, amid the frills hung gold and silver lockets, rising and falling with every breath. Women, in those days did not exist from the waist downwards; as in all days they made the most of that which was permissible to show.

Adeline, with a "killing" hat set well forward on her immense sloped chignon with a pair of the high-heeled shoes that had just come in (greatly to the disgust of Mr. Punch) modestly peeping from underneath nine yards of muslin ruching, was talking, or rather, had been talking to one of the mates. It was her laugh that the Reverend James had heard. Now, however, she was silent.

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The 8.15

A clatter of feet, the suburban street
Is all alive, I ween,
With pretty girls, and ugly girls
All bound for "the eight-fifteen."

There are podgy girls, and svelte-like girls,
And a host of "in-between";
But their eyes all hold an anxious look
As they make for "the eight-fifteen."

And some there be, only just a few,
Who, thinking they're unseen,
Give rosy apples a peck, a chew,
On their way to "the eight-fifteen."

And the powder puff, pulled from its ruff,
On faces fat and lean,
Is dabbed, along with lip salve red
As they race to "the eight-fifteen."

Then one short run, a final spurt
Completes the sight I've seen
On a thousand mornings in my life
As I've watched for "the eight-fifteen."

So here's a toast, a right good toast,
And I say just what I mean.
"Good luck, good cheer, prosperity,
To the girls of the 'eight-fifteen.'"

—S.S.

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STORMY WEATHER

Illustrated by FISCHER

By - - -
Margaret Ferguson

CREAK . . creak . . swish . . splash . . . The great liner dipped her nose into a deep trough of sea, cut through an uprising wave, and rose triumphantly on the other side with her engines throbbing. The sky was a wild, larkspur-blue and the North Sea matched it and was trimmed with frills of sheerest white foam. One or two other steamers, smaller than the huge cruising liner, plunged and wallowed in the distance, but s.s. Aurentia scarcely gave a quiver of movement.

Linda Ross leaned over the rails of the boat deck, her short, amber-colored hair blown backwards, her face flushed with delicate color, her green-grey eyes brighter than usual.

"Isn't it heavenly, Rex? Much nicer than a flat sea and muggy, hot weather."

But the young man, through whose arm hers was slipped, didn't look very enthusiastic.

"M'm. I wonder." Then he glanced at Linda with an expression of faint disdain. "My dear child, why on earth don't you wear a hat or a net or something to keep you tidy? You've no idea how wild and tousled you look! Look at that girl over there, how beautifully neat she keeps."

Linda, her hand drawn suddenly away from his arm, glanced at the girl he was pointing out so admiringly. She was tucked up in a chair beneath a rug, under the lee of one of the boats, and certainly she had kept exquisitely tidy in spite of the rampant wind. Not a hair of her dark, glossy auburn curls that lay flat against her shapely head was out of place, and her shirt blouse and tie and trim greatcoat were perfectly cut and fitted to her slight figure. Linda suddenly felt horribly messy and "tripperish," and ashamed of herself. On a cruise like this one must think of appearances and take some pride in looking nice; she certainly couldn't let Rex feel ashamed of her.

"I do feel rather wind-blown," she said apologetically. "I'll go down and tidy up. Will you stay up here?"

"Yes, for a bit." Rex's dark eyes wandered in the direction of the other girl. "If you're going right down, you might bring up that score book and one or two of those lyrics and I'll try and have a go at them. I've got to get them done somehow by the end of the month and I haven't had any brainwaves yet."

"They'll come," Linda said soothingly. "This holiday will start everything working again. You were getting stale pegging away in London."

"Well, I shan't have much peace until I have got the beastly things done," Rex said. "There doesn't seem to be an original, unused tune in the world now."

Linda squeezed his arm again and went down below to get her rebellious hair under control. But though she did her best to comfort and encourage Rex, she was a tiny bit bothered herself. He had undertaken to write several songs for this new revue that was coming on in September, and so far he had only composed one, and that not at all up to his usual standard.

People expected extra specially good and catchy music from Rex Lester—and they were going to get it, Linda decided with a sudden upward surge of spirits. This holiday with its change of scene and atmosphere, its exhilarating beauty of sea and wind and country, would freshen up Rex's inspiration. He would write some sensational numbers for the show—and then the money would come rolling in and they would buy that little gabled house near Weybridge and get married and settle down blissfully. She dashed some powder across her wind-flushed face, caught up the untidy bundle of notes and dashed up to the deck again.

"Here you are, Rex. Have I been ages? I had to hunt—"

But she stopped short, suddenly awkward and taken aback. For Rex wasn't, as she had left him, alone by the rail; he was occupying the chair next to the dainty, red-haired girl, and they were smoking cigarettes and laughing and talking as though they had known each other for years. In fact Rex was so absorbed that he didn't notice Linda's return at all until his companion raised her almond-shaped, brown eyes, glanced at her with a look of faint amusement, and said to him:

"Here's your friend come back."

"Oh, there you are, Linda! You took so long I thought you must have collapsed in the cabin." Rex's tone was casual and slightly annoyed. "This is Miss Dewey—my fiancee, Linda Ross."

Miss Dewey's eyes looked more amused than ever as she swept them over Linda and said carelessly:

"You must forgive my interest in your fiance, Miss Ross, but I was terribly thrilled when I discovered that he was Rex Lester, the composer. I adore his songs and dance tunes."

Rex laughed self-consciously and said, "Oh, it's rotten stuff, really!" and settled himself back in the chair.

Linda hesitated and felt clumsy and stupid. This girl with her smooth, cool voice and varnished finger nails and general air of poise and self-possession made her feel like that. Wisps of hair escaped from under her hair-band and blew in her eyes, and she was conscious that her white shoes weren't too well cleaned. How had the other girl managed, in the space of ten minutes or so, to get Rex into that chair and talking to her so confidentially?

"The lunch bugle is just being blown, Rex," Linda said rather sharply. "Are you coming down?"

Rex turned towards Miss Dewey inquiringly:

"Are you venturing?"

She shook her head, smiling.

"No. Quite frankly I think this old ship is heaving about a bit too friskily. I don't feel hungry. I think I'll save up now for dinner."

"So will I. You go down, Linda, and have a hearty lunch. I know nothing ever takes away your appetite."

Linda flushed a little. The way Rex said it made her feel that it was rather disgusting not to feel seasick and frail. Not that the girl looked in the slightest degree either. There was a smooth, warm color in her cheeks and her eyes were bright and dancing.

"All right," Linda said abruptly, and dumped the bundle of papers on Rex's knee. "There are your lyrics and things. You'd better have a look at them. Didn't you have an idea last night for that storm scene number?"

Rex pushed the notes impatiently away behind a cushion.

"Linda, darling, this is supposed to be my holiday. Mayn't I relax for two minutes?"

She turned away without answering and went quickly down the ladder. But already she felt ashamed of herself. It was absurd of her to behave and feel like this on the very first day of their holiday, because Rex was trying to relax and forget his worrying work. Wasn't she going to let him have any fun at all without being jealous? Besides that she had made a fool of herself in front of that hard-eyed girl and Rex would hate that.

She slipped quietly into her place in the dining saloon that was filling up rapidly. Their table was a largish one for six. It was made up of herself, Rex, her uncle and aunt, who were standing her this treat, and two other people, only one of whom came down.

"I wonder who has that other place," Mrs. Ross said, and, being interested in everything and everyone, she asked the steward.

"I think it's Miss Dewey's place, madam, Miss Mona Dewey."

Linda sat staring rather blankly at the menu card. So she was at their table. But she simply must pull herself together and stop being an idiot.

Rex and Mona were strolling round the town, shopping together.

Mona, in her rakish little flame-colored beret and cape that clashed so daringly with her red hair, was in the highest spirits. It was "Rex, darling, look at this," and "Rex, darling, we must go and buy that" all the time.

They came back only a few moments before the ship sailed, loaded up with parcels, laughing and teasing each other.

"Had a good bathe?" he asked Linda casually when they met on deck, and didn't wait for her reply. "You'd have had a much better time in the town, Mona and I had a great morning."

"I'm sure you did," Linda said dryly. "Any mail?"

Rex's face clouded for a moment.

"A letter from that blighter, Lee. They've shoved on the production of the revue a fortnight. He's got to have the numbers the moment we get back. It's a confounded nuisance."

"Oh, Rex!" Linda's voice was alarmed. "Isn't that going to be difficult? Have you got any of them done?"

"Three of them. But I haven't got the principal song yet, that's going to be the big number, the storm at sea scene and 'wave' dance."

Rex sounded worried and Linda knew that he had reason to be. This was an urgent business and a great deal depended on it. If he let Harry Lee down and failed to produce the music he had promised, there was going to be trouble.

"You've got nearly a week yet, Rex. You'll be able to work it out—if you concentrate."

Her tone was a shade less sympathetic than usual, and Rex looked at her sharply.

"That's the difficulty. It's pretty hard to concentrate on work on a holiday like this, but I suppose I'll have to try. I'll have a go at it to-night at that piano in the downstairs saloon."

He turned and walked away, leaving Linda leaning against the rail, her sun-browned face suddenly tired and unhappy. There had been a distinct barrier between them during that talk, something that kept him from being natural and her from being understanding.

Well, he had behaved rather rottenly to her, going off both at Copenhagen and Stockholm on the vaguest of excuses, to play escort to Mona Dewey. One had to make certain allowances naturally, but he seemed to be going rather beyond them. Perhaps this news from Lee would pull him up and make him sensible again. But he was changed, because before this cruise he would have come to her in a moment like this for help and advice. She had a decided gift for composing herself, and knew a great deal about music and scoring, and with their heads put together they would have hit on something just right. But he didn't come near her for help.

There was nothing much doing on board that night beyond the usual dancing on deck. It would be easy for him to slip away quietly to the piano below and work undisturbed for an hour or two. Linda left him alone at dinner as he didn't seem to want to talk. Mona across the table was at her liveliest, though, and she wasn't going to allow him to be dull and preoccupied.

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She stopped short... Rex wasn't as she had left him, alone by the rail; he was occupying the chair next to the dainty red-haired girl.

"WHAT'S become of Rex, Linda? Isn't he coming along on this excursion with us?"

Linda, tucking herself away in a corner of the tender out of the wind, answered casually:

"I don't think so. He's not keen on bathing and he wants to see some more of the town."

Mrs. Ross opened her mouth to say something else, but changed her mind and shut it abruptly. Linda began talking to her uncle about the scenery.

They were chugging down one of the lovely waterways of Stockholm's vast sound. The tiny islands were emerald and the sky and water blue. White-sailed yachts passed them, swift in the wind, and fair-headed girls and boys in scarlet and orange and peacock jumpers waved gaily to them. Linda, as she chattered, thought drearily:

"I wish this beastly cruise were over. What an idiot I was to come. Rex is bored with me. I'm dull and uninteresting and unattractive compared with the other girls on board, the smart lively type—like Mona."

A Complete Short Story

By a Girl of 17

"Somewhere"

SOMEWHERE between the darkness and the morn,
I found a young pale spirit all forlorn.
I made within my arms a resting place,
It came, and yet a shadow hid its face.
I spoke of love and laughter for a while,
And almost thought I felt the spirit smile.
I talked of art and beauty for a space,
But still the mist of shadow hid its face.
I wrapped it warmly round within my cloak
It sighed a little, moaned, but never spoke.
I bound it still more closely, motherwise,
Until the spear of dawn shot through the skies.
It stirred, and, rising with a wistful grace,
Sped off before the morning saw its face!

—Yvonne Webb.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE

MADGE Intervenes

"Bobbie," murmured Miss Madge, with the prettiest touch of reproach in her voice, "what will Captain Lennox-Murray think of me?"

Illustrated by WEP

SO now you know what you are to do," concluded Miss Blackiston briskly.

"We're to sit tight and do nothing. Isn't that it?" smiled Lennox-Murray.

"That's it exactly. Yours not to reason why. Just back me, no matter what I do."

"All right. I'm game," said the Englishman.

Harville got up and put on his hat. "None for me, thank you."

Madge twisted her gay little smile at him. "Afraid, Bobbie?"

"Very much," returned Harville promptly. "I've bumped up against that engaging audacity of yours ever since I was a yard high. There are always dangerous fireworks popping where you go, Madge. I've trailed along after you into too many lickings not to know that."

"All right," said Madge, over her shoulder. "But you'll be sorry, Bobbie."

"I'll be sorrier if I go."

"Captain Lennox - Murray isn't afraid." Madge's glance at the clean-built, impassive young Englishman was warm with confidence.

"He hasn't the privilege of being your cousin. I warn you, captain, that when she's at her best she's at her worst. I know the lady's endearing little ways. There's trouble in the air for you and me."

"So you're going to see it out, Bobbie?" beamed Miss Madge. "I knew you would. You always used to sermonise for my soul's good, and then stay to see the fun."

"I stayed to keep you out of deviltry, you imp of mischief—not that I ever succeeded," he added immediately. "She had a nose for scenting trouble a mile away, captain, and her long legs ached till she had reached there and mixed us up in it. She was a pill for fair, and, what's more, she is yet."

Lennox-Murray took in, with cool appreciation, Miss Madge's faultless get-up, her piquant nose, her innocent blue eyes, the perfect complexion that had defied even Colorado suns and winds. Propriety sat so snugly about the corners of her demure mouth that it was hard to imagine her a harum-scarum tomboy with hair flying in the wind.

"The rummiest kids often turn out the best," he began. "I'm sure Miss Blackiston——"

Harville scoffed. "The little imp's planning arson at the least."

"Bobbie," murmured Miss Madge, with the prettiest touch of reproach in her voice, "what will Captain Lennox-Murray think of me?"

The captain tugged at his moustache. "I'm keen to tell you. I expect to at four p.m. to-morrow afternoon on the golf links, Miss Blackiston. And if the row is to be a bonfire, let me light the match."

Madge clapped her hands. "You're what my little brother would call a dead-game sport, captain."

Lennox-Murray blushed beneath his outdoor tan. "Thank you, Miss Blackiston. I try to play the game you know."

"She's got you hypnotised, captain. It's one of her little ways," shrugged the youth who had been bitten. "Well, Madge, what's the programme? Are we to loot a church or carry out a gaol-delivery?"

Miss Blackiston rose and buttoned her silk dust-coat. A little triumphant smile was dancing in her eyes. "I only want you to take a ride with me in my Climber."

"Oh, that's all. Going to smash a road-record, I suppose? You well insured, captain?" Harville stopped before a bust of Washington on his way out of the library and touched his fair, curly hair. "We who are about to die salute thee, Caesar."

Miss Blackiston is competent to write a book on "Every Woman Her Own Chauffeur." She took the lever-seat and issued orders briefly. "Remember, Bobbie, you're not to be surprised at anything I do," she concluded.

"Better tell the other victim that. I've known you fifteen years. I couldn't be," retorted Harville, taking one of the back seats.

THE Englishman, sitting beside the girl, watched admiringly her confident handling of the machine. He saw that she knew all that was worth knowing about running a Climber. She handled with the firmest of brown little hands its individual whimsies, and twisted it to her will like a professional chauffeur so as to get the best results from the least effort. The machine swept along for six blocks, turned to the left for another, right angled down a street in the stone age, then came to an abrupt halt before a pretentious house of turrets so hideously ugly that it was a landmark.

"Run in, Bobbie, and tell Alderman Kelly that he is wanted immediately by Mr. Roberts. Say we'll take him to the Roberts' house," commanded Miss Blackiston.

Harville expostulated. "See here, Madge, what is the game? What are you up to?"

"If you ask me no questions I'll tell you no fibs," retorted that young woman oracularly.

Her cousin surrendered, and did as he was told. Mike Kelly, a fat bulk of a man with a very red face, came to the door himself in his shirt sleeves. His hard eyes went over Harville and the waiting automobile while the young man explained his errand.

"What's broke loose now?" he snapped.

"Don't know. I'm telling you what I was told to tell you."

Again Kelly's eyes took in the automobile and its occupants. Big things were doing at the city hall that night. What more likely then that Roberts, of the tramway, had sent for him to consult before the board met to vote on the franchise proposition?

If he had any suspicions, the sight of a girl at the lever lulled them.

"All right. I'll be with you in a jiffy," he said, and disappeared into the house.

Presently he emerged, dragging his coat on as he came. He stepped into the back seat beside Harville. Miss Blackiston pulled a lever, and the Climber jumped forward.

Mike Kelly, boss of the city of Sheridan by right of conquest, leaned back and took stock of his well-groomed fellow travellers. He did not know any of them, but it was an easy guess that they were part of the numerous Roberts family. Two of the Roberts boys were at college, and at least one of the daughters was prominent in the younger society set. So much he knew from his wife's gossip of the society columns of the paper. They were not just the kind of people that Boss Kelly was likely to know at close range.

Now that he came to consider, he thought it strange that Roberts had not sent a servant for him. It was not like Roberts to bring his family into even the outskirts of a deal like this. For the president of the big traction company was what Kelly called "a high-flyer." He did his boodling by proxy, even though sometimes, absolutely ignoring the existence of any quid pro quo, he consented to discuss generally the passage of measures in which the company was interested.

And certainly the Sheridan Traction Company had never been more vitally interested in any proposition than the one pending for settlement before the city council that evening. The company had asked for a fifty-year extension of its franchise.

There had been a storm of public protest almost unprecedented in its intensity. What the company asked for was worth millions. What it proposed to give the public in exchange was a mere sop. Another corporation had offered a sum nearly ten times as great for the privilege of a twenty-five year franchise, the city to own the lines at the expiration of that time.

But the Sheridan Traction Company had oiled the way for the passage of its ordinance in spite of the public will. The money that had been put up to obtain control of the city council totalled a sum irresistible to hungry politicians.

Mike Kelly had been in charge of the corruption fund, and he had put the money where it would do the most good. A little more than one-half of it would go down in his own pocket just as soon as the bill was passed. And that he calculated triumphantly would be in about an hour and a half. Every man that could be bought he had bought. It would be a close thing but he had a bare majority and he knew he could hold his men in line, even though some of them were weakening under the strong pressure of public opinion. To vote for the ordinance was to brand themselves as boodlers, but he guessed they could afford it under the circumstances.

To Bob Harville there came a sudden startling divination of his cousin's daring purpose. She was going to kidnap Kelly to bring about the failure of the ordinance. In connection with any other girl such an idea would have been preposterous. But he knew Madcap Madge better than to suppose she would stick at anything.

HE saw in a flash the propelling motives of her mad adventure. Her mother was the president of the Sheridan Woman's Club, her father the secretary of the Good Government League. She must have dined on the Traction Company's ordinance for a month and heard it discussed morning, noon, and night.

He could imagine how her impulsive youth must have resented the patience of a community that sat down with folded hands to watch itself being robbed. He could see her blue eyes flash as she demanded: "Why don't you do something to stop it?" And he could hear her mother's calm, indulgent answer: "What is there left to do, my daughter?"

Well, Miss Madge had found something to do with a vengeance. Harville watched her with an instant revival of his admiring, boyish loyalty. She was quite cool and steady as she guided the machine over the asphalt, apparently no more disturbed than if she were out for a casual spin. Bob had helped abduct the president of the junior class at college. He concluded that he would give Madge a lift with Kelly when she needed his help. Just now she did not seem to need it.

"I say where is she heading, young man? Does Roberts live out this way?" Kelly was leaning toward Harville with a vague suspicion filtering through his brain.

"Don't know, I'm sure," returned the young man coolly.

Boss Kelly's eyes began to bulge. "What's that? Here, let me out. This don't go," he said hoarsely.

"Don't go? Well, you're the first man I ever heard say the Climber couldn't hit the road well." Harville leaned forward and spoke in his cousin's ear. "Mr. Kelly says your machine is slow. Says it doesn't go"

The girl did not blink an eye. She nodded and moved a lever gently. The Climber jumped forward like a horse under the spur

Kelly's under jaw shot out, the same fighting jaw that had made him boss of Sheridan. "Let me out of here," he said, breathing heavily.

Harville waved his hand easily. "My dear fellow, I'm not keeping you here. If you don't care to ride you can always get out."

"Well, stop the machine."

Bob stared at him. "How can I stop it? I'm not the chauffeur?"

"Is this a hold-up?" the alderman demanded.

Harville was shocked. "We don't belong to the city council, Mr. Kelly."

The look in Kelly's eyes was venomous. His right hand slid into his hip pocket. The fingers of the big ex-Varsity guard closed on his fat wrist with a grip like a vice.

"No, you don't, my beauty. We'll cut out the fireworks. This isn't the Fourth of July," he murmured.

Kelly struggled, trying desperately to draw out his hand. But in Harville's grip he was a mere child to handle. Never an athlete in the best of days, gross living and lack of exercise had padded his bones with loose fat instead of muscle. He could only strain impotently and curse. Unexpectedly Harville let his hand jerk out, then closed on the wrist again till it was an easy matter to twist the revolver from the nerveless grip.

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My Favorite Poem

"Bobs"

There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs,
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—
Our Bobs.
If it bucks or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears—
Can't yer, Bobs?

—Rudyard Kipling.

Sent in by Ernest M. Smith, 65 York St., Belmore, N.S.W.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

● *DRESS of brown Dupont yarn; a mossy fabric with a suede finish—all wool. The wide sleeve is new. The cross-over scarf is orange velveteen.*

● *A DRESS of navy-blue dull crepe is topped by a jacket made of velveteen—red with navy stripes. The handbag matches. An ideal autumn ensemble.*

● *HAIRY angora woollen in a deep shade of violet fashions this dress. The vest, which crosses at the back with the ends coming through at either side, is of taffeta.*

● *A GREY crepe dress has a shirred yoke and pockets. The belt and bag are wine-color velveteen. The grey fabric has a blistered surface.*

● *THIS tunic dress is made of corribba, a new fabric, very crepy, and ribbed. The tunic is yellow and the skirt and accessories brown. The belt is suede.*

THE IMPORTANCE *of* GLOVES, HOSE, *and* SCARVES

A Review of the Season's Smartest Notions. . . Combined with Some Splendid Practical Advice.

ON your choice of accessories depends the success or failure of your frocking ensemble. Last week I dealt with hats, shoes, and handbags. Gloves, stockings, and scarves also may make or mar an outfit, so this week I am reviewing the smartest glove, hose, and scarf notions of the season.

WITH navy-blue, black, or dark brown shoes and bag and hat, gloves can match or be white. Fawn gloves can be worn with brown, and yellow chamois with black or navy. If you wear your dark accessories with a contrasting frock, keep your gloves dark. If you wear them with a matching frock, they can be light. For instance, with a grey dress wear navy-blue hat, shoes, bag, and gloves; with a navy dress wear navy hat, shoes, and bag, and either white or navy gloves. White gloves look particularly well with dark frocks when there is some white accent, such as collar or cuffs. Be sure, if you wear white gloves, that they are spotlessly clean.

For tweeds and sports clothes there are stitched fabric and washing doeskin gloves—they are white, brown, or navy.

For formal clothes there are suedes and doeskin; the plainer these gloves are the better. They are of the pull-on type, or three-button; they should wrinkle a little at the wrist. Gloves with contrasting stitching—such as white gloves with black stitching—should be kept for sports clothes

For Winter Wear

THERE will be ribbed woollen gloves, and gloves made of tweed and velveteen, for the winter. But if you keep to black or brown suede, navy fabric or kid and white for formal wear, and brown or yellow or navy fabric and white washing gloves for sports or morning wear, you will be quite safe and smart.

Evening gloves are worn a great deal abroad with the new winter evening gowns—very long gloves of pastel suede, velvet, and other dress fabrics. These should only be worn on formal occasions; they are seldom seen at small dances or at night-clubs.

The Stocking Problem

SILK stockings present a problem to every woman. There are just a few things we can do to prolong their life as much as possible.

It is unnecessary and needlessly extravagant to wear sheer stockings for all occasions. In fact, it is bad taste.

You really need four types of stockings. If you buy them and wear them with the same consideration that you give to the rest of your costume, at least some of your troubles will disappear.

First of all, you should wear lisle hose with country brogues, or buy a service-weight silk stocking to wear with tweeds and sports shoes either in the country or for sports.

Secondly, a medium-sheer stocking for general day wear, with tailor-mades, suits, and plain frocks. The sheer, expensive hose you must keep for evening or for formal day wear.

There is no doubt that the sheerer the stocking the more flattering it is! See that the hose you buy is not shiny (shiny stockings make legs look fatter).

Watch carefully that there are no [illegible] around the part that shows. Rings [illegible] often found in cheap stockings, and are often [illegible] by the dye. When buying, [illegible] double part at the heel is [illegible] to prevent the shoe from [illegible] rubbing. Learn [illegible] correct length. If they [illegible] correct size and [illegible] will wear out very [illegible] are too small th[illegible] quickly.

A Laundering Tip

REMEMBER to replace [illegible] worn out suspenders before they [illegible] stockings on your stockings. Put your [illegible] not only do with the seams straight. [illegible] longer, they look better, but they last [illegible] shade at [illegible]

Buy several pairs the same [illegible] a rest the one time, and give each pair [illegible] your between wearing, and never wet wash-stockings more than once without [illegible] ing them; wash them gently, just [illegible] and them in tepid soapy water once, [illegible] twice in clear water—the same temperature—never wring them out, and [illegible] hang them in the sun.

If you are slim enough to wear elastic or lastex satin pantees, which are [illegible] penderless, buy some "short hose" [illegible] evening. They finish with an elastic just below the knee. Having no suspenders, they do not run, and they [illegible] the answer (both the stockings and the pantees) to what to wear under your tight evening dresses—no hooks or lumps to show anywhere.

THE colors of stockings vary very little from season to season. For summer you, of course, wear lighter shades. Sun tan is a safe color for all summer frocks, and there are many shades of fawn. The same colors are worn at night as by day. If you wear pastel evening shoes, it is smart if your stockings are not pale. With gold and silver kid shoes the color should be fairly light. With dark frocks, such as black or navy, sheer stockings with a brownish-greyish tinge are good. With dark brown a sheer dark brown or deep beige. Never wear a pure grey stocking or white one. If you wish to be very chic, you can wear the finest of fine black stockings with a black evening dress.

Scarves Are Smart

SCARVES are worn with all types of daytime clothes. There are large taffeta squares which you roll around your neck—their stripes and dots enhance plain dresses. Velvet, however, is the new scarf fabric. There are triangles in bright green, red and yellow, and pastel shades. You wear them knotted on one shoulder and with dark woollen dresses. There are also dotted, striped, and crinkled velvets worn in squares, triangles, or long strips. Velveteen scarves are seen with sports clothes and tailor-mades. There are wine, bottle-green, brown, and navy velveteen scarves, berets, and gloves to match. Fine jersey and woollen fabrics make straight scarves with fringed ends.

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BEAUTY . . . and the GOWNS!

As exemplified by famous Parisian "Lovely" . . . and our Miss Vyner!

• *THE PHOTOGRAPH above shows Madame Triani, a famous Parisian society beauty, in a picturesque corner of the grounds of her chateau in Normandy. Madame is wearing a play suit of yellow and white checked flannel, specially designed for her by Patou.*

• *MADAME TRIANI, on a tour of her grounds, has donned a Patou sports suit over her play suit of yellow checked flannel. The suit is of grey jersey, and the accompanying little hat of the same flannel as the play suit.*

• *MISS MARGARET VYNER, the beautiful young Australian girl, who recently was engaged by Patou as his head mannequin, is seen here in one of the most successful of his late evening models. It is carried out in black antelope velvet, lined with red velvet, and the front drape of red velvet is finished with an artistically designed choker from Arpels von Clef, of the Rue de la Paix.*

SPECIAL interest attaches to the photographs on this page, to-day. Selected by Miss Muriel Segal, our special representative abroad, and sent by air mail, they were posed by two notably beautiful women—Madame Triani and Miss Margaret Vyner.

Madame Triani is a wealthy Parisian society leader, whose beauty has made her the toast of that city where pretty women abound. She is known as "the loveliest of the 'lovelies' of Paris," and is just as renowned for her frocking as for her looks.

The photographs appearing on this page were taken in the grounds of her stately old chateau in Normandy, which is set in most picturesque surroundings. They show her as a typically French beauty—shorter than the average good-looking Australian or Englishwoman, brunette, and with a more "curvaceous" figure than that of the smart Anglo-Saxon of the moment.

Very striking is the contrast she makes with Miss Margaret Vyner, the Australian girl who, last year, won instant success in the fashion world of Paris, and was engaged by Jean Patou as his head mannequin on a contract which makes her, it is stated on good authority, the highest paid mannequin in the world.

Miss Vyner is tall, fair, slim and graceful. The natural dark fold of her hair needs no assistance from art to enhance its glinting beauty. She has large, appealing blue eyes, and an enviable distinction of carriage.

Interested as she is in fashion work, it by no means absorbs all her attention. She is a keen student of literature and the drama. Before she left Australia, she had gained some stage experience. She is scarcely out of her teens as yet.

A Delicious Sandwich Cake

Every hostess finds delight in serving a delicious sandwich cake, and her enjoyment is shared by all who partake.

Try this recipe for:

GRANUMA SANDWICH CAKE

¼lb. Butter.	¼lb. Sugar.
4 Eggs.	¼lb. Granuma.

Beat butter to a cream, beat eggs and sugar together 20 minutes, then add to butter, then stir in Granuma. Have ready two buttered tin pie-plates of equal size, pour half this mixture on each, and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes, then spread one-half with jam and lay the other half on top.

And don't forget to serve Granuma Porridge every morning. Both old and young enjoy its fine nutty flavour. Cook well and serve with milk, cream, fruit, or honey. Order regularly from your grocer.

Granuma Porridge

CONTAINS THE WHOLE OF THE WHEAT

Builds fine Boys and Girls

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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 16, 1935.

BREAKING UP HOMES WITH NOISE

ENGLAND is taking her campaign against noise seriously, and so providing an example which Australia might very well follow.

As the result of an action won by residents against a large stadium, English speedway organisers are now grappling with the problem of how to make dirt-track races quieter. The judge's ruling that races without silencers must be stopped meant that, in this instance, the stadium authorities undertook to provide racing cycles with effective silencers, to subdue noises of loud speakers, amplifiers, and records, and to forbid the use of rattles and whistles by the crowd.

At the recent Science Congress, doctors called attention to the growing menace of noise. City trams were indicted by a scientific investigator as public enemy number one, but, in addition to tram noises, every city dweller is subjected to the noises of honks, whistles, exhausts, sirens, trains, bells, and a barrage of minor noise tortures.

To these are often added noises associated with his means of earning a livelihood. These vary from noisy lifts to the deafening clank of heavy machinery.

Scientists are turning their attention to the effect of all these noises on the efficiency of the worker. They should add to these investigations an examination of the effect of all this city-bred noise on home life.

At the end of a day's work in the city, the family breadwinner returns with nerves made ragged by noises. Actually, he should be regarded as a convalescent and allowed a spell of silence in which to recuperate. The sympathetic wife should silence the radio, hush the children, and repress any desire to talk about the minor trials of the day, all of which is too much to expect.

So the vicious circle of noise completes itself, and many a potentially happy home must be broken up as the result of noise.

It is evident that we have been in too great a hurry to acclaim labor-saving and time-saving inventions irrespective of the ravages they may make in the nervous systems, not only of their operators, but of all their other victims.

The slogan of the future may be, "No invention without its accompanying silencer." Meantime there is much that individuals can do to mitigate the nuisance and menace of noise. The first step is to recognise noise as a grave menace to health and happiness.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Selector Was There

CURIOUS to read that at the marriage of Mr. Stan McCabe, international cricketer, in Sydney last week, Mr. E. A. Dwyer, State cricket selector, "gave the bride away." One wonders if the bridegroom felt fortified in his choice by the knowledge that the bride was handed to him by a duly qualified selector.

Sturdy Dr. Johnson once remarked that if all marriages were arranged by the Lord Chancellor there would be fewer unhappy ones. Perhaps he was right.

Though young Mrs. McCabe has not aspired to cricket fame, it is remarkable how many tennis champions have chosen their brides from women exponents of the game. Witness the Crawfords, the Hopmans, the Menzels, the Lycetts, and many more. Which all seems to indicate that Dan Cupid more easily discovers "soul affinities" on the tennis court than on the cricket ground.

Yes, We Grow Fruit

IT is pleasant to know that people in the country are making headway in spite of drought, floods, debts, grasshoppers, and all the other plagues you read about. Witness the fact that export of canned fruits—pears, peaches, and apricots—was half as much again last year as it was in 1933, the figures being 1,436,000 tins and 2,633,000.

We grow the lovellest and most luscious fruits in the world, and if Britain and Europe wouldn't put up trade barriers against us, about half the unemployed in Australia could be profitably engaged growing fruit for the millions of the Old World. What a healthy life it would be! And what an all-round benefit in the shape of relief from unemployed taxes, etc., etc.

The curse of the post-war situation is the jaundiced eye with which every civilised country looks at imports from every other country. Two years ago there was a World Economic Conference in London, but it did nothing. Might be worth trying again.

Millions from Amusements

AUSTRALIA pays its governments heavily for the privilege of amusing itself. Try to think of one form of recreation from which the politicians don't grab something. They have their "cut" out of theatres, movies, race meetings, lectures, concerts, and motor-rides. Last year the Federal Government collected £5,757,000 from petrol tax, and kept most of it for its own purposes, giving the States only £2,304,000 for upkeep of roads.

So the motorists and the racegoers and the basic wagers who support the picture shows pay millions to the politicians over and above what they have to pay for upkeep of the shows themselves.

It is one result of the way we are governed and mis-governed. And with all this extra money there isn't a State government in Australia that is paying its way. Should we try a form of one-man rule, give women a chance—or what?

Mixed Marriages

A MAN with no ordinary powers is the Chief Protector of Aborigines. He can do what even Hitler and Mussolini can't—put a ban on projected marriages. A man of Filipino descent, living at Darwin, has been forbidden by the Protector of Aborigines to marry Rosa Cheong, a half-caste girl. The couple are of adult age and may be enamored of each other, but marriage will not be allowed.

The question of mixed marriages is a vexed one in this part of Australia. The Government's refusal to allow such a mix-up of races as would be furnished by a Filipino father and a half-caste mother, will be commended by many.

But where is the ban to stop? We are told that it is part of the Government's policy to encourage marriage between half-caste women and white men. It seems risky—and to point to a possibility, not wholly remote, of a Prime Minister with abo. blood in his veins.

Six Weeks' Trial

WE complain about the law's delays, the law's expense, and other defects of the law in Australia. But when you get a Hauptmann trial such as they have in America you get a better sense of the merits of a system like ours.

The trial of the man accused of the murder of Colonel Lindbergh's baby has been going on now for six weeks. Early in the proceedings Mrs. Hauptmann, sitting in the court, screamed at a State witness. "I can't help it," she said, when the Judge reprimanded her.

If she felt like that a month ago she is probably feeling worse now.

These drawn-out trials are drawn-out tragedies. Even in Australia we have witnessed the tragic effect on women witnesses of such protracted proceedings, but there is no record of an Australian criminal trial taking half the time of this American one, and the lawyers in Uncle Sam's country must take a good deal of the blame.

MRS. LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN, who will write exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly while she is abroad.

The Family Tradition

IF the great Duke of Marlborough ever looks down from aloft (or some other vantage point) he should be satisfied that his descendants are keeping up the family tradition for doing things. Last week we had Winston Churchill, present scion of the house, declaiming against the National Government, while son Randolph was trying to get himself elected to Parliament. While the men were thus occupied in England, Mrs. Winston was casting a hurried look over Sydney, having arrived and departed within 24 hours.

There is no wasting time with these Churchills. The original Duke won most of his battles by dashing attacks on slow-moving armies. In these days of peace, the tongue of Winston flashes out as the ancestral sword used to flash. And no one can say that Mrs. Winston isn't quick off the mark. To "do" an Australian capital in a couple of hours is no small feat.

—Lyric of Life—

Apostrophe to Life

A jester thou!
A fool in all his motley decked,
Yet where I'd hold contempt of you,
And scorn of the things you say and do,
I find instead a dull respect,
And fear the thunder on your brow.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Linda Littlejohn Is Off Again To See The World

Mrs. Linda P. Littlejohn is off again on a world trip, and while she is away she will be a special correspondent to The Australian Women's Weekly, so that readers can look forward to some literary fireworks from the various countries she intends to visit with her stimulating personality.

TO Mrs. Littlejohn the world is an oyster in which the pearl of Equal Rights for Women is held fast between the tightly-clamped shells of man-made laws. It is her ambition to open the oyster and bring forth the pearl.

Among the people Mrs. Littlejohn hopes to meet while she is abroad are Mustapha Kemal, Adolph Hitler, His Holiness Fotios II, head of the Greek Church, Dr. Maude Royden, and many other celebrities.

Her first stop will be Cairo, where she will look into the affairs of the Women's Suffrage organisation in Egypt, and from there she will go to Palestine, where an All Arab Women's Conference will be sitting in an effort to get rid of some of the more objectionable traditions which hamper the women of Jerusalem.

From Palestine Mrs. Littlejohn will go to Greece, where the powers-that-be are very anti-feministic, and where the local League of Suffrage is having a fairly rough time. She will visit Madame Chrysanthopolus, who is well known to Australia.

From Greece Mrs. Littlejohn will go to Turkey, where at Istambul, which was once Constantinople, she will attend the International Alliance of Suffrage and Equal Citizenship Conference which will be opened by Mustapha Kemal.

Her part at this conference will be played in connection with the chairmanship of the Standing Committee of Nationality for Australia, which committee is endeavoring to obtain the right for women to keep their nationality when they marry; as they do in South America, Russia, and one or two other places.

Mustapha Kemal is a very staunch feminist, and he has done wonders for the women in Turkey. Harems and veils have been done away with, and not only have Turkish women got a vote, but it is anticipated that there will be about twenty women candidates for the next elections.

May Meet Hitler

WHEN she reaches Berlin, on her way to England, Mrs. Littlejohn will be the guest of some influential German friends who will try and obtain an interview for her with Herr Hitler.

At the time of her last visit to Germany Hitler was not in power, and since his ascension to the German Chancellorship the feminist organisations in Germany have disbanded.

From Germany, Mrs. Littlejohn will hurry over to London so that she will be in time for some of the Jubilee celebrations, and, of course, in England she will meet many old friends.

She is taking her youngest son, Edward, to London University to study economics.

Although she started her career in Australia doing charity social work, Mrs. Littlejohn has now given up this kind of work in order to devote her efforts to the aims of the Equal Rights International, to which body she was recently elected chairman by women all over the world; probably one of the greatest international honors ever paid an Australian woman.

This new appointment might make the average person wonder how on earth Mrs. Littlejohn can keep up with all her interests.

People who have met her know, however, that she is a human dynamo, with an unusual ability for doing things, at once, and quickly. She has learnt the secret of using every minute of her life usefully.

As a director of the Crown Street Women's Hospital, president of the United Associations of N.S.W., vice-president of the League of Nations Union, member of the N.S.W. Board of Health, president of the Open Door Council of Australia, and active member of the Board of Women Voters and the Society of Writers, she manages to find time to exercise a strong influence over nearly all of these organisations.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN says the root of the whole trouble with regard to women at present, is that women do not play a large enough part in the making of laws.

She says: "We aim to see that women are treated, by law, as fully responsible citizens, and to see that they receive recognition of their womanful work as mothers, that they should be granted some sense of security in life, and that they should not be treated as inferior just because they are women."

"I have given up working for charities," says Mrs. Littlejohn, "for though they must exist until conditions are better, there are thousands who are willing to do this work, but there are few who are willing to do the more disheartening, but really more permanent and worthwhile work of obtaining better legal rights for women."

FROM SUE TO LOU — **A Bright Girl's Letters**

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WILD DAYS *with the* FOREIGN LEGION

L. W. Lower gets lost in the hot Sahara!

BY L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

JUST got back from Algiers. It's the last time I join the Foreign Legion. At first I thought I was lucky to get in because they reckoned I wasn't foreign enough, but after I'd been in the Legion a month I began to have my doubts.

CORPORAL LEGREE picked on me from the moment he saw me. He was a big, tough, rough sort of chap. He used to wear an anvil for a watch fob.

The trouble commenced when the squad started to number off. The only number I know in French is "cinque." I had to fight like mad to get fifth in the row every time, and if I missed I was done for. I'd hear the chap next to me say, "Cinque!" and then I'd start trembling all over.

The first time it happened, Corporal Legree walked up to me, and, pushing his face into mine, said:

"Ain't you playin'? WHAT'S YER NUMBER?"

I said, "Don't bother about me, Corporal, I don't count. If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd just as soon do without a number."

Then he knocked me down.

I got so used to being knocked down that every time he came near me I used to fall over. Once, when I came on parade with my boots on back to front (it was quite easy to make a mistake like that because they were a bit big for me) they lashed me to the wheel of a gun-carriage and left me there all day and all night.

Early in the morning the troops were ordered out to quell some Riffs and Toerags and the artillery clattered off, and they'd gone eighteen miles before they found that I was still tied to the wheel. It gave me a dreadful headache.

I picked up my horse... and struggled on.

BUT the worst experience of the lot was when we rode through the desert to relieve a garrison which was besieged by billions of bellowing Bedouins. It was so hot that my bayonet melted and clogged up my rifle barrel. The sand stretched for miles, and every step the horse took he sank up to his armpits.

After a while it got worse—only the horse's head showed above the sand. Then it got worse still, and I couldn't see the horse at all. That's how I came to get left behind.

I thought at the time that the others seemed to be getting a bit in front, so I raked around in the sand to find my horse and wake him up. Imagine my surprise when I found there was no horse!

The dashed thing had gone on and left me sitting there. I got up and raced to where I could see a faint ripple moving along the surface of the sand, and commenced to dig.

But the maddening part of it was that by the time I had dug down to where he'd been he'd gone farther along.

I decided to get well in front of him and to dig a hole in his path. Then I waited. Sure enough, he came plodding along and walked into the hole. A more surprised horse you never saw!

Mirages to Drink

BY this time I was lost. When I took the cork out of my water-bottle a cloud of steam blew my hat off, and that was all I had to drink that day. That night I camped under the horse.

The morning dawned as hot as the price of bread. I filled my water-bottle up at a mirage, ate a handful of sand, and staggered on.

I had only gone a few miles when the horse fell over. I looked around, thinking that Corporal Legree might be about, and then I looked at the horse. He gazed at me with his pitiful brown eyes and said, "It's no use. I can't go on. Leave me to die. And I hope," he added, "that I come back to earth as a caterpillar tractor."

I picked him up, and, tucking my tongue, which was hanging out, into my belt, I struggled forward.

Three days later I stumbled into the barracks.

"Drunk again?" said Corporal Legree.

"Water!" I gasped.

"Oh, yeah?" said the Corporal, "see you."

"See me," I replied, keeping my end up. I didn't know what came after that, so I hit him across the mouth with the horse.

Anyhow, I got the Legion of Honor out of it. The horse wears it.

I donated my crime sheet to the Mitchell Library. Five volumes bound in calf.

SOME *Expensive* BARGAINS in CONTRACT!

... By ...
ELY CULBERTSON
World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

Like other valuable things in life, entries are often obtained only by some sacrifice. At times, it is necessary to give up a winning trick, overtaking it in order to create an entry.

AT other times high cards must be thrown away. At still other times an important stopper must be dispensed with. It is typical of the finished player that he willingly makes the sacrifices when he needs entries, whereas the novice is likely to win every trick with the lowest possible card and as a consequence find himself stuck in one hand or the other and forced to lead from a tenace, or even to lose established cards which are helplessly locked in the other hand.

In the deal below, failure to hold an entry or two in reserve caused a player to go down two tricks at a game contract when proper play would have yielded him not only his contract but three over-tricks as well. Thus, a bit of senseless avarice made the difference between six-odd and one-odd.

S—K 10 7 5 4 2
H—A 5
D—Q J
C—A K J

S—Q J 3
H—Q 10 8 6 4 2
D—4 3 2
C—7

N / W E / S

S—A 9 6
H—J 7
D—K 5
C—8 6 5 4 2 2

S—8
H—K 9 3
D—A 10 9 8 7 6
C—Q 10 9

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
Pass	Pass	1 S	Pass
2 D	Pass	2 S	Pass
2 NT	Pass	3 NT	Pass
Pass	Pass		

With South the declarer at three no-trump, West opened the heart six. South played a low card from Dummy, and won East's Jack with the King. (Why win a trick with an Ace when the King is just as good?)

South now found it desirable to finesse in diamonds, but the lead was in the wrong hand. Of course, with the wealth of entries in Dummy, this did not worry him; he led the nine of clubs and won the trick with Dummy's Jack. (What, play the King when the Jack will win the trick?)

NOW, the Queen of diamonds was led, and East, being a bridge player of parts, promptly covered with the King in order to block the suit. Even at this late point South could have saved at least his contract by allowing East to hold the trick so that on the next round the Ace would overtake Dummy's Queen and the diamond suit could be run. But you wouldn't catch South giving up a trick when he held a solid suit, so South proceeded to play the diamond Ace and then another diamond back to the Jack.

At this point, South's hand was dead. Premeditated murder in the first degree could not have been more effective. North could cash three more tricks—two clubs and a heart—but that would establish long suits for both East and West and, particularly since a lead would then have to be made from the spade King, North and South would not take another trick.

As it actually was played, North led a spade immediately and West won with the Jack. West then established the heart suit with one more lead and declarer was forced to cash Dummy's high cards lest he lose even them. The result was that South, playing for nine tricks, took only seven.

Where South Failed

IF South had realised the value of entries, not only would his contract have been assured, but he would have fallen without any effort into a squeeze position whereby he could have held East and West to one trick. The opening heart lead should have been won with Dummy's Ace and the diamond Queen led. If East covered, South could win with the Ace, take Dummy's Jack, and return to his hand with the King of hearts.

Now on four more rounds of diamonds Dummy would discard four spades, and West would have to strip his hand down to the Queen-Jack of spades and three hearts. East meanwhile could hold only three clubs, since otherwise he would have to blank his spade Ace and South could develop his twelfth trick by merely ducking a round of spades.

On the next three tricks South would take Dummy's Ace and King of clubs and then lead the Jack of clubs, overtaking it with the Queen. At this point West would be forced to reduce his hand to two cards. Throwing his last heart would make South's nine high.

Throwing a spade, and retaining only the lone Queen, would enable South to lead a spade, cover the Queen with Dummy's King, and, after losing this trick to East's Ace, win the last trick with Dummy's spade ten, for East would have nothing but a spade to lead back.

Refusing to accept the gifts of good cards and favorable division with which the gods had blessed him, South succeeded in blocking himself so entirely that he attained little more than fifty per cent. of what intelligent planning would have given him.

(Copyright.)

SKIN DISEASES and THEIR ORIGIN

(Extract from a lecture given by Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C., the well-known Skin and Scalp Specialist)

Many people who ignore Dandruff seldom realise that many skin infections are caused by this complaint. Seborrhoea of the scalp, face, and body. Inflamed Eyes (Conjunctivitis), Rosacea, Pimples and Rash on the face, chest, and back, in the majority of cases find their source in Dandruff. Many scalp infections are due to too infrequent washing of scalp, use of wrong soap, etc.

During the past 12 years Mr. McHugh has been remarkably successful in treating an amazing number of cases hitherto considered hopeless.

His secret formula and special diagnosis treatment have made him famous in all parts of the world for the successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Tinea, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, Rosacea, Seborrhoea, Infantile Eczema, and other distressing complaints, when all other treatments have failed. Free Advice is available to readers of the "Women's Weekly" by writing to or calling on

MR. J. J. McHUGH, M.P.S., Ph.C.,
Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist,
First Floor, 124 W. Liverpool St.
(Opp. Snow's), Sydney. Phone: MA5028.

HOURS: Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Saturday, 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon.

Windsor Branch of the Bank of New South Wales, 1858-1935.

In Old Windsor

Windsor, 34 miles from Sydney by rail, is one of the oldest towns in Australia.

Originally known as Greenhills, the first settlement there was about 1794. As late as 1858 Windsor was considered to be the fourth largest town in New South Wales.

For the first 25 or 30 years the Windsor district was the granary of the colony.

The Bank of New South Wales opened its branch there in 1858 in the premises illustrated above. This building, which is still occupied by the Bank, is a fine example of early colonial architecture.

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OLD-Fashioned

AN ENTERTAINING SHORT STORY BY *NORAH SMARIDGE*

OVER supper, at the dance of the Woodlawn Tennis Club, Ted Redwood was staggered to realise that he loved Margery Allingham. Moreover—and quite unwillingly he admired her. She was playing that mid-Victorian role of hers so expertly she almost made you believe she wore ruffled pantalettes and put in her odd moments on samplers.

"But do go and enjoy yourself, Ted!" she was saying, with her slight, engaging stammer. "Even if I am your mother's guest, you don't have to cling to me like a mist!"

If it hadn't been for that letter, Ted would have trusted her. But the letter forbade any such behaviour.

Two months ago Mrs. Allingham had gone to stay with her sister in New York and had sent her daughter to the Redwoods on a long visit. In which she showed considerable cunning . . . because she was on the broad deck of a Transatlantic liner when her letter arrived at the Redwoods, telling the truth about Margery!

It revealed that Margery had proved more than her mother could cope with. Margery, whom the Redwoods remembered, at twelve, as a limp child with warts, and at fifteen as a solemn young owl, with no small talk, had proved that an awful boldness underlay her demureness. She had developed a passion for elopements. Twice she had been intercepted climbing down a drain-pipe. The third time her technique had improved. From their home in London, Margery had eloped with that notorious crooner, Juan Castle—and had even reached Birmingham before her mother had caught up with her and hauled her home. In short, Margery had sown as glad a little crop of wild oats as you might hope to see.

"Does her mother think she'll have more scope here?" Ted had asked, amused.

"Jane didn't stop to think. She commends Margery to you, darling. Calls you my 'great, big giant of a son' and asks you to keep an eye on her baby."

"Does Margery know I'm her watch-dog?"

"Heavens, no!" his mother laughed. "And don't tell her. She might do something desperate if she thought she was being watched."

"Elope with me, for instance." Ted had yawned. "That would be desperate enough. Well—it ought to be entertaining."

It had proved more than merely entertaining. It was the oddest situation Ted had ever found himself in. Margery came, dressed and word-perfect in her role of dutiful little guest, and Ted squired her assiduously to dances.

He didn't allow the girl much leeway. If she veered towards even the highest balcony, he was after her like a faithful retriever. If she wandered out in an interval towards the red or yellow or green car of some determined admirer, Ted was somehow examining his own little Austin alongside.

No wonder that, by this dance, Margery was a trifle restive.

"Aren't you getting awfully tired of me?" she asked plaintively.

"Listen, Margery." Ted raised his eyebrows. "Your poor mother is skyscraper-gazing in far-off New York! I promised her I'd see you had a good time. Well—you are having a good time, aren't you?"

As she opened her mouth to speak, the club steward strolled up to them.

"Got a surprise entertainment tonight," he chortled. "Just watch the ladies." He lowered his voice confidentially. "Juan Castle's going to sing the last two numbers. Popping in on his way to Brighton. . . ."

He expected a sensation, and he got one—from Margery. She even forgot to stammer.

"Juan Castle!" she echoed loudly. Her eyes slid round to Ted. "You mean—you mean the crooner?"

"Know him?" Ted avoided Margery's eyes, but her agitation was plain enough. Her little hand simply shook on the table. Inwardly, and furiously, Ted cursed. Why did this have to happen? Now he'd have to watch her like a lynx. Confound the steward and his surprise entertainment!

"Of course I don't know him!" But Margery betrayed herself immediately. A blush stole up her neck and raged into her cheeks.

"Then perhaps you'd like to meet him. I'll bring you together," Ted said blandly. But he registered a vow to keep the breadth of the dance-floor between them.

Ted was prepared for some maidenly confusion; but hardly for Margery's gasp of dismay and the way she stumbled from the table and made for the door.

Here was a little real sleuthing to be done. He followed her grimly, reaching the corridor in time to see her wisp of turquoise frock vanish into the ladies' dressing-room.

Opposite the dressing-room door hung a gilt-framed picture. Ted scrutinised it tenderly. Through the glass the door of the dressing-room was nicely reflected. Through the picture he could watch for Margery's exit.

BUT the scene became sickeningly familiar as the last strains of the last waltz died away, and Margery didn't come out. He began to worry. Perhaps the poor child was crying her eyes out—women never stood up very well under surprise attacks on their emotions. Perhaps she had collapsed or was having hysterics. He was grateful to see Anita Graves coming towards him.

"Tell Margery to hurry, will you, Anita?" he begged, his gaze turning to the picture again.

Anita disappeared—to poke a red head round the door after a minute's interval.

"Sorry," she carolled. "Margery isn't here. Nobody's here—not even the maid. And I've broken all my shoulder straps."

Nobody! Then Margery had dodged him somehow. Out of the window, probably. Furious, Ted lengthened his stride down the corridor. The club steward chattered amiably with a group of women.

"That fellow Castle gone yet?"

The club steward almost preened. "Sure thing. I only captured him for the last two numbers, you know. He's on his way to Brighton. . . ."

Ted swung out into the courtyard, where a mumbling old man watched the cars.

"Seen a small-sized girl in blue come out?" he demanded, feeling for some loose change.

The ancient considered for half an eternity.

"In a blue dress? . . . She went off pretty fast, about five minutes ago."

"With a man?"

"Yes, with a man!" The ancient wheezed a minute. Ghosts of past adventures flickered in his rheumy eyes. "You'll have to hurry—it was a green car."

Ted's car bounced along the country road, taking the corners with sickening lurches. He would never overtake them—he was never lucky in the bigger things of life!

But after fifteen minutes kindly Providence gave him the break of his life, and presented to his eager gaze a stationary green car, and a small girl in blue who stood shivering on the roadway.

Ted drew up with a theatrical shrieking of brakes, slid out of his seat and wrenched at the shoulder of the dark young man who was peering into the interior of the green car.

"You low-down music-monger!" he growled. "Come over here!"

Margery let out a strange little cry. There was a squawk of anguish from the man. A strangely reminiscent squawk. Just such a protesting squeak as Ted had heard years ago, when he pulled the protruding ears of young Tony Berringer, his next-door neighbor.

It was Tony!

"Tony?" he barked, letting go of an injured young man with vague blue eyes. "I thought——"

"Well, I wish you'd think less violently." His next-door neighbor turned back to the green car. "I was taking Miss Allingham home—at her own request."

"There's an explanation, of course, Tony," Ted said stiffly. "I'll give it you to-morrow, with apologies. Naturally, I didn't know it was you."

He almost pushed Margery into his own car, and drove a wrathful mile before he pulled up.

"Better have this out, Margery," he said quietly. "Sorry I made a fool of myself—but I thought it was that crooner Castle. I may as well tell you—I know all about you and Castle. I thought you were making another try at eloping."

Margery squirmed a little.

"I loathe him," she said quietly. "I didn't even want to speak to him. Ted—when are you going to stop acting like a sheep-dog?" She put her hand out impulsively.

"When you settle down with me," Ted said, surprisingly. "Margery, you're too nice a kid to make an idiot of yourself. If I hadn't read that letter of your mother's, I'd never——"

"You'd never have taken a bit of notice of me, would you, Ted?" she said quietly. "Oh, I know it. I've known it ever since I used to goggle at you at fifteen—thinking you were Lancelot or someone!"

"Margery!" He held her warm, quivering little hand in both his, and was crushing her finger-tips. "I never knew! Lancelot! What a responsibility——"

The word brought things back to him. He had forgotten momentarily that Margery was a minx and a baggage and would require the strictest supervision.

"If I hadn't had your mother's letter," he began again.

"It wasn't hers." Margery's voice practically vanished; the stammer was frenzied. "It was mine. I wrote it, Ted. Oh, Ted . . . I had to make you take some notice of me. I had to make myself sound exciting. . . .

"You wrote it!" He started eagerly. "But then, Margery . . ."

"I wanted to make myself more like . . . well, like someone you'd be dying to run around with! But it wasn't a bit true. I—I'm stiff with shyness, Ted. I should be with the Victorians. I ought to be wearing ruffled pantalettes . . ."

"I'll let you," Ted said eagerly; "you'll look positively piquante in ruffled pantalettes." He kissed her. "And, darling, you can work me a great, big sampler for my birthday."

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P. C. WREN

Carries his novel to a dramatic conclusion...

BEGGARS' Horses

STACEY BURLESTONE and Anthony Wallingford came to know, and to like, each other better than they had ever done, as the voyage progressed, and they spent more and more of each lovely day and glorious night in each other's company. They talked with greater freedom and with greater intimacy, discussing mutual friends and experiences, old shooting trips, Indian days, and Eastern nights.

"And poor Geoff Wogan?" asked Burlestone one perfect night as they patrolled the wide deck. "Still in that asylum?"

"Not he, thank God," was the reply. "He came into a comfortable little sum of money."

"Didn't that make him 'happier' than ever?"

"Only at first," replied Wallingford. "But it was his salvation."

"Oh? How?"

"Who do you think got him out? And cured him?" asked Wallingford.

Burlestone thought of the names of distinguished neurologists, alienists and psycho-therapists.

"Not my man, Sir Andrew McIlraith?" he asked.

"No. Nor any other man. . . It was Daphne Easterwood. She's Daphne Wogan now. And I should say Geoff is about cured of happiness—as long as Daphne's alive, anyhow. Married him and his money and took him to—where do you think? Switzerland, of all places."

"Good God! What a woman." Burlestone's face set like stone.

"One would 'ave thought Switzerland was the last place in the world she'd have gone to, after poor Aubrey Easterwood's tragedy there," he said. "She's not. . . not. . ."

"She's not decent, you mean," agreed Wallingford. "She's not a normal woman. She's a. . . a. . . Well, you've heard of the man who sent ten pounds to the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a letter saying it was conscience-money, for, though he had never kept a dog, his wife was such a mongrel that. .!"

Burlestone frowned angrily, his teeth clenched.

"That's about what Geoff Wogan would have been doing soon, if she hadn't left him and gone off with a Russian, I should think," continued Wallingford. "Unless he puts her in a lethal chamber instead."

"Best place for her," growled Burlestone. "She wrecked and ruined Aubrey Easterwood's life, and tried to spoil him. She brought me to an attempt at suicide—over that boat voyage business. And. . ."

"And she plied Wogan with drink and debauchery and devilment when he should have been doing a rest-cure," interrupted Wallingford. "She made him 'happy' all right, collected his cash, and got him pot away. And, though I am a cad to say it, and was a weakling to let her do it, she 'ran' me for a time. Lost my head completely—if not my heart. . . And Joan who's worth a thousand of her—and whom I really love—slaving in a hospital in India. Damn Daphne Easterwood, the fascinating devil. I was hog and ape to her Circe all right in Paris—and in London, too."

"Yes. I called her just that. . . once! Circe," said Burlestone. "She is fascinating all right. I was in love with her, once."

"And she got you?"

"Well—no. She didn't."

"'You're a whiter man than I am,' then, or. . ."

"Not a bit of it. No virtue of mine," interrupted Burlestone. "It was Aubrey Easterwood. If he hadn't been in love with her, hadn't got engaged to her and married her, I should have—er—fallen, all right. I was definitely and deliberately making a dead set at her, when young Aubrey walked into the bungalow one day, and said he was going to marry her. Another week or so and I could have said:

"'You're not, my lad. She's my mistress,' or pleasant words to that defect."

"To save him, eh?"

"I tell you she fascinated me. I was in love with her," replied Burlestone.

"But how did she get Wogan out of that Home?" he continued. "And how did she know he was worth saving?"

"He'd given her a power of attorney, before he was certified insane. Or, rather, she'd given him one—to sign. A most comprehensive document, although he'd already put his banking account in their joint names. Apparently, though, she couldn't get hold of this legacy, as Geoff wasn't competent to sign some necessary papers. So darling Daphne set to work. Moved heaven and earth, especially earth; pulled strings, used her famous charm-of-manner on the right men, did the trick as usual, and got his case reviewed and revised. Geoff, after a long spell in that asylum, was considerably subdued, and they let him out. She married him at once, and no doubt has been spending his money hard ever since. I'll bet that married life with her cured him of happiness, especially when the money was gone."

"Queer how she has come into the lives of four of us. All of us—except Ganesh Hazelrigg's and Harrington-Spens'," mused Burlestone. "She first spotted, and then killed poor Easterwood. It wasn't her fault she didn't separate you and Mrs. Wallingford. She wrecked Hennessy Wogan, and she pretty nearly finished me. I wonder what she'd have done with Ganesh if they'd ever met."

"Nothing. But I thought at one time she'd finished me, too. I don't mind telling you," replied Wallingford. "I got the fright of my life. I was seeing a lot of her in Paris—and was suddenly requested, politely but very firmly, to come on the carpet at the Ministery of War, Special Department—contre espionage. They wanted to know, and very badly, just what I knew about the lady calling herself Mrs. Daphne Easterwood and professing to be the English widow of two English officers, late of the British and Indian Army, respectively, Captain Colin Mackleworth and Lieutenant Aubrey Easterwood—a lady who spoke perfect German, incidentally.

"Naturally, I told them all I knew—that concerned them—and was just going to give my personal assurance and guarantee, when the old bird in the chair said:

"'Doubtless Monsieur le Commandant knows what he knows, and hopes to know a little more, eh? Ah, oui, oui, yes, exactly. . . And about Madame's friend, Mademoiselle Marguerite Zell, calling herself Mademoiselle Mata Hari, also?. . . Now, does madame know all about Mademoiselle Zell, or are they just acquaintances. .?', and so forth.

"Apparently they were on to Margy Zell—Mata Hari—even then, giving her plenty of rope—and considering roping in Daphne Easterwood, too. To this day, I don't know whether she was up to mischief, or whether she was merely making her sort of hay while the sun shone. Certainly she was very thick with 'Mata Hari,' but that may merely have been because they were birds of a feather. And certainly she pursued every soldier, sailor, airman, and diplomat, French, Belgian or English, who might know what was doing—or going to be done, and she undoubtedly took an uncannily intelligent interest in military matters, and was always asking questions. But then she is intelligent and interested. She was like that in India, you remember, before the war. Could never learn enough. Knew as much about the Army in India as the G.O.C."

"Yes," agreed Burlestone, "and she spoke Italian and German, and took Mackleworth to Russia on language-leave."

"Well, I was frightened, I can tell you, for I was known as her particular amant de coeur and current 'proprietor.' Nice thing for me if the French arrested her as a spy!

"Luckily for me I was returning to England in a day or two. Daphne did a bolt—if it were a bolt—at the same time. She led a hectic life in Town for a while, and then, after Geoff was put away, went to Holland, Switzerland, and Spain, and thence back to India."

"And I had the luck to come home with her," observed Burlestone.

"Then she went to Russia, I know, with a Russian Secret Service Agent, whom she'd known in Switzerland. And she got poor old Geoff," continued Wallingford. "Wonder what the end of that'll be? I'd go over and see him if it weren't for meeting Daphne, who may have returned to him. I funk it, though my conscience rather pricks me about Wogan."

"What do you funk?" asked Burlestone.

"Falling in love with Daphne again. To call it 'love.' She could twist me round her finger, even now. . . . I'm afraid of her. Isn't it despicable?"

"Yes, very. . . And I'm as bad," replied Burlestone.

Please turn to Page 38

As MEN see US...

. . . . . By MATTHEW HENRY

WOMAN was made from a rib taken from man's side—not from his head to be above him, nor from his feet to be beneath him, but from his side to be equal with him: under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Modern Novel on First Six Months of Marriage

"Now We Set Out," the latest novel from the pen of Susan Ertz, is very modern.

She describes it as "a comedy of the first six months of marriage," a theme that has inspired many writers, but none has dealt with it in quite the same way as she has.

IN labelling the book a "comedy," Miss Ertz provokes conjecture concerning her acceptance of the meaning of the word.

Perhaps she has carried the modern aspect of her novel to its ultimate degree by suggesting the acceptance of an equal moral standard, and labels as "comical" Stephen's tragic attitude towards an incident in his wife's life, an incident that had many parallels in his own.

The book is remarkable, too, for the absence of sentimentality on the part of everyone concerned.

Stories dealing with the hardships that greet many newlyweds usually have a cloying sentimentality about them; are bereft of practical ideas; suggest that any and every martyrdom and sacrifice is sweet for "dear love's sake," and the first sign of rebellion suggestive of waning affection.

Not so this novel. The two people chiefly concerned are irritating, foolish, and quarrelsome, but they are not sentimental, or "soppy," and it is not suggested that their love dies, even though it is clouded at times. Most of the other characters, too, are forthright, and do not cloud the issues.

Lita, the wife, is capable and practical, combines domestic virtues with her abilities as a wage-earner, and earns that wage in a modern organisation—the League of Nations. She knows the value of saving money, as well as of earning it, and is in touch with modern affairs.

Stephen Perryn and Lita Glendenning met at a garden party. He was by no means an ideal young man; had a violent temper; always thought he was in the right; was petty over trifles, and intolerant. He fell in love at first sight, asked Lita to marry him within a couple of days of their meeting, having first extricated himself from a love affair with a woman much older than himself.

But though he was a very modern young man he was possessed of at least one primitive passion. He was fanatically jealous of a love affair that Lita had had years before she met him.

Lita's fiance had died, and left her a legacy, which Stephen insisted she should renounce. He was always intolerably jealous, and they quarrelled violently, even in the four weeks of their engagement, but they accepted the fact that with natures such as theirs they would probably have a good many quarrels, and it did not deter them from marriage.

* * *

STEPHEN was not a rich man, and there was no money in his family. His father, for idealistic reasons, had disposed of an armament factory he owned during the war. His mother was an impractical, nervy woman. His brother was an artist who had never earned a penny, and his sister was married to an impecunious Irishman.

Lita's mother had remarried, and she lived with her bounder of a husband in small cheap pensions on the Continent. Lita's sister did not come into the picture.

LADY INCHCAPE has joined the ranks of English society addicted to writing verse, and recently published a book of poems. She is Lord Inchcape's second wife, and was formerly Miss Brooke, daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, the only white Rajah and Ranee.

When Stephen and Lita were on their honeymoon they received news that Mr. Perryn, sen., had lost his position on the directorate of a business, and that he had been seized with paralysis, following the knowledge that his only source of income had gone from him. The same telegram informed Stephen that his sister's husband had "cleared out," leaving her and the two children penniless.

This was far from the sort of news that two young people like to get when honeymooning, but they determined to return to London and see what could be done.

* * *

THE story, as indicated, deals with the first six months of their married life, troublous, terrible months in which family bickerings were well to the fore.

Lita tackled most of the problems in a very practical way, so did Stephen and his brother and sister. There seemed little that Mr. and Mrs. Perryn, sen., could do, so Lita took matters into her own hands and arranged for their disposal in a way that she thought was justified.

Her way, however, did not please Stephen, and after a violent quarrel they parted. Reconciliation came with the knowledge of impending parenthood, but the reader will not feel too much confidence, after reading thus far, in the ability of Stephen to ensure continuity of a peaceful family life.

The story is not one that leaves a warm glow round the heart. It suggests too many things that one knows occur, but which are to be deplored none the less—family bickering, the ceaseless struggle against poverty, misfits, misunderstandings. But nevertheless it is a pretty true picture of life as it is lived by many people.

"Now We Set Out" was chosen by the London "Daily Mail" as its book of the month. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

NEIL BELL *at His* BEST

Neil Bell is a novelist who has already firmly established himself. He is one of the few men writing to-day who, in addition to a fine craftsmanship and sense of literary values, possess that honesty and sincerity of purpose which lift a book from the terrifying mass of pseudo-literary outpourings to the thin ranks of the first-class.

"WINDING Road" will be no disappointment to those who have grown to expect fine work from this author.

The book is, in its essence, the story of a life. With the patience and care that only an artist could be capable of, Mr. Bell traces the growth of his principal character from babyhood to boy's estate, from there to adolescence, and from youth to manhood. So faithfully are these periods described, so carefully is each thread woven in to make what will in the end be a perfect pattern, that one witnesses in reading this book the growth of an individual. And knowing everything, one can understand and excuse everything.

The author has made no attempt to create an idealised figure as the core of his book. The central character has his strength and his weaknesses. Observed objectively, and with no knowledge of their real source, some of his actions would bar him from the society of the conventionally "good." But, in spite of this, or rather, because of it, he is a real figure, a flesh and blood, rejoicing, suffering human being.

One of the greatest features of this book is its terrific scope.

Had Mr. Bell caused to be born just this one man, so typical in his hopes and disappointments of the average male, he would have done well. But he has achieved more. "Winding Road" is rich with figures that have sprung to life under his pen.

In characters alone, the author ranges from fishermen to statesmen, farmers to authors and highly-placed political figures. Typists and farm-girls, courtesans and society women, jostle each other in the six hundred pages that make up this fine work; there are few writers who could make each type equally alive and equally true to its class.

Of all the long-distance novels—500 pages and over—that have been published of late years, I have found two that held the interest on every page, that awakened no feeling of boredom at any stage. The second is "Winding Road."

"Winding Road." Neil Bell. (Collins; our copy Swains.)

"Taken By the Hand."

THOSE who enjoyed "Penny Plain" are always anxious to find a new story by its author, and will not be disappointed in "Taken By the Hand."

It is of a girl carefully tended and sheltered who, by the death of her mother, is left to make her own way in life, fortunately with sufficient means to save her from battling with the job of earning a livelihood. Beatrice Lobie found good friends to take her by the hand, and the story of her life from the time she left her old home until she went into a home of her own with the man she loved is an idyllic one. "Taken by the Hand." O. Douglas. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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Page About "Important People"

LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE, the only child of the Marquis and Marchioness of Cambridge, was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

ABOVE: This charming group of young bridal attendants was taken at the recent wedding of Capt. J. H. Elwes of the Scots Guards, in the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, England.

WATCHING THE TRAINS. A pastime which never seems to tire young people. The photographer has caught a delightful study in this impromptu snap of some kiddies on the Sydney Harbor Bridge watching one of the fast electric trains thundering across from the North Shore to the City.

ABOVE: All aboard for the tricycle omnibus outing. But just a moment. "I am not on yet," shouts young David as he make a leap for the back axle.

THIS bonny boy is the son of Mrs. Gore-Edwards. Although so very young he has already made a name for himself in Australia as a photographic subject. He has been a model for Rayner Hoff, the sculptor.

BARGE RACE THRILLS FOR BOYS. Lads of the training ship Worcester enjoyed the thrills of barge racing recently when they spent the afternoon on board of one of the Thames barges during trials for the annual race.

ALTHOUGH SHE IS ONLY TWO, this little American girl, Peggy Garren, has mastered the art of keeping her balance on skis. Doesn't she look pretty in her woolly suit?

IN LONDON, children learn to skate at the Ice Club, Westminster. These two girls, Agnes Roberts and her sister, Hazel, are budding ice-skating stars. They have both won medals at ice-skating exhibitions.

THESE TWO bonny little twin boys are David and Eric Kirkwood, sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkwood, of Cremorne, Sydney. The twins are only three years of age.

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"QUACK PSYCHOLOGISTS" to Have No Say from 2GB

Newly Appointed Board to Supervise This Type of Talk

At last a radio station is to take a firm stand over "quack" psychology talks.

With the appointment of Richard Want, B.A., to keep an eye on all talks, of this kind, from 2GB, this station has set an important precedent for Australian radio.

ONLY of recent years has psychology won itself a place in the Universities, and there is as yet no definite degree in Psychology to distinguish a man as a fully qualified psychologist.

People suffering from some deep-rooted nervous disorder no longer believe that a bottle of medicine, or a dose of castor oil, is going to cure them, and they have no guarantee that the doctor they consult, although a qualified M.D., has ever attended a single lecture in psychology.

Likewise, although the degree Ph.D. (Doctor of Philosophy) is very often held by those who have made a study of psychology, its holder may be as innocent of it as a new-born babe.

RICHARD WANT, B.A.

But more important, says Richard Want, who is a B.A., with Honors in Psychology, as well as winner of the Frank Albert Prize, is the protection that the public needs from the crank and the quack.

"WE need a degree in Psychology," he says. "The science is a life study, but many charlatans have taken on themselves the title of Psychologist, and have fattened on the ignorance of sufferers who are often, by the nature of their complaint, highly gullible."

For two years Mr. Want has talked regularly from 2GB on most branches of psychology, and he has now been asked to join the newly-constituted 2GB Psychology Board. The purpose of the board is to see that all who talk from the station have certain qualifications and do not mislead the public.

Richard Want has received hundreds of letters from listeners asking for advice, and a glance at these letters amazes one by the multiplicity of troubles that parents have to face without expert guidance.

The many letters of thanks received show to what extent psychology can change the lives of children for the better, without subjecting them to some inhuman regimen of what to do and what not to do. They show, too, the urgent need that such work should go on without the danger of wrong advice being given.

Features for the Week from 2GB

SATURDAY, Feb. 16.—4.0 p.m., Kathleen Jordan: "Artists at Home"; 7.30, Pinto Pete; 7.45, An Evening with Darby and Joan; 9.15, Feature Session: Modern Musical Comedies; 10.0, George Edwards in "The Trial of Stainie Morrison."

SUNDAY, Feb. 17.—1.45 p.m., Highlights of Opera; 2.15, Musical Atlas; 3.0, My Book, My Pipe, My Dog; 3.10, Matinee Recital; 3.30, Diggers' Session; 6.30, Feature Session: Famous Orchestras of the World; 7.20, Rev. Wyndham Heathcote: "Is War a Biological Necessity?"; 7.40, Mr. Kurt Offenburg: Two Eastern Worlds; 8.45, George Edwards in "Souvenir"; 9.45, A. M. Pooley.

MONDAY, Feb. 18.—10.45 a.m., "The Hunchback of Notre Dame": A George Edwards production; 12.15 p.m., Mrs. Clunies Ross, B.A.: Nursery Schools; 2.30, Dorothea Vautier: "From Far and Near"; 7.0, Chandu the Magician; 7.50, "Kidnapped; 8.20, Frank and Archie; 8.35, Jack Lumsdaine and Cyril James; 9.45, Heather Kinnaird: "Songs of the Countryside"; 10.15, 2GB Political Commentator.

TUESDAY, Feb. 19.—2.45 p.m., Radio School of Domestic Science; 3.30, Dorothea Vautier: "Musical Personalities"; 8.0, Gil Dech; 9.15, Paul Kain: "Over the Rim of the Moon"; 9.30, George Edwards as "Sir Philip Sidney."

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 20.—11.45 a.m. Dorothea Vautier: "What the World is Reading"; 8.45, Harry Bloom's Tango Orchestra; 9.45, Jack Lumsdaine, the Radio Rascal; 10.0, George Edwards presents "The Trial of George Joseph Smith."

THURSDAY, Feb. 21.—10.0 a.m., Richard Want, B.A., Psychology; 8.45, Wilson Ewart: "Out Where the Big Ships Go"; 9.15, "Nothing But the Truth."

FRIDAY, Feb. 22.—8.0 p.m., Feature Session, Jones and Hare; 8.45, Cyril James: "Pages From a Song Book"; 9.30, A. M. Pooley; 10.15, Motorists' Session.

Are you Satisfied with YOUR SKIN

Give it the *corrective, protective* care it needs to keep always smooth and clear, free from

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ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.
TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

Every skin is better for this PROTECTION!

As it purifies the pores, the new element, Cadyl, in the Rexona lather gently stimulates the deep-lying glands and cells of the skin. Gradually slack tissues regain their natural vitality, and so strengthen the skin's resistance to blemishes. In this way dull skins are *corrected*, and clear skins are *protected*. This New Rexona Soap helps to make and *keep* your skin fresh and smooth!

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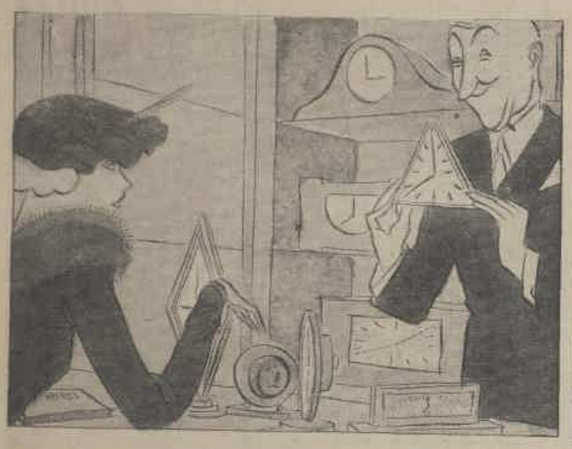
Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by ..... L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"What a lovely baby, Mrs. Brown! And isn't he like your husband!" "Goodness, I hope not! We adopted it."

FESTIVE BEACH INSPECTOR: It's no good, miss, you'll have to get the regulation costume.



"And this, Madam, is one of our very best clocks, it does the hour in fifty minutes!"

"Did it make any difference to Jack when you told him about your rich, widowed aunt?" "Oh! yes, Jack's my new uncle!"

WHAT IS EVERY DOCTOR'S FIRST QUESTION?

INVARIABLY the doctor asks whether you have any symptoms of constipation. That is the first and all-important consideration. Unless your bowels function correctly, unless impurities are regularly eliminated from your system, you can never feel really well. Constipation can be quickly and easily overcome without taking violent medicines which purge the intestines and cause griping pains. Take NYAL FIGSEN...the *natural* laxative with the pleasant flavour. It acts surely... but gently... does not purge or gripe . . . does not form a habit. For adults or children take NYAL FIGSEN tablets. A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

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Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"HAVE you noticed that Dolly and Douglas are always together?"
"Oh! Aren't they married yet?"

"MY wife has the worst memory I've ever heard of."
"Forgets everything, eh?"
"No; remembers everything."

CAR SALESMAN: There's a real bargain for you, sir; it'll do 20 miles to the gallon, although it is pre-war.
Customer: Which one?
Car Salesman: This one, sir, with the hood up.
Customer: No, I mean, which war?

HE had managed to get a job as a collector for a gas company. "Take this master-key and go round and empty all the meters," said the manager.
He was gone for three weeks. Then he walked into the office. "Can I have another key?" he asked. "I've lost the other one."
"Certainly," said the manager. "But where have you been all this time? The cashier has stopped late every Friday night, expecting you to come in for your wages."
"What!" exclaimed the startled collector, "do I get wages as well?"

HELEN: What are you knitting?
Alice: Something to cheer up the boys.
Helen: There's no war yet.
Alice: This is my bathing-suit.

FIRST MAID: So you don't like working for highbrows?
Second Maid: You bet I don't. I worked for one pair of them, and never again. Him and her were fighting continually, and it kept me running back and forth between the keyhole and the dictionary all the time.

Consider Kidneys!

Policing your blood stream twenty-four hours a day, your kidneys are the chief keepers of health. They, with the liver, largely determine the ability of other organs to carry on work efficiently. Failure to carry out their task of keeping the blood stream pure becomes evident in serious symptoms. Backache, sleeplessness, biliousness, nerve trouble, rheumatism, sciatica are symptoms that indicate malfunctioning of those important organs.

Most effective in treating such disorders is Warner's Safe Cure. Hundreds of letters on our files acclaim the power of Warner's Safe Cure against all functional derangements of kidneys or liver.

Warners Safe Cure

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What Women Are Doing

Ship's Doctor

ON her recent voyage from Antwerp to Sydney, the 6655-ton Norwegian steamer, Thermopylae, carried a New Zealand woman as ship's surgeon. The surgeon was Dr. E. G. Heycock, of New Plymouth, who had proceeded to England for post-graduate training.

Dr. Heycock qualified in Dunedin, N.Z., in 1930, and was on the staff of the Palmerston North Hospital till 1933, when she left for England.

On her way home, she spent some time as a member of the staff of the Children's Hospital, Sydney.

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All the Way from Scotland But Nearer Home

MISS EDITH JACKSON has come all the way from Scotland to take charge of the housewifery course at the Homecraft Hostel, Melbourne.

But the long journey has really brought her nearer to her home in New Zealand, and she hopes to spend the holidays with her people in Auckland.

Miss Jackson was offered the Australian appointment when she was doing a needlework course in Glasgow after several years of teaching in England; for she acquired her teaching diploma four years ago at one of the best-known colleges of its kind, the West of Scotland College of Domestic Science.

The latest addition to the college curriculum is an electrical course lately introduced to teach housewives how to handle the many electrical appliances at their command.

According to Miss Jackson, both in Scotland and England the domestic arts are part of the compulsory curriculum for girls between the ages of 11 and 14 in the Government schools.

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Catherine Brownbill's Success as Playwright

THE Australian Broadcasting Commission's recent competitions revealed the talents of the 20-year-old Adelaide girl, Miss Catherine Brownbill, whose play, "Greater Love Hath No Man," won a prize in the play-writing section.

Miss Catherine Brownbill.

Miss Brownbill made her stage debut at the age of six, and she continued with stage work for several years when, while dancing, she damaged an ankle and had to give up her career for the time being. She was trained for the stage as a child by her great-aunt, the late Maria Busch, who was as well known in Australia as she was in England some years ago.

So, as she could not continue acting, Miss Brownbill took to writing plays, and she herself took the part of the heroine when she produced the play for broadcasting last week.

The play, strangely enough, is a war play, and the scene is a couple of miles behind the firing line in 1918. It deals with the author's ideas on the futility of war. The story was built up round information wrested from relatives who were actually at the war. "But it was difficult to get anything out of them," said Miss Brownbill, "because even the soldiers are doing their best to forget it."

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A Much-Travelled Medical Superintendent

THE medical women of Melbourne have been busy welcoming Dr. Joyce Wharton, who has taken up her appointment as medical superintendent of the Queen Victoria Hospital, that splendid monument to the work of women, by whom it is entirely managed and staffed.

Dr. Wharton has moved about quite frequently in her time. Born in Dublin, Ireland, she spent her schooldays in West Australia, and her University days in Sydney. Then she moved up North to take up a practice at Monto, 350 miles beyond Brisbane.

This adventurous job lasted till 1931, when she joined the medical staff of Brisbane General Hospital.

Now this charming woman with the witty tongue is filling a bigger job, for she succeeds Dr. Margaret McClelland, who has been appointed to the medical staff of Prince Henry Hospital, Sydney.

To Design Notable Memorial

TO a woman has fallen the honor of designing the stained-glass window which is to be placed in the restored Ypres Cathedral as a memorial to the late King Albert of Belgium.

She is Miss Geddes, who has already successfully designed many memorial windows in Great Britain and Canada.

The memorial is to be a British army tribute to one of the heroic figures of the Great War, and the window will be of British manufacture. It is to be fitted in the great Rose window at the main south entrance of the Cathedral.

Holidays This Time on Her Own Account

MRS. CONSTANCE MOIR'S mission in life is to see that other people have nice, restful holidays. But just at present the tables are turned, and other people are intent on seeing that she has a good holiday, though not necessarily a restful one! She has been in Sydney, and will visit Tumut before she returns to Melbourne.

Mrs. Moir is matron of Brocklesby, Lilydale (Vic.), that beautiful rest home for Protestant gentlewomen which was given and endowed by that noted woman philanthropist, Mrs. James White.

The house, which embodies all the latest and best in architecture, is set in 10 acres of beautiful grounds. Sick and tired women of all ages find it a refuge from the stress and strain of life and, after two or three weeks' holiday (for which they pay the modest sum of 10/- per week) they return to their homes again renewed in mind and body.

Mrs. Moir has been matron of the home since it was opened three years ago.

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Versatile in Many Artistic Crafts

WHEN you go to visit Mrs. A. M. Murdoch you see on the walls of her pretty home at Indooroopilly most beautiful water-colors painted by Mrs. Murdoch herself. She is a most talented person, and before her marriage, when she lived in West Australia, she devoted much of her time to painting china. Her coffee set, with an exquisite painting of her own floral design, is a thing to be admired, as also are her china bowls, vases, and boudoir sets.

Finest tapestry and exquisite needlework have been accomplished by this talented Australian, and often she has put to most artistic use the West Australian wildflowers.

One ambitious piece of work Mrs. Murdoch frequently uses, is a luncheon cloth of parchment linen, with elaborate richelieu work outlined in circular design.

A Lone Woman Among Them

THE only woman member of the working executive which is organising the Country Party campaign in the forthcoming Victorian State election is Mrs. Reseigh.

Once a country woman herself, Mrs. Reseigh has been an outstanding member of the Women's Section of the Country Party since its inception, 17 years ago. It was the first organisation for Country Women started in Victoria. She is on the Children's Cinema Council, a member of the Travellers' Aid and Holiday Camps Associations, and of the Tariff Reform League.

Over two years ago the Constitution of the United Country Party was amended to allow two women representatives of the Women's Section on the Central Council of that body.

Ever since then, Mrs. Reseigh has been one of these women. Her companion at present is Mrs. T. Begley.

A forthright and witty speaker, Mrs. Reseigh has been heard in other States, for she has attended interstate conferences of women's organisations in both Sydney and Adelaide.

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Maps Replace Pictures On Sitting-room Walls

EVEN though they are not great travel lovers French women have taken to hanging maps on their sitting-room walls instead of pictures. These maps are framed with the narrow pink or red tape usually associated with official documents.

Elspeth Champcommunal, who now directs at Reville's, London House, helped to make this fashion popular on the Left Bank in the days when she had an attractive studio there.

But an unframed map will soon come into Australia with J. H. Curle, the author of "Shadow Show." One of his most cherished possessions, it is a big affair. Every country and town he has visited is underlined in red ink, and there are not many now left unlined.

Curle is probably one of the world's most travelled and most entertaining men. He comes to this country from South America.

"Poster Queen" is Back in Australia

IN 1929 Miss M. Winifred Guy brought out to Australia and showed in the various capital cities a huge gallery of posters advertising England and Scotland. Then she was known as "The Poster Girl," but she has changed her title to "The Poster Queen," because she says she has been working with these posters for 15 years now, and is no longer "a bit of fluff."

Miss Guy works as a freelance, but really is connected with all manner of educational departments, tourist agencies, and the like. She has just completed a tour of England, in which she displayed posters advertising Australia, all of them from photographs or by well-known commercial artists. During that tour she collected many new posters of England and Scotland, and now she has come to Australia to advertise those countries here, and to collect new posters of Australia.

It is one of her dearest wishes during this Australian tour to get up North as far as Darwin, which town, she says, she has been asked about continually during the lectures connected with her exhibitions, as the Centenary Air Race has made Darwin famous throughout the whole world.

Miss Guy will show her posters first in Sydney, then Melbourne and Adelaide, and later hopes to go farther North. She also hopes to do some broadcasting work, and, it seems likely, will address many Rotary Club and other meetings.

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She Has Travelled Through Rhone Pass

MRS. ALAN KIPPAX, wife of the international cricketer, is one of the few Australian women who have travelled through the pass over the Rhone glacier, Switzerland. Most visitors to the land of the Alps time their trips there for the winter sports, but Mrs. Kippax, who has just come back from the Continent, timed hers so that she would be able to go through the pass, which is open only about 14 weeks of each year, in midsummer. She tells vividly of the scenes there—of the Grimsel Hospice, from where the winter search-parties over the Alps set out—of the St. Bernard mountain dogs, and of the monks whose home is there.

Although Mrs. Kippax visited the Italian Lakes, Milan, Florence, Venice, Rome, Paris, and other places of beauty and renown, it was the Swiss people who most appealed to her. She was agreeably surprised to find that they could all speak English—certainly with an accent, but English all the same—as it was taught in all the schools. Mrs. Kippax and a friend bought a car in England, and covered 3000 miles in the British Isles.

Nellie Scanlan's New Spring Publication

MISS NELLIE M. SCANLAN, the New Zealand writer, who is now in London, has had a very successful career, her novel, "Pencarrow," the first of a series about a well-known Wellington family, being very widely read.

At present she is engaged on another novel, which will be ready for the spring publication—an important period in the programme of English publishers.

The title is to be the arresting one, "Ambition's Harvest." The story begins in New Zealand, and then moves to various parts of the world—like the writer herself.

Five thousand copies of "Winds of Heaven" have been sold, and another issue, similar in size, will shortly be ready. The book, naturally, has gone very well in New Zealand.

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Gave Her Friends A Pleasant Surprise

PAT LLOYD, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lloyd, of King's Park, Adelaide, surprised her friends recently by publishing "Wings of Fancy," a small volume of collected poems which have received most encouraging criticism.

Miss Pat Lloyd.
—Rembrandt Photo.

Enid Patricia Aylmer Lloyd, to give the young poet her full title, and under which her book has been published, has only just attained her majority, and is very modest about her talent, disclaiming her verses as being moments of impulse dating from her school days.

Educated at Creveen, Miss Lloyd was editor of the school magazine for two years, and translating French and Spanish poetry has a great attraction for her.

Confessing that, as she does not understand it, modernistic verse has little appeal for her, she also revealed that classical dancing and dramatic art interested her more than literature.

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Many Links With Australia's Early History

ONE woman in Melbourne watched the Saar situation with more than ordinary interest, for she is the aunt of Mr. Geoffrey Knox, who was so much in the limelight recently.

She is Mrs. Roland Hayward, who celebrated her 89th birthday on January 30.

She has many links with the early history of Australia. She was born in Hobart Town, and christened in the Cathedral of St. David there. Her mother was a niece of Sir John Franklin, Governor of Van Diemen's Land, and left school in Switzerland to accompany her uncle and aunt to the new land.

Mrs. Hayward's father was Mr. John Price, magistrate, and her parents were married from Government House, Van Diemen's Land. The family lived in Hobart Town till Mr. Price was sent to Norfolk Island to quell a rebellion among the prisoners there.

Her husband, the late Rev. Roland Hayward, was the last of the Imperial chaplains at the convict settlement of Port Arthur. The first seven years of their married life was spent at Port Arthur, and they did not come to Victoria till the settlement was abandoned.

This charming old lady has seen our history in the making, and still takes pleasure in talking about it.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY --- By WEP.

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Mandrake the Magician

A feature packed with thrills ..... Magic versus Magic.

CATCH UP WITH THESE THRILLING HAPPENINGS.

AMBASSADOR VANDERGRIFF: Has had important documents stolen from him by

THE COBRA: An arch-criminal possessed of magical powers and controlling a world-wide organisation.

INSPECTOR SHELDON: Of the U.S. Secret Service, sets off on The Cobra's trail, accompanied by

BARBARA: His daughter, and

TOMMY LORD: His assistant. On the liner, voyaging to Tejei, the town where The Cobra has his headquarters, they are only saved from the many perils by

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician who, aided by

LOTHAR: His Nubian slave, is combating The Cobra, whose deadly enemy he is. Arrived at Tejei, Mandrake transforms the country's ruler,

PRINCE SAUD, into a friend. At this stage The Cobra strikes, sending down on the country a terrible plague known as The Flying Death. Mandrake, Saud and Sheldon ride into the desert to combat The Cobra. Now read on.

This week's highlight: The Shadow Image of The Cobra.

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THE GENUINELY GERMICIDAL

TOILET SOAP

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

A PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIAN SOAPS LIMITED

DON'T TIE *Your Sons to Your* APRON-STRINGS

. . . Advises Louise Mack

The possessive instinct is very strong in the majority of mothers. They want to keep their children with them all the time, or, worse still, to control their lives completely, even when they have reached maturity.

To mothers of this type I would say, "Don't tie your sons to your apron-strings; they'll grow crooked if you do."

THERE'S a homely note in that warning, isn't there?. You immediately visualise little crowing bundling baby boys, and the busy mother tying her apron strings round one of the wee podgy creatures to keep him from darting towards the fire while mother is making the pudding.

But 30 years later, and imagine those apron strings still tied on. What a tragedy threatens to develop then from those apron strings and all they stand for.

And this brings me to a letter from the country.

"Country Lass" writes: "I was nearly engaged to a boy, but his mother came between us, and sent him away. She won't let her sons have any girl friends at all. And now comes the news that he has married a half-caste, and the eldest brother last week married a local girl of ill-repute.

"Should a girl make a man run away with her when the mother refuses her blessing, or what should she do?"

* * *

NOW, that's where the danger comes of this tying to mother's apron strings business.

When something happens to set the son free, all too often he contracts some undesirable marriage because the first designing female who gets hold of him can easily convince him that she is all she says she is.

She may be thoroughly worthless, but he does not know it.

How can he, when his mother has never given him the chance of having nice girls among his friends. The fact is, it is not because men are bad that they marry bad women. On the contrary, it is often because they are too good that they make such a hash of their marriages.

I once knew a household of boys where the mother reigned supreme, and no young girl was ever admitted into that home.

That mother committed one of the greatest mistakes a mother can make. She kept her sons tied to her apron-strings, and dragged them away from all normal youthful friendships such as form the prelude to love and marriage in the lives of most young people.

Occasionally you would hear her prattling plausibly about girls who were coming.

But as one of her sons remarked pathetically: "Mother's girls always turn out to be old women."

They were old women, too. Dressed in smart clothes, maybe, with permanents and diamond ear-rings, they were, in fact, her own contemporaries, for no woman younger than herself was ever invited to her house. And night after night those sons sat and talked to their mother, and she regaled them with her gossip and kept the apron-strings firmly tied about them.

Result? Those nice sons grew up queer. They were not exactly milk-sops. But they were not exactly men.

Their mother encouraged them to be athletic, and they were all interested in manly sports, which probably saved them from being absolute imbeciles, but when it came to friendly intercourse with pretty young girls, then the apron-strings came in, and the mother gathered them closer than ever, and they grew queerer and queerer.

* * *

HOW can mothers act so mercilessly towards their small sons? How can they try and keep control over the man that the small boy has grown into?

Man was never made to tie to an apron-string.

Man was made to march, fling, advance, create, organise, and fight his way through the jungle of life, his wife and children at his side.

Caught in Own Coils

I ONCE knew a woman who tied her sons to her apron-strings, and then got caught in them herself. She kept her sons so close to her, everlastingly breathing unto their complexes what a lovely, admirable, wonderful mother they had, and how lucky they were until at last they believed they had a mother who could do no wrong at all.

But suddenly, while away on a holiday, she took to smoking.

It never occurred to her to give it up, though she knew her boys would be shocked, because she had herself taught them to be shocked at women smoking. She was not the sort that ever gave up anything she liked. Oh, no!

She solved the problem by pretending that she didn't smoke. Continuously, persistently she smoked, but the boys never saw her; the boys never knew.

They, poor fellows, could even be heard saying vain-gloriously: "Our mother never smokes!"

Of course, nobody ever had the heart to give her away to her sons, and if she writhed a little inwardly at the sight of the sly smiles on the faces of people who knew what a humbug she was—well, I suppose she realised she was caught in her own apron-strings.

She had just to go on making those boys think of her as a perfect specimen of sweet old-fashioned womanliness who would never do anything so awful as smoke a cigarette, or do anything that these modern mothers do. God bless them!

BOYS *Now Called* "KENT"

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative In Europe

TWO fashions following the famous Royal wedding which stirred the world recently are: (1) The increasing popularity of the name Kent as a Christian name for boy babies—half the wee heirs of Mayfair seem to be called Kent these days; and (2) the fashion of using Welsh gold in imitation of the Duchess of Kent for wedding rings.

Our great-great-grandchildren will be able to check up dates of their ancestors' weddings by the wedding rings. The slim platinum bands which have been in vogue for ten years or so are now going out of fashion in favor of the heavy bands—rich bands of Welsh gold.

BACKACHE

WHY ENDURE THIS AGONY WHEN A SURE, SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY IS AT HAND

When you reach the stage where pain compels you to say :—"I *must* get rid of this backache!" you will commence taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and then, in a very short time, your pain will disappear.

Naturally it would be better if you took De Witt's Pills as soon as

THE FIRST STAB OF PAIN

came to warn you, but many people make the same mistake. They do not realise the serious nature of Backache and so they wait, hoping the pain will go away, or try various methods of treatment which may give temporary relief. This cannot go on for long. Soon the time comes when backache compels you to neglect or give up your work. Life is a mockery when you are always in pain, but De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills will drive the pain away and they will also protect you against future attacks.

Read how successful De Witt's Pills proved in Mrs. Edmiston's case and perhaps her experience will persuade you to give them a trial.

Writing from "Gwen Villa," William Street, South Brisbane, Mrs. A. Edmiston says :—

"I used to suffer terribly with backache and, although I tried one thing after another, I could not get lasting relief. The pain got worse and worse until a friend induced me to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. These gave me ease at once. Anyone who has suffered as I have will understand how grateful I am."

A point you will appreciate about De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is the fact that they give almost instant relief. You may have endured agony all day and you feel that unless you get rid of the pain you will not be able to endure another day. Put your faith in De Witt's Pills. They will not fail you. Get a box from the chemists to-day, price 3/6 and 6/6. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes. Take two just before you go to bed and in the morning your pain will be gone.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

A few hours after you take the first dose of De Witt's Pills discolouration of the urine will prove that they have commenced their good work. You will be able to see that the cleansing, healing and strengthening ingredients of De Witt's Pills have passed through your kidneys and your bladder. No other medicine furnishes proof like this, and once you have tried them your one regret will be that you did not do so before. Take De Witt's Pills for *Scalding Pains, Gravel, Stone, Painful Joints, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica.* Give them to children subject to *Bed-wetting*, and to aged persons afflicted by *Urinary Disorders*, and in every case they will give prompt relief. Many thousands of suffering men, women and children in all parts of the world have already proved this, but the best proof of all can can be obtained by a personal trial in your own case.

DE WITT'S

KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607678

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 5/- for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

IMPORTANT!!

Letters sent to the "So They Say" page should not exceed, on an average, 120 words. Remember, brevity is the soul of wit! Letters should be interesting and provocative.

Please endorse letters "So They Say."

SO WHAT IS LOVE?

DOES anyone really know anything about it? I mean, of course, this love between man and woman.

Always, I imagined that if a woman put her man second only to God, lived for him alone—played and worked with him; shared his worries and sorrows as well as his successes and joys; gave him the very best of which she were capable, physically, intellectually and spiritually; if she were ready, eager for him always, facing hell itself, if necessary, for him—then she could not help but know him and understand him. Surely that is love!

I believed, too, that there is so very much joy in just belonging to one's loved one, and so very much more genuine pleasure in loving rather than in being loved. Yet I have been told that I do not know the first thing about love—or men. What, then, constitutes love, if this does not?

£1 for this letter to Miss Tania Reynolds, P.O., Moorooka, Brisbane.

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EXCLUDING WOMEN

IS it possible that men were always afraid of women? The mere fact of their loyalty to one another seems to be not so much a virtue as proof of such a fear.

As someone said: "Anything from which women are excluded becomes weak and offensive," and a smattering of intelligent women in all world affairs may bring about many needed changes.

M. Holmes, Carrum Post Office, Vic.

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NO FRESH IDEAS

HAVE any of our readers noticed the apparent reluctance with which the majority of the sterner sex accept any new idea or fashion?

The manner in which they cling to the same type of clothes year after year bears witness to this—not that I would criticise that which I think concerns them alone. But in the feminine sphere they refuse to give their approval to one season's style until the next is making its appearance. There are exceptions, I admit, as numbers of the greatest fashion experts are men; but this slowness in adapting themselves to fresh ideas does exist. Why should it be so?

Miss G. Watson, c/o Box 1336G, G.P.O., Adelaide.

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FAMOUS PEOPLE

I WONDER if other readers have ever wanted to meet some of the famous people of our time? If one of my wishes could be granted, it would be to meet these eight people:—E. Phillips Oppenheim, "the prince of story-tellers"; H. G. Wells, if only to give him my humble opinion of that clever if somewhat tiresome book, "Mr. Bleisworthy on Rampole Island"; J. M. Barrie, who gave me the joy of knowing Peter Pan and Wendy; L. M. Montgomery, the creator of that immortal Anne-girl; P. G. Wodehouse, who thoroughly enjoys himself doing asinine things with Bertie and Jeeves; Greta Garbo, the world's greatest artist—her acting is a revelation; Alfred Hill, who composed that exquisite little gem, "Valse Triste"; and last, but not least, Viv. McGrath, our Davis Cupper.

So readers, if you had your choice, whom would you wish to meet?

Miss Kathlene Walsh, Atkinson St., Murt's Estate, Lithgow, N.S.W.

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HEALTHIER OFFICES

IN all capital cities there are many old offices buildings which, for health reasons, should be condemned. I know of several girls who have to work all day in stuffy rooms, containing only a door, but no windows. All day they have to breathe the stale air, which is often made more unhealthy by smoke from the male employees' pipes, etc. In one case a girl resigned on the advice of her doctor, but even that has not resulted in improved conditions for the other employees, who, for fear of losing their jobs, are afraid to complain.

Of course there is no complaint against modern offices; it is the old buildings some of which have been in use for very many years.

Mrs. [illegible], Nash St., Sandgate, Qld.

Is Male Companionship Essential to Girls' Enjoyment?

RE Miss Peggy Trent's letter of 26/1/35. I quite agree with her, and am sure that the average girl is capable of enjoying herself without the presence of men.

She is more natural, willing to join whole-heartedly in any fun, while not constantly (as in many cases) thinking of the impression she is making on the opposite sex.

On several occasions I have been away with a number of girls, and can honestly say I have had a really enjoyable time.

Of course, we all know that at times men are certainly an added attraction; but are they necessary for a "happy time" . . . . Most decidedly not!!

Miss N. Hodson, Longfield St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

They Prefer Men

RE Miss Trent's letter (26/1/35). To say that the average girl of to-day does not waste many sighs over the absence of men is, in my opinion, very wrong. One only has to compare the number of girls that keep company with men friends with those who choose girls, to see that this is not a fact. We do find a number of girls saying they prefer their girl friends to boys, but that is, I think, sour grapes, because we always find that when Mr. Right comes along, their girl friends are neglected.

The chief ambition of every girl is to have a home of her own, and a Prince Charming to help her to look after it, and it is only natural that these ambitions will never be realised if we exclude the menfolk from our social arrangements.

G. Lumsdaine, 00 Finlayson St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Girl Friendships

IT'S a great pleasure to meet a girl like Peggy Trent (26/1/35). I'm pleased to see that she can enjoy herself, without males being in the vicinity. There is something beautiful, well, wonderful, I think, in lasting companionship between girls. I know of many cases where girl companions get their happiness without men being around. They go to picnics together, social gatherings, etc., and go home together. There seems something tragic about it to me, when these girl friendships are broken.

I am sure there are many readers who agree with you, in saying that it certainly is an insult to imply that girls cannot find enjoyment among themselves.

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

Real-Life Horrors Shown In Newsreels

I SAW the news picture referred to by Mrs. Robertson (26/1/35), and to say the least I was horrified! The commentator described in a blood-curdling voice, during the scene depicting the boa-constrictor wrapping his deadly coils round the native, that "nothing could be done for the poor wretch, and they were forced to look on and watch his death struggles!"

At the conclusion of the film the leader of the expedition spoke before the camera, saying that when they returned to civilisation their hair had turned quite grey. And, believe me, so, almost, had that of the audience! Scenes like these are to be condemned, as they serve no purpose and greatly detract from the enjoyment of the rest of the programme.

Miss M. Burwood, Mary St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Not Real Life Horrors

I THINK that film atrocities which are really taken from life—such as the death of King Alexander—should be banned.

One could not ban all acted horrors, as the box-office shows that even the most bloodcurdling pictures are attended by thousands who appear to enjoy that sort of thing. Children should, of course, never be allowed to these shows, and they should be clearly advertised "For adults only."

Mrs. R. White, 6 Myall Ave., Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

Such Beautiful Scenery!

I ENTIRELY agree with Mrs. E. Robertson's statement regarding film atrocities. I attended a suburban show a few weeks ago and was horrified and by no means amused to hear a child of no more than five years foretelling the most gruesome events. If, with all the beautiful scenery and interesting stories suitable for screening, the producers cannot give us something better than is often shown, it is time the censors stepped in.

Miss A. Davis, 38 Seafield Ave., Kingswood, S.A.

Perhaps Will Harden Us

IN reply to Mrs. E. Robertson (26/1/35). In real life most of us will have to meet incidents that will worry us, and hear tales of cruelty that will shock us, as I think it is impossible for anyone to go through life without worry and shock. The harsh and cruel items v come across on the newsreels may help to harden us and make us (old and young) more fit to face real life. It is said that life is cruel. Perhaps it is.

Miss Lois Ireland, Kingsclere, Potts Point, N.S.W.

Making Use of the Time-Honored Tin-Opener

RE Miss Hutchison's letter (26/1/35).

I have heard many overseas visitors express surprise at our frequent use of the tin-opener when we have the fresh fruit.

We can understand this when we remember that to many visitors peaches and such fruit are a luxury, costing as much as 1/6 each in England.

Also, is it wholly against our use of canned fruit that these remarks are directed?

Do we not often include in our diet those concentrated foods which are canned in and imported from other countries. And, after all, that is not very beneficial to our own industries, is it?

Miss F. Wilkes, 31 Northcote Rd., Chullora, via Enfield, N.S.W.

It's Canned Meats

TELL Miss Hutchison (26/1/35) that there is something else that comes to us in tins besides fruit.

Why Australian women are noted for the use of a tin-opener is because they obtained their fame from canned meats—not fruits!

The last look at their favorite movie star three or four times a week prevents them arriving home in time to cook Hubby a hot dinner, and then the violent dash for the tin-opener begins.

As for helping the canning industry, 96 per cent. of the women do not realise they are doing it when they use a tin-opener.

Mrs. A. C. Farmer, Shamrock St., Kedron, Brisbane.

Vitamins v. Tin-openers

MISS HUTCHISON asks: "Is it any worse for an Australian woman to use a tin-opener than it is for women of other countries?" (26/1/35).

Yes, it is. For the simple reason that in this country we can grow practically everything, and eat much of it in its natural state. And by so doing we get the full benefit of the vitamin content, which is so vital to health and well-being.

In cooked and preserved foods the vitamins are partially destroyed.

In colder places where fruits such as the peach, apricot, and pineapple cannot be grown to perfection, the tinned article proves very acceptable. Even so, it is only second best.

And Miss Hutchison is scarcely logical when she says that to buy fresh fruit of the size and quality found in tins would be very expensive.

Surely she is not suggesting that after labor and material have been added to the cost of the fruit, it is then cheaper than in its natural state?

Miss Ray Randall, The Economic Stores, Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

Good Luck to the Tin-opener!

RE "tin-opener wives," I think the frequent use of the tin-opener is no longer a reflection on the modern housewife. Canning industries have made such progress during the last few years that the tinned article is very often a much better production than the home-made one, and not any dearer. Also in using Australian canned goods one is not only saving time and trouble, but helping to keep others in employment.

So here's luck to the tin-opener!

Mrs. J. H. Bruce, Dailey St., Junee, N.S.W.

ARTISTS' ENCORES

I WONDER why it is that so many artists, when they receive an encore from the public, always play or sing—as the case may be—a different piece of music?

Why the artist received an encore was because the public so much enjoyed the first number, and I think the majority of audiences would much prefer to hear that number repeated, in preference to a different selection.

Some pieces are much more enjoyable on hearing them the second time, as there is so much in them to understand, and you cannot always grasp their full meaning the first time.

Mrs. B. Jacob, 253 Wood St., Preston, N18, Vic.

NO THOUGHT FOR OTHERS

ISN'T it remarkable the number of people who almost fanatically take care of their own possessions, but ill-use those of other people? Women are the worst transgressors in this respect. We all know the woman who won't allow her children to touch a thing in her own home, yet doesn't care a rap how they behave in the homes of other people.

If we all had the courage of the man mentioned in the incident below, perhaps this type of nuisance would be more rarely met. I was spending a few days at the seaside during the recent Christmas holidays, where I saw a woman in a rowing boat gathering oysters off the sharp rocks along the sea wall. The bottom of the boat was bouncing and scraping on the rocks below the water, and a man close by told the woman that she would have a hole punched in her boat if she wasn't more careful. "Oh! I don't care," she replied, "it isn't my boat." "Perhaps it isn't, Madam," he retorted, "but the principle is!"

Mrs. W. McKay, Argent's Hill, Bowraville, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE

DON'T call attention to small faults in a friend's belongings. He is aware of them.

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TRAIN TRAVELLING

I RECENTLY had a conversation with a lady re train travelling. I told her I much preferred to travel first-class in comfort, although it is much dearer, than second-class.

She calmly informed me that if there were third-class carriages, or even lower, it would do her, regardless of all the discomforts of the journey, as the railway officials got quite enough out of the travelling public.

Some people seem to think that the railway officials, sitting in their offices, feel the discomforts of second-class crowded carriages, instead of those travelling.

Give me comfortable travelling every time!

Mrs. G. M. Couch, 90 Swift St., Wellington, N.S.W.

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UNPUNCTUALITY

THE habit of unpunctuality is one of the most upsetting sins that exist. The men or women who are always late for appointments and meals without just cause, but because they have no desire to be on time, are laying up a store of unhappiness for themselves.

All the pleasure and happiness of the meeting has given way to annoyance by the time you have stood about for half an hour, and often a quarrel results. Children should be trained from the time they are little that it is discourteous to arrive anywhere late, and it will have become second nature by the time they have reached man or womanhood.

Miss Lett Waddy, Glen Roy, West Ryde, N.S.W.

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HOUSEHOLD DRUDGE!

WHY does the average man treat his wife with such rudeness and discourtesy? Must all his manners be kept for those who have no call on him? Will he never realise that a little kindness shown will react on himself tenfold?

It seems to me women cheerfully fill the position of unpaid household drudge, and strive to make ends meet, but it's the untold pin-pricks which eventually wear them out. Many of life's tragedies would be averted, and women's lives made easier, if they were regarded as other than "life-fixtures."

Mrs. L. M. Shackel, Bangalow, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607679

Now it takes only 3 days to make Dull Teeth Bright
By Removing "Bacteria-Plaque"

Unique Kolynos Technique that Removes Stain and the Dingy "Bacteria-Plaque"—Whitens Teeth Quickly.

Now all of you who have dull, stained, dingy-looking teeth can make them sparkling white and healthy by following this quick, simple, easy practice.

It is the scientific way to give your teeth new clearness, new lustre, new attractive whiteness impossible to obtain by ordinary methods.

To many of you the results will be surprising—especially to those who wrongly think that dull, stained, off-colour teeth are natural.

To-morrow morning brush your teeth with just a half-inch of Kolynos on a DRY brush. Use no water on your tooth brush. Then look in your mirror. See for yourself what it does. In a few brushings stain disappears and in just three days your teeth look whiter—shades whiter.

You will find Kolynos is different from any tooth paste or powder you have ever used. It contains the finest cleansing and whitening properties, plus another ingredient which Dental Authorities agree should be added to remove the "bacteria-plaque" which makes teeth so dingy and yellow-looking.

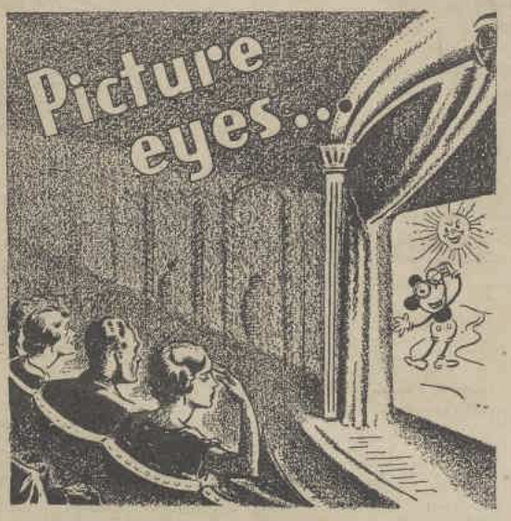
In this way Kolynos removes ugly stain and whitens and brightens teeth—without the use of harsh or gritty abrasives.

If you want to get rid of stain and dullness, and want sparkling white teeth, give up ordinary ways of brushing and start using Kolynos. Try it for just three days and see what a remarkable improvement is made in the appearance of your teeth. You'll say it's wonderful!

Sold by all chemists and stores. Kolynos lasts *twice* the usual time because you use *half* as much.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE



Do you have to get right in front to see the pictures?
Do you come out half way because of "picture eyes"?

Headache, Giddiness, that feeling as though you had dust in your eyes, are all danger signs of serious eye-strain. You are missing many of the joys of life just for the lack of proper attention to your eyes.

Decide now to consult an optometrist who is registered by the Government, and fully qualified to correct all errors of vision. An optometrist will give you that individual attention you cannot get elsewhere.

For Your Eyes' Sake . . . .
Consult an Optometrist once a year.

Inserted by the Eyesight Preservation Council, 74 Pitt St.

DAVIS CUP *Matches in* ZONE AREAS!

Bright Prospects for Australia's Champions this Year

By JOAN HARTIGAN

The eyes of the tennis world will soon be focused on the opening rounds of the Davis Cup competition.

This year Australia will have every reason to be interested in this classic competition because of the excellent form exhibited by Messrs. Crawford, McGrath, Quist, and Turnbull. Our prospects of bringing the Davis Cup once again to this country are bright in spite of the fact that we have some formidable hurdles to surmount even before we reach the final.

IT is generally known that the competition for this Cup is divided into three zone areas, the European zone, the North American zone, and the South American zone. The European zone, which is a major zone, consists of the following countries—Poland, South Africa, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Japan, Holland, New Zealand, Australia, France, Germany and Italy.

The North American zone, which is also a major zone, embraces China, the United States, Mexico and Cuba; while the South American zone, which is a subsidiary zone, consists of Brazil and Uruguay, etc.

Strictly speaking, there is only one major zone for America, the South American zone competitors being required to travel to North America to play the winners there. There is also another subsidiary zone, known as the Pacific zone, but the reason that it is a subsidiary zone is that it has not yet been utilised by Australia, Japan, or any other nation as they consider that it should be made a major zone.

The underlying reason for the division of the competition into zone areas is due to the necessity for curtailing the travelling by the various nations' representatives. Without some such arrangement it would mean that, in a country such as Australia, our representatives might have to travel thousands of miles backwards and forwards to various countries when playing in the preliminary rounds.

Should we therefore win our way to the final it can be readily visualised the amount of travel that would have to be undertaken before reaching Wimbledon where the final match will be played, seeing that England is the present holder of the Cup.

EVEN with the allocation of the nations into zone areas, there is quite a large amount of travelling to be undertaken by the various competitors. The public, as a rule, pay little heed to the disadvantages we labor under in a competition of this kind by being so far removed from the world's centre. It takes at least one month's travel to bring us to England, then further time is occupied in reaching the Continent.

Strange Conditions

ONLY hard work and constant exercise can keep one fit, and it requires some strength of will to keep up the daily effort of physical exercises.

It is difficult to get the kind of practice necessary to keep one's tennis up to standard with the result that once on land it becomes necessary to concentrate earnestly on daily practice on the courts to get oneself into form.

This is not quite so easy as it sounds. Climatic conditions, strange type of courts, and different kinds of balls all have to be faced. It is hard sometimes not to be discouraged by not being able to connect truly with the ball owing to the different bounce and the strangeness of the light so different from one's own country. It requires courage and perseverance to go ahead.

A five-set championship match calls for a considerable amount of physical endurance because in all such matches the players are at high tension pitch throughout.

The day may not be far distant when the association may be well repaid for outgoings by overseas nations having to come to Australia to endeavor to regain the Davis Cup from us. Should we be successful this year there will, I am sure, be such a wave of enthusiasm in this country, not only among tennis followers, but among the public generally, that we will no doubt have record attendances at the matches.

For Your Racquet

BEFORE playing in unsettled weather, apply a little olive oil to the strings of your racquet. It is good, too, to drop a little into each hole where the gut is threaded. Covers only cost a few shillings, so it is worth while having one to protect your racquet from rain and sun; it is much more businesslike, too.

AUSTRALIA'S LOVELY OPALS, 10/6 EACH—send this cutting and 10/6 for opal and we will mount in a dainty Antique Silver Ring. Free of Charge. E. SMITH, "The Opal Mine," 113A PITT ST., SYDNEY.

CRITERION THEATRE
COMM. SAT., FEB. 23
F. W. Thring will present
LONDON'S LATEST
MUSICAL BURLESQUE
WITH
GLADYS MONCRIEFF
Jolly Roger
from SAVOY THEATRE, London.
First Nighters will be allotted their seats as usual.
Plans at Paling's Monday Week.

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Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Nested in Chimney

THIS is a fact. Sparrows built a nest in our kitchen chimney, which is in continuous use. When the chimney was being swept, to our amazement we discovered a nest with half-baked eggs in it. The sparrows returned and rebuilt in the chimney, resulting in the loss of two families.—N.E.P.

❖ ❖ ❖

If the Cap Fits

IN the window of an Adelaide bookshop there is a book with the title "For Sinners Only." Across the cover, in big type, are the words "Sixteenth edition, 137,000 copies sold."—P.

A Starchy Affair

A FRIEND of mine, who finished work at 5.30 p.m., was accustomed to hurry home from work, have a bath, and catch the 6 p.m. train to visit his fiancee. He commissioned his young brother to have the bath-heater going, and the tub full of hot water, as soon as he arrived home. One day the youngster knocked a packet of starch into the water, and, fearing the results that would follow a confession, he concealed the empty packet and said nothing.

My friend arrived home and had the usual bath, but about five minutes after boarding the train, began to feel queer. His skin became drawn and taut, his eyebrows and hair stood out prominently, and in such a condition he had to stay in a compartment mainly occupied by women for twenty minutes. He declares it was the worst ordeal he ever faced.—E.J.P.

❖ ❖ ❖

A Clever Cocky

JUST recently a rather amusing incident occurred. We have had a galah cockatoo for close on nineteen years, which had always been believed to be a cock bird. Imagine our amazement when cocky laid two eggs.

Naturally, cocky is justly proud of laying two eggs after nineteen years as a cock bird.—G.S.

❖ ❖ ❖

An Incident of Exhaustion

IT was while I was waiting for a Manly ferry that I saw a very humorous experience while in Sydney. The boat was about a yard from the wharf when a young man flew through the turnstile, raced down the wharf, and jumped on the boat. As he was mopping his brow he nearly fainted to find the boat was pulling in—not out.—D.D.

❖ ❖ ❖

Everyone Enjoyed Themselves

I KNOW of one woman who served her entire Christmas dinner on paper plates and in cardboard containers. So washing up was her way of enjoying the Christmas festivities.—I.M.J.

❖ ❖ ❖

Quite Naked

WHEN in England some years ago I saw an ad. in one of the dailies which greatly amused me. English people speak of second-hand clothing as "left off" and not "cast off" as the Australians do. Here is a copy of the advertisement except that the name has been altered: "Mr. and Mrs. Toughly have left off clothing of every description and can be interviewed any day from 10 to 4 at their home address."—E.E.S.

❖ ❖ ❖

Maternity Bonus

WHEN my second baby was born, my husband and I thought we would put in for the bonus. We filled in one form, on the back of which it said your income must not exceed £260. As ours was £240 odd, we thought we would get it all right, and I had visions of what I would do with the £4. Well, we filled in three or four more forms, and then waited. What we did get back was a notification that our claim was rejected because we must not earn more than £221. What I would like to knew is, why do they still use those misleading papers? I have one before me now so I know what I am talking about.—W.M.

❖ ❖ ❖

Widow's Eyesight Restored

A WIDOW who provided a bare living for herself and little children by long hours of sewing found her eyesight was failing. She went to a doctor who knew her. He was a kindly man, and knew the room where she worked. He told her that he would take no money from her, but said, "You sit sewing in front of a window that faces a big hill. Every day I want you to take your eyes off your work and look at the top of that hill for five minutes or more. Then come again in a month's time to see me." So she moved to our part of the district, whence a glorious panoramic view is obtained, and her eyesight was restored.—W.R.C.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Rooster-roo

THIS would have to be seen to be believed, but I can vouch for its veracity, for I saw it myself.

We live where there is a garden of two acres round the house. One day two baby kangaroos were brought home. As they hopped nimbly around, the other animals watched them entranced. Even the fowls gathered together and gazed through their wire-netting enclosure every time they came near. One day a game young rooster flew over the top into the garden. As it came near the hopping creatures, to our almost unbelieving eyes it gathered its legs under its body and commenced a series of hops following in the wake of the two kangaroos. Finally, evidently terrified at itself, it flew back to its own domain and hid in the furthest corner.—M.J.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

A Good Friend

A LITTLE while ago I took my two youngsters for a spin in the car a short distance from town. About two miles out a black snake was hurriedly crossing the road. I accelerated and made straight for him. Pulling up the car and hoping to find him dead (to my surprise I could find no trace of him. Afraid that it may have climbed somewhere under the car, I searched, but in vain. It was a worried man who drove that car home. When I got to the gate and opened it, however, my Alsatian, which had been riding on the running-board, refused to leave. On investigating the cause I found he was on the snake, having broken its back.—S.B.

A LONELY GIRL FINDS HAPPINESS

SKIN HEALTH *restored* *by* LIFEBUOY *baths*

Read this woman's experience:

"I must tell you the good Lifebuoy Soap has done me. I was poisoned by March flies and my body and legs were one mass of lumps. After fourteen days in hospital, I came home the same as I went. When I came home I took two Lifebuoy baths a day for one week and by the end of the week I had not a blotch on my body or legs. I have used nothing but Lifebuoy Soap since. It is marvellous what it did for me after ten months of annoyance."

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ARCHBISHOP KELLY'S *Birthday* in HOSPITAL

Unusual Incidents in Life of Venerable Prelate

In the peaceful surroundings of Lewisham private hospital, Dr. Kelly, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, this week calmly sees the passing of another milestone in his long career with the celebration of his eighty-fifth birthday.

Since the recent death of Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand, Archbishop Kelly has become the oldest Archbishop in the Southern Hemisphere, and one of the oldest active ecclesiastics in the world.

ARCHBISHOP KELLY was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, on February 13, 1850, and after a period as Coadjutor-Archbishop of Sydney he succeeded Cardinal Moran as Archbishop in 1911.

During the past twelve months the Archbishop has personally superintended the erection of a beautiful marble mosaic tomb in the crypt of St. Mary's Basilica which is destined to be his last resting place. The full story of this work was exclusively published in The Australian Women's Weekly in August last.

Beloved by his own people and respected by all sections of the community in Australia, there is universal regret that the venerable prelate is still confined to hospital, bravely fighting against overwhelming odds to regain his lost health. A recent attack of pneumonia left the Archbishop's heart in a very weakened condition, and, in view of his advanced age, his medical advisers and nurses view his present condition with much concern.

Never regarded as a robust man, Archbishop Kelly owes his long life to simple living, temperance in all things, early rising, and a cheerful disposition.

In his thirty-four years in Australia he has made it his practice to rise at 5 a.m. daily, and retire to bed at 9 p.m. He spends from 5 to 7 a.m. in meditation and prayer, before celebrating his daily Mass at 7 o'clock.

His breakfast consists of one boiled egg and toast and butter. After breakfast he usually takes a walk for half an hour, and then attends to his correspondence till eleven o'clock, when he receives visitors, who consist mostly of clergy, secretaries of church committees, building committees, and friendly societies.

After a substantial midday meal he works in his office until late in the afternoon. His evening meal at 6 o'clock consists of another boiled egg and toast.

The Archbishop neither smokes nor drinks intoxicating liquor, and has all his life been a constant advocate of temperance.

A Busy Life

PRACTICALLY every Sunday during the past 34 years he has officiated at the opening of some church, school, or orphanage in the archdiocese, but his most notable achievement was the completion of St. Mary's Basilica and the part played by him at the great Eucharistic Congress in Sydney in 1928.

His Grace's public utterances over the last quarter of a century on social questions have attracted widespread attention, and his views on divorce, birth control, and immodesty in dress are too well known to need recapitulation.

Particularly has His Grace on all occasions stressed the great respect that is due to women, and has always held up the Christian mother in veneration.

Dramatic Incident

MANY people will remember Archbishop Kelly's dramatic clash with the Government during the outbreak of smallpox some 20 years ago. Smallpox patients in the quarantine area at North Head were in danger of death, and the authorities refused to allow a clergyman to visit them.

The Archbishop announced his intention of personally entering the Quarantine grounds and administering to the sick in the hospital. With his secretary he presented himself at the Quarantine gates and demanded admission in the name of God, and attempted to force his way in. The attempt was unsuccessful, the guards having instructions to allow none to enter.

Archbishop Kelly has made four visits to his native land during his episcopate in Australia, the last occasion being when he was in his 82nd year.

The Archbishop is regarded in his church as a sound theologian and keen student of dogmatic theology and the Scriptures, and he is something of a linguist, being well versed in French, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, as well as Gaelic—which may or may not be a language, according to varying decisions of different courts in Australia recently.

Strange as it may sound, this man of culture and learning never reads the daily newspapers, except such cuttings as are presented to him by his secretary as requiring his attention.

Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Sydney.

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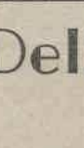

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Just think how much you can save on clothing with the New Improved Bebarfald-Vickers Sewing Machine in your home. Think, too, how much more smartly you can dress. It is the easiest thing in the world to make garments on the New Improved Bebarfald-Vickers, because Bebarfalds positively guarantee to teach you dressmaking. Remember £1 deposit obtains immediate delivery. Balance can be paid at the rate of 3/6 per week. Post coupon NOW. Dainty Handbag Mirror FREE to first 30 Enquirers.

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EDDIE CANTOR and his eldest daughter, Marjorie, who acts as his secretary. Something startling seems to have popped up out of the correspondence. Or is it that the comedian is smitten with a new joke?

BUSINESS *Kept in the* FAMILY

EDDIE CANTOR... *and his* SECRETARY DAUGHTER

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

EDDIE CANTOR, whose latest picture, "Kid Millions," will be seen shortly, is very much a family man. He sees no reason for being deprived of home life even during his strenuous spells in Hollywood. Accordingly his wife and daughters, of whom there are five, accompany him there, and when some time ago the eldest girl, Marjorie, who is now nineteen, expressed a wish to leave school and take a job, he promptly installed her as his secretary. And a very efficient secretary she has become.

BEING secretary to Cantor is no light task. The young woman attends to all his correspondence, both private and business, and deals with his fan mail. She has shown herself particularly valuable too in the ticklish job of fending off callers whom her father does not wish to see and arranging appointments for those who are important.

She is of great assistance also in the actual work of picture production. According to her account Cantor makes very extensive preparations for his annual film effort and personally "okays" all the details before the filming process begins.

"Father is careful not to have repetition in his pictures," she says. "The theme, novelty numbers, songs and jokes must all be fresh and of world-wide appeal.

"I have to keep special files of jokes through which Father wades, and only the top-grades find their way into the finished picture."

It sounds very systematic and thorough, and Miss Marjorie can claim to be an authority on her subject, for she has herself seen everything her father has appeared in either on stage or screen since she was five years old.

Humble Beginnings

CANTOR started life with fewer advantages and more handicaps than most people who achieve any kind of eminence in later years. He was born in 1892 in a little room over a Russian cafe in the heart of the East Side ghetto quarter of New York.

His mother died before he was a year old and his father soon after, leaving the child to the care of a grandmother.

At the age of fourteen he went to work as a Wall Street messenger boy. But he soon got the sack from that job by untimely displays of the quality which has since earned him wealth.

His practical jokes and antics made his fellow employees laugh, and it was too much of a toss-up whether messages would be delivered.

When he was sixteen he made his stage debut at an amateur night in his district. Soon he became a singing waiter in a Coney Island beer garden with Jimmy Durante, who has since risen to prominence on his own account, for his pianist.

That experience was followed in 1912 by touring the variety theatres of the States with a troupe known as the Kid Cabaret.

AN UNUSUAL PORTRAIT of Eddie Cantor apparently trying to turn his back upon himself.

Secret of Success

IN 1914 Cantor married Ida Tobias, his childhood's sweetheart, and having received an offer of vaudeville work in England for himself and partner he made it a honeymoon trip. While in London he appeared in a Charlot Revue. Afterwards, on his return to New York, Earl Carroll put him into musical comedy and presently Florenz Ziegfeld signed him on for the Ziegfeld Follies.

His screen debut occurred in 1926 in "Kid Boots." But it was not until talkies came in that he was established as a film star. His first talking film, "Whoopee," gained a great success, and his later films, restricted to one a year, have all been box-office winners.

In the years immediately preceding the depression he was a rich man. His own description of what happened is that before the depression he had £200,000, a house, 3 cars, 7 servants, a wife and four daughters.

Then the crash came and the next thing he knew was that he had only a wife and five daughters!

Cantor's own theory about humor is as follows:

"Telling a chap what to do to be funny is really like telling him what to do if he gets seasick. If he gets seasick, he'll know what to do. If he's a comedian he'll know what to do. And if he doesn't he'll never be a comedian."

This seems fair enough. At any rate Cantor knows what to do to please his public, and he is now back among the millionaires in the exclusive colony of the very richest at Great Neck, Long Island, with an enormous house and entertaining all the social lights of New York.

But he does not forget his humble origin and is generous in his contributions to numerous Jewish charities.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars ..... no good.

★★ THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER

Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell. (Paramount.)

FREELY adapted from Francis Yeats-Brown's novel, this is an extraordinarily vivid picture of the frontier service of a famous cavalry regiment, spectacular and full of action. Time and pains have not been spared to present accoutrements and routine with accuracy. Much of the setting, too, is authentic, having been filmed by Schoesdack round the Khyber Pass.

The story itself is a high-pitched drama of duty and patriotism, in which Sir Guy Standing, as colonel of the regiment, plays stern father to his son (Richard Cromwell), a subaltern just passed out of Sandhurst, in such a way as to arouse the resentment of Captain McGregor (Gary Cooper), who takes the lad under his wing, and the milder protests of Major Hamilton (C. Aubrey Smith). It seems a pity that elaborate explanations have to be inserted to account for the fact that Cooper and Cromwell are not Englishmen. We felt the justice of Franchot Tone's remark that it seems more like the Foreign Legion, though he himself makes a pretty good shot at the portrayal of Lieutenant Forsythe, late of the Blues, and the other two, apart from their accents, act convincingly and with power. But Kathleen Burke, as a Russian adventuress. . . . Oh, no!

The Lancers in full-dress uniform, the entertainment in the palace of the Emir of Gopal, and the pig-sticking, are all wonderfully picturesque, while the escape of the three young officers from their dungeon in the hill fortress in time to blow up the store of plundered ammunition is breathless. We are grateful to Hollywood for this fine rendering of a tale that our compatriots might be less able to present without self-consciousness. It is grandly done; and the finale to the strains of "Land of Hope and Glory" is genuinely moving. — Prince Edward; com. Feb. 16.

★★ IMITATION OF LIFE

Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Rochelle Hudson. (Universal.)

BUSINESS success by itself is for a woman merely a counterfeit of life. So says in effect Fannie Hurst, the author of the novel from which this film is taken. We agree when the woman has the charm and warm humanity with which Claudette Colbert endows her. This young widow bathing her baby and trudging the hard pavements to make her small house-to-house sales is very winning. We rejoice at her brave plunge into the catering business with the colored cook (Louise Beavers), who has become her faithful servant and friend, and still more when her casual kindness to the advertising man (Ned Sparks), who had been flattening his nose against her shop window, is so abundantly rewarded. But we feel, perhaps wrongly, that Miss Colbert's dewy eyes and pointed chin do not go with great business acumen, and we are quite prepared for a happy denouement by the time the attractive hero (Warren William) comes along.

For this reason the triangular tangle between the two and the daughter, now almost grown up, seems rather wilfully contrived. Rochelle Hudson plays with understanding this difficult role, but it should not have been allowed to defeat expectation. On the other hand, the situation between the black mammy and her near-white daughter is full of poignancy. It epitomises the tragedy of the negroes in North America, some of them meekly accepting their inferior status, some fighting bitterly against the stigma. It is this conflict that gives distinction to the picture.—Plaza, com. Feb. 15.

★★ CHAINED

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. (M.-G.-M.)

A FILM built up to display the gifts of a well-known player has every chance of being thoroughly good technically. But it may not impress us as real life. So here. We admire the all-round efficiency of the direction and acting. But, truth to tell, we are not stirred by this drama as we should be.

To begin with, it occurs to us that a secretary (Joan Crawford) who allows her shipping magnate (Otto Kruger) to make love to her is likely to be in difficulties, even though he has hopes of divorcing his absentee wife and marrying the girl. Sure enough, the wife refuses the arrangement. On the trip to Buenos Aires that Miss Crawford takes to forget the unhappy business whom should she meet but Clark Gable returning to his Argentine ranch with his friend (Stuart Erwin).

Gable scrapes acquaintance in a most determined manner. And that is where he is asking for trouble. But, you may say, there is surely nothing to block the romance that inevitably springs up between these fellow voyagers? Aha, you reckon without the wife, who unreasonably changes her mind. What is a girl to do? She cannot let down her kind, elderly lover. Nor does she. Then ensues a competition in perfect gentlemanliness between the two men. It is all extremely effective. But—oh, well! —St. James; com. Feb. 15.

★ KID MILLIONS

Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern (United Artists.)

LIKE his last extravaganza, this one transports Eddie Cantor to distant climes. But now he does not go back in time, merely from the squalors of New York waterfront, as the new-found heir of a millionaire archaeologist, per a Transatlantic liner to the field of excavations in Egypt. The secret of his appeal to the audiences who flock to see him is his power of suggesting youthful innocence that is always being taken advantage of by "tough guys" but somehow comes out on top against their crude plots. And his pop eyes, of course, can render any scene ridiculous. But here his material is of itself less hilarious than in "Roman Scandals."

Ethel Merman, who makes her entrance singing strongly through the nose, is a comic addition as the heir's pretended mother. But we agree with Cantor that the sheik's coy daughter is a person to be avoided at all costs. Ann Sothern is a rather negative leading lady, and Berton Churchill's julep-drinking colonel is not one of his best impersonations. The clou of the film is the final sequence in technicolor. This dream of heaven for New York children in the shape of an ice-cream filling station is in its brisk efficiency a very enjoyable invention.—Regent; com. Feb. 15.

★ STAMBOUL QUEST

Myrna Loy, George Brent. (M.-G.-M.)

COMING after a number of other spy films, this one has a harder job to be convincing. But it is a carefully-worked-out drama, in which the familiar problem of love versus patriotism is given a new twist. Myrna Loy cannot help it that she is not one's idea of a master mind in the German counter espionage service. Her immediate superior, Lionel Atwill, is much more like it. Still, Miss Loy does suggest a woman of initiative and no mean tactician. And she has the kind of beauty that beckons and withdraws which would attract the attention of the perfidious Ali Bey in Stamboul, when she has so astutely forced it on his notice.

Since the American doctor taking a post graduate course in Berlin (George Brent) is so impossible to shake off after she has purposely lured him, it is natural that the air raid on the train should create a bond. Considering, too, that his aerial kisses are so ardent, it is not unlikely that he would win her, case-hardened though she is. But reckless is a miserably inadequate word for his conduct all through. To finish the story when we have come round again to the point at which it begins would have been much more artistic. But evidently it was thought that the public would not stand it.—St. James; com. Feb. 15.

STUDENT TOUR

Charles Butterworth, Jimmy Durante, Maxine Doyle. (M.-G.-M.)

ARE American college youths and "coeds" really as represented on the screen? The examples shown as a rule seem not so much high-spirited as blatant. However, a musical farce concerning the adventures of a combined troupe on a world tour should at any rate be fast moving and lively. What is therefore rather damping is to find that this piece drags in several places and that those generally competent comedians, Charles Butterworth, as an absent-minded professor, and Jimmy Durante, as trainer of the rowing team, are curiously subdued.

Maxine Doyle, as the professor's niece, is for the most of the film so successfully hidden by spectacles and a demure manner that the young hero (Phil Regan) suspects neither her devotion to him nor her unscholastic charms. But when she is a masked pierrette she shows a capacity for graceful dancing and later even rises to be substitute cox of the college boat. But by that time we could believe anything. Having assisted at the encounter of Butterworth and Durante with a Chinese War Lord and witnessed Miss Doyle's posing in front of the Taj Mahal, we are spent.—Civic; com. Feb. 15.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hume, of Yass, are making their annual stay at Clifton Gardens Hotel? Family is directly descended from early explorer.

Terrigal Parties

BRIDGE and dancing saved the situation in many house parties at Terrigal last week-end. . . Treading measure in local store were Mrs. Doug Munro, who favored navy slacks and ivory satin shirt. . . Neville Milson couple brought along Marcia Futter. . . Mrs. Bill Bishop looked smart in pink shirt and blue slacks. . . Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bowman, Eileen White, and Jill Barnes also present.

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A sequined bow on corsage was the only trimming to Mrs. Reg Stafford's heavy black crepe frock worn at Romano's on Saturday. Mrs. Doug Levy wore black satin. Very low back and tailored.

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Military Manoeuvres

A POPULAR soldier is Colonel Norman Miles, recently appointed Commandant of Royal Military College and Army School of Instruction, Sydney. . . Mrs. Miles was formerly Marjorie Langtree, well known in Yass and Darling Point. . . . Since marriage spent some years in India. . . small son, John, born in East. . . sister Mary keeps him in order.

Reader Not Worried

CAR with Vice-Regal badge had long wait at Botanic Gardens on Thursday. . . Lady Isaacs visited the C.W.A. Eastwood-Epping tea at the rotunda. . . Made short speech in which she praised association activities. . . Buzz of chatter, and clatter of teacups failed to perturb elderly gentleman who read novel in corner and stayed the party out. . . Mrs. Sutherland from Paisley, Scotland, also honored guest at tea.

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Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walker, of Cootamundra, arrived in town by car last week for a few days' sea and sand at Newport.

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Silent Workers

QUIET, but efficient, workers are members of Croydon Ladies' Social Club. . . £2338 and another shilling has been amount collected for good causes since inception. . . Each year 26 debutantes, no more, no fewer, are presented, usually to Vice-Royalty at annual ball. . . Anti-T.B. Clinic will benefit from five months' work this year.

Ross Nott Sisters

FORMAL invitations out for cocktail party for Jean Farncombe and sister, Peggy Ross Nott. . . Hostess Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones. . . Hospitality to be dispensed from "Mrs. C.L.J's," Woollahra home, February 25. . . Guests of honor sail two days later for England. . . Commander Farncombe, husband of Jean, is big noise on H.M.S. Sussex. . . Lively naval occasions on itinerary for travellers.

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Dr. and Mrs. Harry Harris will shortly sail for Europe. Small son to remain at Tudor House during parents' travels.

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Home Nearly Ready

JEAN CUMMINGS of Melbourne just returned from trip to England. . . Has already paid visit to Cootamundra, where her future home is nearing completion. . . After church ceremony in near future will be Mrs. Poss Lees. . . Poss most popular young man, and no wonder. . . so handy on tennis courts, golf links, and ballroom floor.

Inveterate Travellers

FEW country squatting families travel to extent of Arthur Braggs, of Landgrove. . . . In bachelor days, Frank, the eldest son, even trekked up Amazon River. . . . America might be near as Manly, so often is it visited. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bragg and Lorna now contemplate trip to Hongkong. . . . Mrs. B. will recuperate from bout of appendicitis in Far East.

Recent Romance

RANKS of the Osborne bachelors fast being depleted. . . Bedford, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Osborne, of Bowlie, Gundaroo, last to become engaged. . . Mollie Wolfcarius, his fiancee. . . A most eligible bachelor remaining in the clan is Peter Osborne. . . Don't confuse this Peter with Peter Osborn without an "e". . . That brilliant young Peter, still at Varsity, where Dad is a professor.

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Bondi Beach in early morning much frequented by Mrs. Archie Baker, who is summering at Hotel Bondi. Sylvia Purves, Cecil Traill couple, also Dick and Dudley Hardy, seldom miss their surf.

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Cheers for Travel

MR. AND MRS. T. F. Birrell will sail by Franconia on next voyage. . . Their Rose Bay home now holds the Reg Prevost couple, whose romantic wedding took place on bridegroom's yacht, Tanda. Travellers will tour many lands before arriving in England. . . Rarely frequented ports in South and West Africa, South America, and Canary Islands will all be given "once over". . . Until sailing date Mr. and Mrs. Birrell residing Franconia, Potts Point.

Mrs. Lapage Leaving

AFTER three months in Australia Mrs. Charles Lapage making ready for return to England. . . Will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Campbell Bauer. . . Commander Lapage will have welcome on Hampshire farm in readiness in April. . Family has one son at Sandhurst, and one a cadet in merchant service. . . Traveller will make motor trip to Yass, Goulburn, and Canberra before sailing.

To See Elstree

FOR two years Mrs. Walter Farquhar with daughter Mrs. Gemmell Smith, and grand-daughter, Anne, will stay in England. . . They left via America during week. . . Large farewell party given them by Mrs. E. W. Fenner at Darling Point home . . Visitors will stay with Mrs. Arthur Murray, whose home is adjacent to Elstree Studios. . . Always takes visitors on sight-seeing expedition there. . . Mrs. Philip Lamb, of Sussex, will also be hostess to trio.

Witty Wanderer

MRS. CLIFF KITCHEN in midst of farewell parties. . . Mrs. Ted Milgrove will be hostess at luncheon party at Royal Sydney Golf Club, next week. . . Macquarie Club will also be scene of large party when Mrs. J. H. Kitchen, who sets sail for England with daughter-in-law, entertains at bridge. . . Mrs. "Cliff" immensely witty and always centre of gaiety at parties.

PICTURED ABOVE, Mrs. Raymond Lambert, a recent bride, formerly Miss Jill Ryan, daughter of the late Mr. T. J. Ryan, one-time Premier of Queensland, and Mrs. Ryan. Mrs. Lambert arrived in Sydney this week with her pianist husband, who is touring for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Much Travelled

CICELY CLARENCE, off to England once more. . . . Much-travelled young lady. . . Dramatic art her hobby. . . Appeared here with Dame Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler. . . Achieves chic appearance in much-favored sports clothes. . . Accompanied on Comorin by mother complete with her recently-acquired legacy.

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Now in Northern Rhodesia is Captain Charles Egerton Mills, well known in Australia. On recent safari was host to Maharajah Bikanir.

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Meanderings in Majorca

MRS. E. DOWNES and her daughter from Camden way are having a great time abroad. . . Have been guests of relatives near Cambridge. . . Now off to Belearic Islands off the east coast of Spain. . . Majorca first stop. . . Will return to London in English summer.

Nervous Luncheon Speaker

EVEN most brilliant artists are nervous before women en masse. . . Henry Hanke of Archibald Prize fame, was distrait at Business Girls' Luncheon at Farmer's. . . Said he would rather paint for a week than speak for five minutes. . . Time taken for actual painting of winning portrait only 12 hours.

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Margaret Tait, popular Bowral girl, sailed for Europe with her mother, Mrs. Peter Tait, by Comorin, last Friday.

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Immense House Parties

PRIZE for hospitality to Mrs. F. C. Thompson. . . . Ever since first week-end at Terrigal she has entertained innumerable guests. . . Even includes children in the house parties. . . Couldn't be fairer than that!. . . Fourteen to sixteen guests ordinary occurrence. . . Hostess will surely need long rest on returning to Neutral Bay home this week.

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Change of Home

HOSPITALITY will no longer be dispensed at Waratah Flats by Dr. and and Mrs. Glan Satchell. . . They are all thrilled about their move to Byron Hall. . . Mrs. "Satch" is furnishing for the first time since marriage. . . Thoroughly enjoying this diverting pastime. . . Their flat has gorgeous view of harbor.

Not Keen on Us

AUSTRALIA feeling suppressed. . . Lord Moyne with yachting party on board Rosaura evidently not thrilled with us. . . After voyage of 12,000 miles will visit New Zealand and New Guinea, but only one day for Australia. . . Mrs. Winston Churchill member of party. . . Black swans taken from zoo for Lord Moyne's English garden. . . Young menagerie on board, including a pet monkey, Gandhi.

Have You Noticed That—

Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones wears the cutest little beige straw hat with her shopping ensemble of the same shade? The first day of the sales found her early astir.

Jane Anne

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HOYTS Regent

Plans at Theatre (M2387). Book in advance. Interest becomes intense as the premiere day draws near.

THIS FRIDAY

February 15, at 11 a.m.

PLAZA

ON FRIDAY

(February 15) Fannie Hurst's magnificent novel comes thrillingly to the screen.

SUNDAY *is the* FAVORITE DAY *For* RADIO FANS

Music of the Week by GEORGE MATTHEWS

Sundays come and go without any noticeable improvement in musical fare. Orchestral programmes—out-of-doors in summer—would be especially agreeable on Sunday afternoons and evenings, when most of us relax, but at present such programmes are few and far between.

ONE would expect Sunday to be music's big day. The radio provides brass bands, instrumental quartets, soloists, and a liberal measure of reproductions: Australian orchestras seldom.

Finance, not the desire to give orchestras a rest on Sundays, is the reason for this paucity. All of the Broadcasting Commission's orchestras do not work every week-day, and it would be no great hardship for them to play on the Sabbath.

Various reasons have been advanced as to why our Sundays are comparatively barren from a musical viewpoint. The true one is this matter of finance. For musicians Sunday is a double-pay day, and rightly so.

The Commission shrinks from giving double money for orchestral music which could be got for half the cost on a week-day. National programmes on Sundays are relayed even more widely than are those of week-days, yet normally far less is spent on them.

Many listeners would prefer a musical feast on Sunday nights and less expensive entertainment on week nights. Radio probably has more devotees on a Sunday than on any other day, but examination of national programmes suggests that the Commission regards it as an "off" day.

HERE is a weekly occasion when national stations should make special efforts to please. Most B class stations realise the importance of Sunday, and to them the majority of listeners turn. Surely the increased cost of orchestral concerts from national stations would be justified by the increased pleasure afforded.

One would like to see the Commission giving a lead in the provision of more open-air concerts. Another summer is slipping away without that proportion of outdoor orchestral music which countries less sunny than ours get as a matter of course.

Recent visitors from overseas have expressed amazement that Australia has no regular policy of summer music. Major G. Miller, M.B.E., director of the Grenadier Guards Band, deserved more than passing attention when he said: "I look around Australia and I find beautiful parks and gardens in all the principal cities, but very little provision for open-air music."

Generous Citizen

THE generosity of the late Mr. Sidney Myer enabled Melbourne musicians to give a taste of what could and should be to vast crowds at Como Park early this summer. It is to be hoped that plans for a series of outdoor concerts next summer materialise.

A fine season of Sunday afternoon indoor orchestral concerts, organised by the New South Wales Musicians' Union, came to an end last September, leaving at least 3000 people hungry for more. They had grown to love the sight and sound of a human orchestra.

Sydney should find open-air concerts attractive. An ideal place would be the Balmoral Amphitheatre, which could have a roll-up roof for use in case the weather misbehaved. There might even be an "all-over" mosquito net.

Part of the low prices charged for admission could go to relieve distress among unemployed musicians, and expenses could be defrayed by the Broadcasting Commission in return for the privilege of sending such programmes to all States.

Open-air concerts may not be practicable in every capital city of the Commonwealth. There is no doubt, however, about the practicability of better Sunday broadcasts. Listeners deserve and desire them.

SYDNEY DE VRIES, baritone, of the Royal Grand Opera Co., who successfully takes a number of roles during the present season.

Ballets in Opera

THERE was a tradition last century that no opera could be a success with Parisian opera audiences unless it contained a ballet. That is the reason Wagner indulged in the un-Wagnerian practice of including a classical ballet in "Tannhauser," and why Gounod put a classical Walpurgis Night ballet in his opera "Faust."

"Tannhauser" ballet is generally played with the opera to this day, whilst the "Faust" ballet was deleted before the first performance, as it made the production too long. It nevertheless contained some fine music, which is always welcome either in orchestral form or as an accompaniment for a ballet.

Listeners to 2GB will hear the complete suite next Sunday at 4.44 p.m., played by Sir Henry Wood conducting the New Queen's Orchestra.

"Hiawatha" Popular

THE negro has contributed other things to art than jazz and spirituals, and if we count men who shared black and white blood, then we must take into consideration Dumas, the great French romancer; Poushkin, the famous Russian storyteller, and Coleridge-Taylor, the English composer.

Coleridge-Taylor was certainly the least great of these three men, but he deserves a place among the lesser masters of music, if only for his setting of "Hiawatha," the performance of which has become established in England as a yearly rite in the same manner as the "Messiah." His music will be featured in "The Great Composer" series from 2GB next Sunday, February 17, at 12.45 p.m.

"JOLLY ROGER" *Here Soon!*

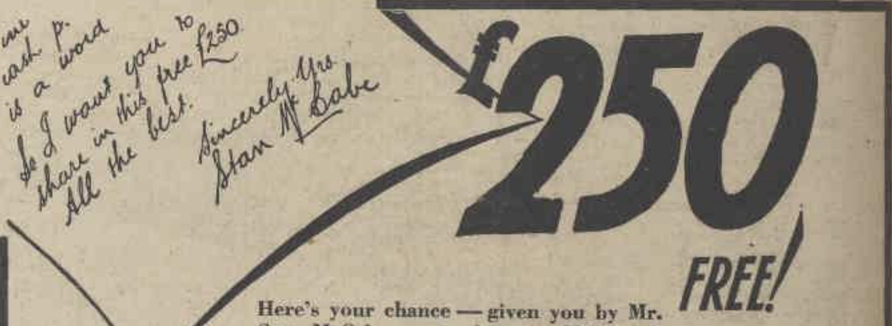
New Thring Show

Mr. F. W. Thring announces an arrangement with J. C. Williamson Ltd. whereby he has secured the Criterion Theatre from Saturday, February 23, to present Gladys Moncrieff, Alfred Frith, Allan Priora, and the rest of his big musical comedy company in Scobie Mackenzie's and V. C. Clifton Baddeley's "Jolly Roger."

THIS show is one of the most notable contributions to the British musical stage in recent years. The story is very witty, and in the Gilbertian tradition.

Following the policy which has proved so successful in his other productions, notably, "The Beloved Vagabond," Mr. Thring has not been content merely to reproduce the comic opera as he saw it in London but has adapted the musical play to the requirements of Australian audiences.

Additional numbers have been introduced specially for Miss Moncrieff, both the music and lyrics of these having been composed and written by the brilliant Australian composer, Mr. Dudley Glass. As a result, the comic opera is considerably strengthened in its musical aspect.



Here's your chance — given you by Mr. Stan McCabe — to share in £250 cash prizes. Solve the word competition set out below—follow the conditions—and the first prize of £100 cash may be yours.

The problem is simple — first the clue, then look at the helpful letters, and now study the hidden word. Each dash means a missing letter, of which each helpful letter is one. For instance—clue: "A bird which calls cuckoo." Helpful letters: CKO—word: — U — — — —. Solution: Cuckoo. Work your solution out, and send it to Stan McCabe, Honorary Secretary, Missing Letters Competition.

Stan McCabe, World-famous Cricketer, and now Hon. Secretary of the N.S.W. Golden Chest.

CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE ...	£100
SECOND PRIZE ..	£20
THIRD PRIZE ...	£10
4 at £5 each ..	£20
50 at £1 each ..	£50
100 at 10/- each .	£50
TOTAL	£250

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

The first prize of £100 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct solution. The second prize of £20, third £10, and the other 154 cash prizes will be awarded to those with the next nearest correct solutions.
Only 18 words need be solved, but should any entrants have more than 18 correct they will receive the prizes.
Words must be filled in the space provided in this paper.
Words and clues are taken from Chambers 20th Century Dictionary.
In the event of more than one person having the correct solution, the judges reserve the right to award points for neatness and simplicity of presentation or to add all prizes together and divide the money equally between those with the correct entries.
The judges' decision will be final and legally binding. Competitors may enter only on this distinct understanding.
Only one prize or share of a prize will be awarded to any one person or household.
No correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted either during or after the Competition.
Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope, and a postal note for 1/-, for a ticket in the New South Wales Golden Chest. This may win an additional prize valued at £4000.
Only one ticket will be given to any one person, but additional entries may be sent in at 6d. each.
The correct solution has been placed in the Safe Deposit of the Bank of New South Wales, and will be opened in the presence of the judges.
Entries from this paper must be received by March 16th. Results will be published in the "Sydney Morning Herald," on March 30th, 1935.

No. Clue	Helpful Letters	Solution
1. A bird which cries cuckoo.	CKO	CUCKOO
2. Large.	I	_ _ DE
3. Fellow: Person	A	CH_ _
4. Loyalty.	A	_E_LTY
5. An exclamation of disgust.	H	_A_
6. Narrow alley off a main street.	E	_ _N_
7. Tool for boring holes.	MLE	_I_ _ _ _
8. Something left over.	MNAT	RE_ _ _ _ _
9. Stock, capital.	S	F_ND_
10. To grow dark.	KE	DAR_ _ _
11. Want.	I	_ES_ _ _
12. Apparition, of a person near death.	WR	_ _A_TH
13. Tear, split, break.	E	R_ND
14. Prepared for action.	RE	_ _ _D_
15. Fall in drops.	R	D_ _P
16. A twig.	I	_ _SP
17. The Head.	L	_O_ _
18. A hoop.	R	_I_ _
19. Alone.	L	_O_ _
20. Covered Colonnades (Pl.)	ST	XY_ _ _
21. A hide, skin.	L	PE_ _
22. A dupe.	F	_ _ _L

ADDITIONAL PRIZE VALUED AT £4000!

Every entrant for this Competition receives a 1/- ticket in the New South Wales Golden Chest, which can win a first prize valued at £4000 or any of 2000 other prizes. This is in addition to the £250 FREE prize money.

DON'T DELAY — POST TO-DAY — WIN £100

Mr. Stan McCabe, Honorary Secretary,
Missing Letters Competition, Desk W.W.,
Box 3370PP, G.P.O., Sydney.
I want to share in the £250 cash, and attach my entry for the Missing Letters Competition. I agree to accept the judges' decision as final and legally binding.
Here is a postal note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope. Please send me the Golden Chest ticket which can win a prize valued at £4000.

NAME ....

STREET ....

TOWN .... STATE ....

FIRST DEBUTANTES . . . to *Meet Our New* GOVERNOR

His Excellency, making his own first official appearance in Sydney Society, will sympathise with their nervousness!

MISS JOYCE JONES, daughter of Mr. William Jones, of the 13th Battalion, A.I.F., and Mrs. Jones, of Willoughby.

MISS DOROTHY COSS, daughter of the late Mr. W. J. Coss, and Mrs. Coss, of Wollstonecraft.

MISS SHEILA MATTHEWS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Matthews, of Wollstonecraft, and MISS MARIE COEN (left), daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Coen, of Vaucluse.

PICTURED on this page are five charming girls who will make their bow to society at the Legacy Club ball at the Town Hall on February 25.

—Women's Weekly Photos.

MISS MAUREEN SCOTT BENNETT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Scott Bennett, of Killara.

FIRST of this year's quota of debutantes are the charming young girls who will make their bow to society at the Legacy Club Ball, to be held at the Sydney Town Hall on February 25. The ball will be the first function to be attended officially by our new Governor, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven.

Many eyes will be on the little, white-clad group of girls standing, some eager, some hesitant, but all a little tremulous, on the magic line "where childhood and womanhood meet."

With the graceful dropping of a curtsy, each puts away childish things and thenceforth assumes all the social responsibilities of womanhood.

The popular president of the club, Dr. Bill Wood, is a bachelor, so the first debutantes of 1935 will be presented to Sir Alexander by Mrs. Keith Morris, honorary secretary of the ball committee and wife of a former president of the club. Among the group are the Misses Marie Coen, Dorothy Coss, Margaret Tolson, Maureen Scott Bennett, Bessie Spring Brown, Daphne Clayton, Joyce Jones, Beverley Aitken, Joy Osborne, Sheila Matthews and Robin Shadler.

Governor Will Understand!

HIS Excellency will surely have a special feeling of sympathy for each of these fluttering little "debs," for is not he, too, making his bow to Sydney society on that night?

The least nervous of men must surely feel not wholly at his ease when making his first official appearance before a concourse of strangers whose Governor he is to be for the ensuing three years.

Members of the Legacy Club are determined to do their part to make these three years a happy period for our new Vice-Regal heads, and it is a happy circumstance that it is a Legacy Club ball which will introduce to Sydney society that renowned soldier, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, V.C., who is to be our new Governor.

Brilliant ceremonial will mark the ball. As befitting a member of the famous Scotch family of Ruthven, Sir Alexander will be piped into the Town Hall by Thomas Mackay, and the Ruthven tartan will be much in evidence in the decorative scheme.

The Navy is lending copious quantities of flags and bunting for the decorations, and greenery and palms have also been lent for the occasion.

The result of the Ugly Men's Competition will be announced during the evening of the ball. The "ugly" men are all members of the club.

A giant lucky dip will also be a feature of the ball. Amazing prizes, including trips to Jenolan Caves and Medlow Bath, permanent hair waving, travelling beauty sets, wool cardigans, and French dolls will be won by lucky ticket-holders.

Mrs. Z. Lazarus, a vice-president of the ball committee, is responsible for collecting no fewer than 300 gifts for the dip.

Popular Function

IT is expected that two thousand dancers will be present at this effort on behalf of the children of ex-service men who paid the supreme sacrifice in the Great War.

The club originated in 1923 and is an organisation of ex-service men who have accepted as a legacy the caring for those children whose fathers paid the supreme sacrifice during the war, or who have died since the great conflict.

There are now 18 Legacy Clubs throughout the Commonwealth, the first being inaugurated by General Gellibrand in Hobart.

During the last six years, positions have been found for 800 children and innumerable other services have been rendered to both the children and widows of deceased soldiers.

It's nicer with Mustard

Always mix mustard yourself—fresh daily. The best results will be obtained if water is used, and the mustard allowed to stand for 10 minutes before using. This ensures the complete release of the essential oils which aid digestion. But—it must be

– Keen's Mustard

KF 35/1

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(100% PURE VIRGINIA TOBACCO)

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-they're harmless to my throat and soothing to my nerves"

ARDATH DE-LUXE

Also Flat Pocket 50's, Tins of 100, also Round Air-tight 50's.

"Society's Cigarette"

Smart Flat TINS 10-9d. 20 - 1/6

WHEN IN LONDON STAY NEAR KENSINGTON GARDENS AT THE 189 Queens Gate, S.W.7. GORE HOTEL Telephone: Kensington 5406/7.
Quiet and Comfortable. French Cuisine. Exquisite Cocktail Bar.
Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms.
Fully Licensed. Terms from 3½ Guineas Weekly.

Don't risk a "Nervous breakdown"!

Do you feel that your nerves are at "breaking-point"? Are you 'jumpy', irritable, given to 'nagging'—intolerable to yourself and to others? Do you feel at times as though your head might 'burst'?

Such symptoms as these indicate that a nervous breakdown is imminent!

Wincarnis, the wonderful tonic-wine recommended by Doctors, contains properties which restore vivacity and vitality by renewing tissues, enriching the blood and soothing the nerves to ultimate serenity.

With the very first glass of Wincarnis you'll be suffused with a tingling glow of vigour and re-born zest for life. And by taking Wincarnis *regularly*—morning, afternoon and evening—very soon traces of nerves will leave you. Thenceforward, *full* enjoyment of life will be yours! Get a bottle from your chemist today. Pints 4/3d. Quarts 7/3d.

WINCARNIS must do you good

MORE *Co-operation Says* LADY GAME

In Special Farewell Message gives Advice to Country Organisations

From Our Special Representative at Perth

In an interview with The Australian Women's Weekly at Fremantle, Lady Game sends a message of goodwill and affection to the women of New South Wales.

The departing Governor's wife expressed keen admiration for the work of the Girl Guides, of the Bush Nursing, and kindred associations, and her continuing interest in their welfare.

"I THANK The Australian Women's Weekly for a last opportunity to say good-bye to the women of New South Wales, whom I have learnt to know and admire during our five years. May God go with them!"

Seated in the lounge of the liner Baradine, in which she and Sir Philip are returning to England, Lady Game spoke with feeling of the State which has been her home for the past five years. She gave the above message to The Australian Women's Weekly's Western Australian representative, at Fremantle.

She was pleased with the progress of

LADY GAME

the Girl Guide movement in New South Wales, but added that the want of guiders or leaders was holding it back.

"The Guide movement is having a wonderful influence for good," she said. "I consider that the Guide and Scout movements combined are the greatest influence against war in the world today, developing their great spirits of brotherhood and sisterhood. Lady Hore-Ruthven did wonderful work for the Guides in South Australia, and the Guides in New South Wales will have in her a splendid leader."

More Co-operation

LADY GAME said she felt that the work of such organisations as the Bush Nursing Association, the Country Women's Association, the Bush Book Club, and the Far West scheme would have greater strength if there was more co-operation among them. She did not mean that they should lose their identities, but that they should keep in touch with one another and discuss the different problems they dealt with.

"I hope soon to see the present 52 centres of the Bush Nursing Association in New South Wales doubled. The association has been a great boon to those courageous women in the outback to whom the horrors of sudden illness are now greatly minimised," she said. "I well remember meeting one woman cut off by great distance from the society of other women. I asked her what she would do in the case of sudden illness. She replied: 'We women of the Never-never must not think of that, but only trust for the best.'"

LADY GAME referred to the heroism of the bush nurses. She told how a nurse fell from a horse when riding to a case and broke her right arm. For three days she carried on with her unset arm in a sling, attending to patients with her left arm as best she could. When later operated on a piece of broken bone was removed, and she is now recovering.

Speaking of mothercraft, Lady Game said she felt the work of Sir Truby King was not recognised in New South Wales as it should be. Elsewhere in the world it had gained full recognition.

When asked to speak of her own part as a social leader in New South Wales, Lady Game gently excused herself. "You see," she said, "Sir Philip and I have been talking all the time for the past five years. I think if I speak in well-merited praise of organised women's work in New South Wales, and express my keenest regret at severing my connection with it, it may be of more interest than talking of what one might call 'the official side of Government House.'"

PERMANENTLY WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR
ANYONE CAN DO IT
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MADGE *Intervenes*

Continued from Page 7

BOB slipped the weapon into his pocket. "It's not so likely to go off in there," he explained.

Kelly spluttered. No words could tell his rage vividly enough. "It's an abduction," he screamed.

"How did you guess it?" asked Bob with perfect good humor.

The alderman poured out a steady stream of profanity which Miss Blackiston drowned in a succession of toots from the horn. Meanwhile the automobile drummed steadily along, its dragon eyes gleaming into the darkness ahead. They had passed the suburbs by this time, and houses were beginning to grow scarce. Fields rushed past in a mad scurry to the rear. The machine was flying forward like a racer. It whirred into the night at a mad pace that made the cool air bite.

Miss Blackiston kept her eyes glued to the road ahead. Her reddish-brown hair was flying in the wind, which had whipped a splendid color into her cheeks. Her eyes were shining with excitement, but she sat quite quiet and motionless.

"Great, isn't it?" she said to her companion, without looking at him.

"Rather," said the Englishman. He was wondering what she would say to him when he asked her to marry him. Her pluck, her wild spirits, the gay comradeship of the girl struck an answering chord in him. He, too, had felt the call of outlawry, and though he might watch her out of a wooden face, she knew his heart approved.

"I expect you think I'm a pill, as Bobbie says?" she flung out.

"If you want the truth, I'm clean bowled over, Miss Blackiston," said the Englishman, his grey eyes suggesting more than his words. "I don't know what you're up to, but I give you my word I'm in whatever it is. Always ready to give a friend a helping hand."

The comedy on the back seat had another motif. Trembling with rage, Kelly shook an impotent fist in Harville's face. "Let me out of here, damn you," he shouted wildly, "or I'll put the whole pack of you behind the bars, if there's any law left in this country."

"IT isn't your fault, Mr. Kelly, if there's any left," retorted Bob. "You remind me of a motto I once saw in the New Mexico penitentiary. Some prisoner had carved it on a piece of work that was for sale. 'Them that hollers loudest for justice ought to be mighty glad it ain't done to them.' Doesn't that about fit your case, Mr. Kelly?"

"It's an outrage!" screamed the furious city father who saw a cool one hundred thousand dollars vanishing from his clutches. "An outrage and a conspiracy!"

"Referring to the Traction Franchise steal, I suppose," returned Bob amicably. "Well, if the newspapers have it right, you ought to know. I dare say it is all you call it."

Kelly struck at Bob blindly, and suddenly found himself gasping for breath. Harville's fingers tightened round his throat till he grew black in the face.

"We'll cut that out, if you don't mind," said the big collegian.

The alderman, blind with rage, tried to fling himself from the machine. Bob jammed him back into his seat.

"Don't be a fool," he advised curtly. "You'll kill yourself."

"Let me go! Let me go! It's criminal conspiracy," screamed the boss.

Bob misunderstood him cheerfully. "That's all right, Mr. Kelly. I don't wonder you feel that way about the steal. But there's no use worrying. It isn't all velvet for the boodlers. The people may win out yet."

Kelly, choking down his rage, leaned forward and spoke into the girl's ear. "I'll give you the best automobile to be bought in the market, if you'll get me back to the city hall in forty minutes."

Madge shook her head. The alderman turned to Harville, his voice shaking with eagerness.

"Name your own price," he begged. "I've got to be at the city hall by eight o'clock. It's absolutely necessary, man."

Harville consulted his watch. "Can't be done, Mr. Kelly. It lacks only a few minutes of eight now. 'And Sheridan twenty miles away,' I expect you'd better try to enjoy the ride."

KELLY leaned back. His mottled face was white in patches. He saw the plan, he had builded with such care spilled like a house of cards at a girl's whim. It was all apparently so utterly aimless, but he realised bitterly the futility of fighting against it. He was trapped. The fact remained, no matter how he raged at it. While he was away the battle was being fought out in a smoky room at the city hall. He knew that his absence would be accounted a desertion, and that his followers, pressed to the wall, must be already changing front before the angry citizens gathered to witness the vote.

The automobile chugged steadily forward for another half-hour, and slowed down at a roadhouse thirty-five miles from Sheridan. The Englishman leaped out, and the machine shot forward again just as Ke!' flung himself to the ground. Lennox-Murray made straight for the telephone. Madge swung the Climber round and Harville descended. He found Kelly imploring the keeper of the house to lend him a revolver.

Captain Lennox-Murray hung up the receiver and turned to Harville. His keen grey eyes had a gleam of triumph.

"It's all right. They're bowled out. Ordinance failed to pass. Corporation forces stampeded, and franchise renewal lost by vote of seventeen to seven. They are wondering what became of Kelly," he said, as they swung along to the automobile.

"All right?" asked Miss Blackiston eagerly, as they started.

"Right as a trivet," answered Lennox-Murray. "We've got them on the run. Town gone wild and making a night of it. Speeches and fireworks just ripping. I congratulate you, Miss Blackiston."

"That's a good idea, captain," assented Harville. "Here, too, Madge. Probably by to-morrow we'll be in gaol. Didn't I tell you, captain, she always started the fireworks?"

"I suppose it is rather against the law," laughed the soldier.

"Don't know, I'm sure," answered Miss Blackiston, and she looked as if she meant she did not care.

"Lord, yes! Kidnapping, they call it. From ten to twenty years in stripes. It is a hanging offence in two of our neighboring States since the Rockland kid was stolen," contributed Harville cheerfully.

"Bobbie always did pretend to be a croaker. He does not mean it, captain. He is really enjoying himself down to the ground."

"I wonder, now, if Kelly is," drolled the Englishman.

Madge sighed. "Some people are so unappreciative. You'd think he would enjoy a pleasant spin in the cool of the evening."

"I expect he couldn't afford it. By the way, Madge, I think you'd better circle round and strike Sheridan from another side. Try sou'-sou'-west."

Lennox-Murray nodded. "I dare say you're right. I fancy our friend is pretty busy with the telephone just now."

In point of fact, he was. The wires buzzed with the blasphemous tale of outrage he was shouting to the police. In an instant things grew busy at headquarters. A loaded patrol-waggon went racing wildly along the streets to intercept the returning abductors. But while it tore out toward the north the Climber ran quietly in from the south-west. Madge had done the return trip in a little over an hour, and had slipped in unnoticed.

HARVILLE took the machine to the garage while Lennox-Murray made his adieus.

"I'll see you to-morrow, then—at four," the captain said.

"Where? Here or at the gaol?" laughed the girl.

"Here. Mr. Kelly did not seem to recognise either of you. In two days we all leave for Estes Park. It's a long shot that he doesn't find out who we are."

"I'm not afraid of it," said Madge.

"Are you afraid of anything?" demanded the soldier.

"Of many things. Of a mouse, of an old cat's tongue, of being bored."

"I shouldn't be afraid of being bored if I could live with Miss Blackiston as much as you do," said the captain bluntly.

"I'm not sure that is a compliment," smiled Madge.

"It isn't. It's the truth."

"There are worse things than being bored."

"And better," added the captain. "She would be a liberal education in living—Miss Blackiston, I mean."

"She's a pill, captain."

"She's a sportsman from the head to the heel of her, Miss Blackiston," said the Englishman admiringly.

"Well, she's not the only one that's present," laughed the girl, with just a shade of embarrassment at the steadiness of Lennox-Murray's keen, speaking eyes. "You're no quitter yourself."

"I suppose you don't like quitters?"

"Hardly."

"I'm glad of that. You force me to play the game out no matter how much I fear the issue," replied the soldier.

"Oh! Are you playing a game?" This a little hurriedly and with a slight flush.

"A serious one—the game of hearts. Will you back me to win, Miss Blackiston?"

Madge fluttered her eyes over him for an instant. "What cards do you hold?"

He stood before her strong, dignified and unafraid, quite devoid of eloquence and the gift of expression. Though he held himself well in hand his grey eyes told a story old as Adam.

"I think you know the cards I hold. Afraid they don't make a very strong combination. Won't you show me how to play them?" he asked.

"So as to take the queen?" she laughed a trifle falsely.

He nodded, then reached out impulsively and lifted her hand to his lips.

The slam of a door came to them. Madge snatched her hand away.

"Didn't you say to-morrow at four?" she whispered as she fled.

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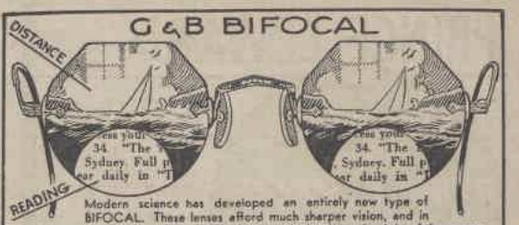

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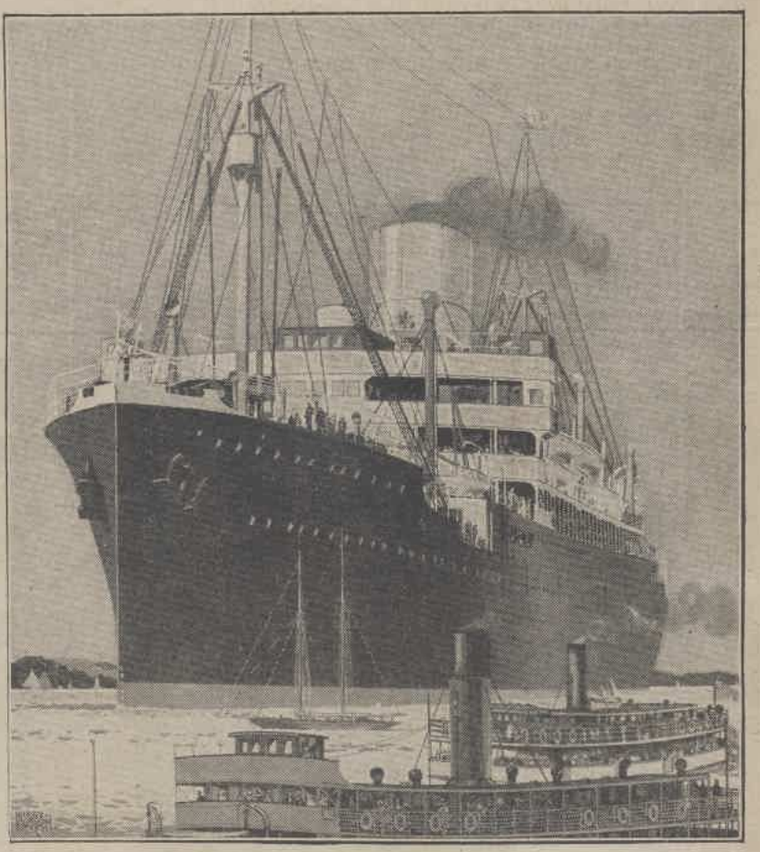

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A LAUGH is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Charles Lamb.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mrs. Gush: Oh, Captain, they tell me your wife is one in a thousand.

Captain: My dear madam, you mustn't believe all they say about us poor sailors.

Joyous Month!

FEBRUARY may be dubbed a heartless month of uncertain weathers by ignorant astronomers, but to a woman it's a month of joy.

Take Grace Bros.—they are making some wonderful sacrifices at their great sale.

Throughout the store bargain tables are simply loaded with all sorts of useful articles marvellously reduced. Wools too, usually 9d. and 10d. a skein, has been severely cut in price. . . . Here's the chance to knit yourself a good jumper at a small cost!

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You'll find there genuine hand-woven Indian rugs and carpets, and Oriental rugs in rich, handsome patterns; linoleums, mats, and matting . . . even beautiful Imperial Axminster carpets are within reach of the average purse.

Don't Forget

Madame Louise Lamoureux will demonstrate the art of beading at the Arts Club Musicale, February 18, at 2.30 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Cabaret in the Masonic Hall, Croydon, February 21, at 2 p.m. Under the auspices of the Croydon Ladies' Social Club in aid of Anti-Tuberculosis Clinic.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Bridge party arranged by the New Zealand Women's Association of New South Wales, February 19, at the club rooms, N.Z. Bank Chambers, at 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

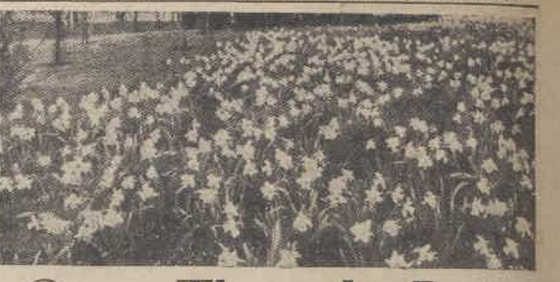
The monthly Hasremai At Home to be held at the Arts Club, February 23, at 3.30 p.m., by the New Zealand Women's Association.

☆ ☆ ☆

The meeting of the Parents and Citizens' Association of the North Sydney Girls' High School, February 20, at the school, at 2.30 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The outing to Koala Park, February 16, under the auspices of the Legacy Club. Cars will leave Macquarie Place at 2.15 p.m. Ring club secretary for particulars.



Grow Them In Pots

IT is glorious to see a "field" of flowering bulbs, but growing them in bowls and pots is a fascinating hobby. Here are some simple hints on successful pot culture.

First secure six-inch pots or bowls, and plant from 6 to 12 bulbs in each pot, according to the size of the bulb.

Soil that has been well enriched for a previous crop is the best. On no account must fresh manure be used. See that the pots have good drainage. To have cracked pots is one of the things that make for success.

The bulbs, when planted, should have the crown well below the surface. Water thoroughly, and select a cool, shady position for them.

When they begin to make their appearance, move them out into the sunlight. Every housewife should try her hand at indoor bulb culture, it is most fascinating, especially to those confined in cramped areas in large cities. This is floral display which can be moved from room to room, as desired.

The most interesting thing about bulb culture indoors is that no soil is required. Secure a decorative bowl, or pot. No drainage is necessary with these. Place several lumps of charcoal in the bottom, get some moss, dip in the water, and squeeze out. After placing the bulbs on the charcoal, press this moss as firmly as possible, just covering the bulbs.

Select a nice position where there is plenty of air passing through, and very little light. In a few weeks they will show through. Keep the moss moist but not too damp.

The moss or fibre can be purchased at most of the seed stores. Get your friend to try the indoor culture.

Our Diet Hint

Fish for Iodine!

By B. E. FIGGIS, hon. dietitian The New Health Society.

FISH is an article of food that could be used a little more freely with advantage. Its protein is one of the best, but its mineral content is for us of most importance. It is the iodine content of fish (all saltwater fish) which makes it of value to all, but especially to those who live in districts away from the seacoast, where the iodine content of their milk, vegetables, and fruit may be below the safety standard. Here in fish, sardines and herrings particularly, we have a first-class supply of iodine, which the thyroid gland needs to keep it in order and to enable it to do its work as a body regulator.

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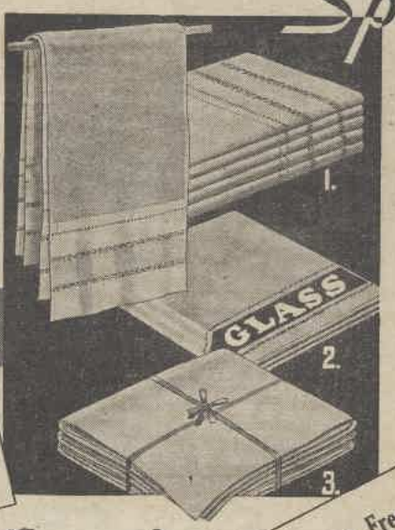

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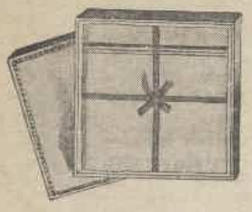

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SWEET PEAS are so decorative, so beautiful, and reliable. Only commence well and you will have huge success. And the secret of a successful commencement is knowing the correct position and correct treatment. The Old Gardener from his wide experience tells you what to do.

AGAIN, we have planting-time with us for the sweet pea. And what a glorious show one can have if right methods are adopted in their culture. You know, in all forms of life, a properly-balanced food must be given to ensure success. In human life, the more vigorous and strong we are, the better chance we have of fighting any illness that may come along.

The same applies to plant life in our garden. So, commence by giving our plants a good start in life, and they will give us the reward we expect from them.

The first thing we do is to select a good position, if possible running north, and so with an easterly or north-easterly aspect. This allows for the sun's rays on both sides of the rows.

Now we trench, yes, trench well, whether the soil be sandy, loamy, or of a clay texture. If sandy, this gives more room and depth for manure, leaves or old grass, or any material which will be good food for the plants.

If loamy, trenching will allow for thorough mixing of the soils or fertilisers and manure. If clay-like, then a thorough breaking-up of the heavy soil.

If, in heavy land, one should come to solid clay in the trenching, dig the clay to a spade or mattock depth and leave in the bottom of the trench. Then place a layer of unslaked lime in the bottom, place a fair depth of good soil, then a layer of well-rotted manure, then another layer of soil.

By the time the roots reach the lime it will have become slaked, and in the slaking operation the clay will become pulverised, and sweet, and that is just what the sweet peas love—plenty of lime and sweet soil.

The lime is then ready for them just on flowering time. Now, you people in clay country, try this method during the planting season, and note the results.

In sandy soil, mix the soil and manure thoroughly, and in the mixing scatter bonedust or blood and bone over the soil. A little superphosphate is good, too.

Then, after the peas come up, make applications or dustings of lime along the rows and fork lightly in. They will thank you for those dustings of lime, and will repay you with a magnificent display.

Dig Deeply for Results

REMEMBER: The deeper the trench and the richer and more wholesome the food, the taller, more robust, and healthy the plants become; the longer the flowering period, and the greater the length of stem.

There is nothing more graceful than a bowl of sweet peas with long, sturdy stems. Go to the various flower shows and study for yourselves the size of blooms and length of stem.

I attend many of these horticultural shows, and often hear people say, "I cannot grow flowers like these." But what one person can do, so can another. It's just a matter of going the right way about it.

I often wonder why these shows are so poorly patronised. The horticultural societies go to a great deal of trouble in these exhibitions, and it's up to the public to show their appreciation by attending. So you lady gardeners and lovers of beauty, lead the way, and I'm sure your menfolk will follow.

Planting and Training

NOW, having completed the trenching and replacing the soil as stated, next comes planting.

I always find it beneficial to soak the seed an hour or two before planting. I then open a drill along the trench about two inches deep, and drop the seed in, each from 3 to 4 inches apart. Do not plant too thick, but give the plants plenty of room to spread as they begin to grow.

As soo as the young plants get about four inches high, the tip of the growth must be nipped off. This then encourages the lateral growth. Do not allow too many laterals; select three or four of the strongest and cut all the others out. Train these laterals up the supports or wires fan-shaped.

Very often the young plants are continually nipped off by birds. This can be prevented by running strands of black cotton along the rows. The birds, not being able to see the cotton, become entangled, and this scares them off for all time.

Growing Helps

WEEKLY applications of liquid manure will be of great benefit, just when they are coming into bud, but see that the ground is moist, before applying it, and pour it in a shallow drill, well away from the base of the plant. A good method to make liquid manure is to place bags of cow or pig manure into an old tub or cask, and leave to soak.

Soot is a grand stimulant for them, also sulphate of ammonia. Use a teaspoon to one gallon of water.

For combating the various fungus diseases to which peas are subjected, spray about once a fortnight with lime sulphur, strength: 1 part to 50 of water.

Some of the varieties of sweet peas which are worth while: Thalis Mott (large crimson), Versailles (pale-blue), Albury Beauty (orange salmon), Moonstone (blue), Mauve Beauty (rosy mauve), Laura (deep lavender), Glitters (rich, reddish orange), Fair Maid (blush pink), Niagara (pink), White Swan (white), Madonna (giant white), Bluebird (clear blue), Concord Daybreak (cream-edged), Grenadier (brilliant scarlet).

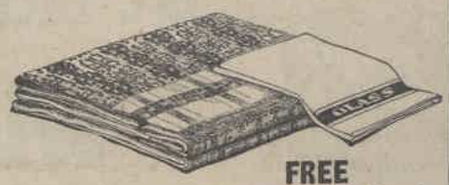
There are many others, but a selection from these will give a very pleasing and attractive display, as well as useful indoor decorations.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***

Bigger and Better

BATH TOWELS

for SIREN SOAP Crosses



FREE Glasscloths too!

BATH TOWEL, extra large size, 46 x 23 inches; beautiful heavy quality. FREE FOR 48 CROSSES (12 bars).

GLASSCLOTH, pure Irish linen, very long wearing; 32 x 23 inches. FREE FOR 24 CROSSES (6 bars).

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to: GIFT SHOWROOMS, 365 KENT STREET (near King Street), or PARKES HOUSE, 9 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with crosses addressed to:

"GIFT DEPARTMENT," J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD., BOX 1590 B, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

FROM _____

_____

ENCLOSED _____ CROSSES, SIREN SOAP

GIFT REQUIRED: ____ BATH TOWEL ____ GLASSCLOTH

(Cross out gift not required) 22.30.27

SUCCESS don't konsist in never makin' blunders, but in never makin' the same one twice.—Josh Billings.

❖ ❖ ❖

Many people have an aim in life, but they use a blank cartride in firing at their target.

POSITION WANTED

THOROUGH practical and scientific landscape gardener. Excellent references. Permanent position required. Apply to The Old Gardener, The Australian Women's Weekly.

HERE IS THE HOT WATER SYSTEM

You have been waiting for

It is right up to the minute—supplies sink, wash-hand basin, shower and bath, and will be installed complete for £30 cash—or on easy terms. The heater carries a 5 years guarantee and systems installed by us will be inspected and serviced periodically. It is thermostatically controlled; gives a full-bore flow at every tap; costs as little as

20	gallons	per day	(140°F)	9/6	per month
30	"	"	"	11/6	"
40	"	"	"	13/6	"

Builders and architects—here is the system you have been waiting for . . . . here is a system that operates automatically, has no complicated mechanism and makes hot water a certainty at all hours. Come and see this wonderful hot water service—or 'phone M6503 (Hot Water Section) and our experts will gladly furnish free information and advice.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

(Hot Water Section)

HAYMARKET, SYDNEY 'Phone M 6503

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Purchase from Manufacturer at ridiculous prices

Shawls far below cost!

Handsome embroidered Shawls may be used in many ways. Prices marked to clear. Shades are assorted. There are three groups:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Usually 39/11.	Usually 59/6.	Usually 84/-.
SALE,	SALE,	SALE,
7'11	14'11	19'11

MARCUS CLARK'S Summer Sale!

- We bought entire range!
- No two styles alike!
- Crepe de Chines, Crepes
- Marocains and others!

A manufacturer's entire stock in one grand and glorious purchase! A complete clearance to Sydney's shoppers of SAMPLE FROCKS, CHOSEN LINES, AND PICKED FABRICS that are so individual you'll not see one of them duplicated. All the smartest materials—plain and printed all Silk Crepe de Chine, Windswept and Plain Marocain, Pebble and Sand Crepe, and a dozen other intriguing weaves. For their smartness you're only to see the sketches below and you'll realise that they are the pick of the summer market!

4'11

Illustrated below

6.—Assam Coat One chosen from a rack of assorted Assam and Marocain styles. Rack in S.W. only. Us. 29/11. SALE 5/-

~~25/-~~ 12'11 ~~29/-~~ 15'11 ~~39/6~~ 19'11 ~~29/-~~ 5/-

1.—Pique Jersey The most amazing price ever placed on a frock of this quality . . . from a rack of Pique Jersey Frocks in assorted styles. Sizes S.S.W., S.W. Us. 10/11. SALE 4/11

~~22/6~~ 9'11

2.—Silk Crepe de Chine is the fabric used in this frock from an extensive range of plain and fancy frocks. Shades and styles are assorted. S.W., W. Us. 22/6. SALE 9/11

3.—From a rack of plain and printed frocks in silk and fancy weaves. Just imagine frocks like these almost half! S.W., W. Usually 25/11. SALE 12/11

4.—Assorted Styles are to be had at this price, and they're mostly obtainable in printed all silk Crepe de Chine. Assorted styles and sizes; S.W. and W. Us. 29/11. SALE 15/11

5.—A wide range of beautiful frocks, and such frocks! All wanted shades, including black, brown, and navy. There are styles for all. Sizes, S.W., W. Us. 39/6. SALE 19/11

~~49/6~~ 25'11

8—A rack of attractive frocks in some smart styles. Black, brown, cherry, new blue. To be seen in Sand Crepes and fancy weaves. S.W., W. Us. 49/6. SALE 25/11

9.—A Variety of frocks and two-piece suits best material, chiefly black, brown, new blue, navy, cherry, pebbles and sand crepes. Sizes, S.W., W. Us. 59/6. SALE 29/11

~~59/6~~ 29'11 ~~15/-~~ 9'11

~~3/-~~ 1'11½

Mercerised Cotton Jumper which comes in shades of blue and grey. A very useful little style. Sizes S.W., W., O.S. Us. 3/11. SALE 1/11½

~~12/-~~ 6'11

A summer necessity chosen from a rack of Sheer Linen & Locknit Blouses in assorted shades. Sizes S.S.W., S.W. Usually 12/11. SALE 6/11

~~12/-~~ 4'11

A table of broken ranges . . . Summer Skirts of fine quality in Linen, Basket Weave, or Locknit, and in the widest range of shades. Us. 12/11. SALE 4/11

7—Marocain Swagger Coats — Caps sleeve. Black only. Sizes, S.W., W. Usual 19/11. Sale 9/11, O.S. Usually 17/11. Sale 11/6

shoes at amazing prices! Finest of quality

~~12/11~~ 10'9

~~15/6~~ 11'9

~~21/-~~ 14'11

1.—Plain Linen is the fabric we've used in the wonderfully priced Court; baby spike heel. Half sizes. Us. 12/11. SALE 10/9

2.—White Calf Court—an easy winner for summer; "Arch-rest" support built in; Baby Louis Heel. Brown or Patent, same price. Us. 15/6. SALE 11/9

3.—White Calf In the always smart Derby Tie Style, having a black patent trimming and stilt heel. Full and 1 sizes. Us. 21/-. SALE 14/11

~~21/-~~ 14'11

~~25/-~~ 18'11

~~30/-~~ 19'11

4.—Comfortable! There's no shoe easier on your feet than this brown Court with high cut gusset front, sport heel. Usually, 21/-. SALE 14/11

5.—Glace Kid of a very fine quality . . . an Instep Tie with Lizard trims. Full Spike Heel. In black or brown. Us. 25/-. SALE 18/11

6.—Brown Fabric An unusual weave is used with an overlay trimming of brown kid. Black, too. Usually, 30/-. SALE PRICE, pair 19/11

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

February 16, 1935. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

So that your home will grow more charming —your "box" for the home-to-be, more beautiful!

Bertha Maxwell ... Presents Her First Exclusive Needlework Feature

HAVE you ever thought of doing embroidery to match the season? The lovely late apricots which mark the closing of the summer, offer perfect combination of simple form and rich color for a set of small mats for sideboard or dressing-table—they are decorative yet simple, suit furniture of differing sizes and, if they are placed under a sheet of thick glass, the laundry problem is solved for ever.

The centre measures 17 x 11 inches, the mats are 8 inches square; they are stamped ready for working on good cream linen.

Note Particularly: The most up-to-date thread for use on the cream linen is embroidery cotton of a deep ecru or string shade. It gives a fascinating effect of old work, may be used with any color scheme, and looks well in any kind of room; it has also the advantage of being easily washed in districts where water is scarce.

The Embroidery

The large fruits and broad leaves of this design are very quickly worked in simple buttonholing, and being so arranged that they form a handsome Roman cutwork pattern, tiny pieces of linen may be snipped out after the stitching is finished without the trouble of making bars.

It is a good idea to study the illustration for a few minutes before beginning the work, when it will be seen how simple it really is.

One running thread is stitched round inside the outline of every fruit and leaf, then buttonholed with the purled edge outwards. Each fruit or leaf should be finished off by itself before another is begun; this keeps the work crisp and well defined.

Veins in the leaves should be well outlined, or satin-stitched over one or two threads. The long crescent shapes on the fruits, which serve to emphasise their form and roundness, should be rather flatly satin-stitched over one or two threads.

The little eyelets in the corners are made by running one thread, cutting across twice, turning in the cut pieces, and whipping well. They may be satin-stitched if preferred.

The Picots

In the small, cut parts of the design, along the inner parts and around the outer edge, tiny needlework picots will be noticed. They may be completely omitted without spoiling the work, but if one's skill is at all equal to them, they should be put in, as they are so handsome in the general effect of the finished work.

They are made by forming a small French knot "in the air" on the line of buttonholing on which they appear, or buttonholing a tiny loop on the bars which are placed about the outer edges of the mats.

Colored Embroidery

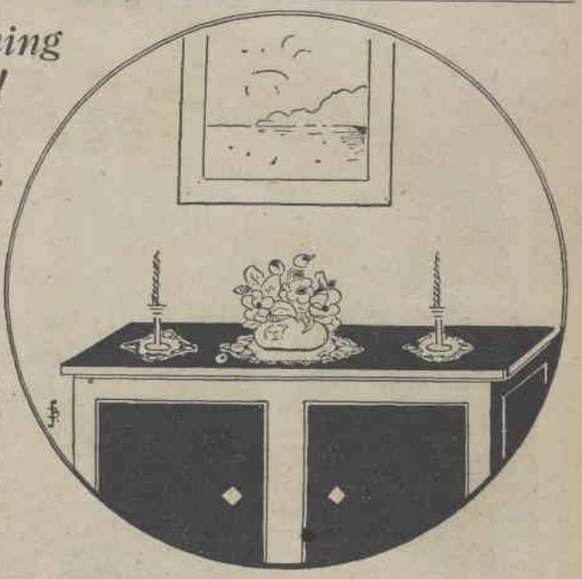
Those who wish to work in colors should endeavor to match the fruit and leaves, both of which are well known. Soft orange tones are all suitable for the fruit; the lighter tones can be used on the overlapped fruits, the deeper ones on the centre fruits which are shown in complete outline; for the leaves a soft, rich, one-tone green is used.

When the mats are finished, they should be well pressed from the back before being cut, shapes being pulled into form and all small points being well laid out. If this is done in conjunction with good pressing, the cutting is very easy; after the first cutting the rough edges should be brushed up a little with the finger, then trimmed again—cutwork should never present a raggy appearance.

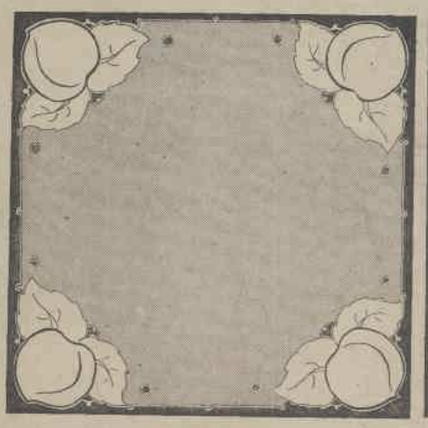
These mats and transfers are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, and are procurable only from the office of this paper, price 3/6—we pay postage.

AN APRICOT sideboard set, comprising one oblong centre and two mats, in a handsome cut embroidery design without bars. This original and enchanting design is stamped upon the finest quality imported linen, and in its three-piece form may be had from our office in cream or white linen for 3/6. Send for it!

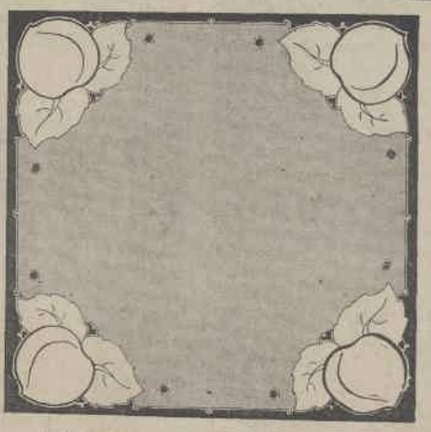
Readers please note: We pay postage.



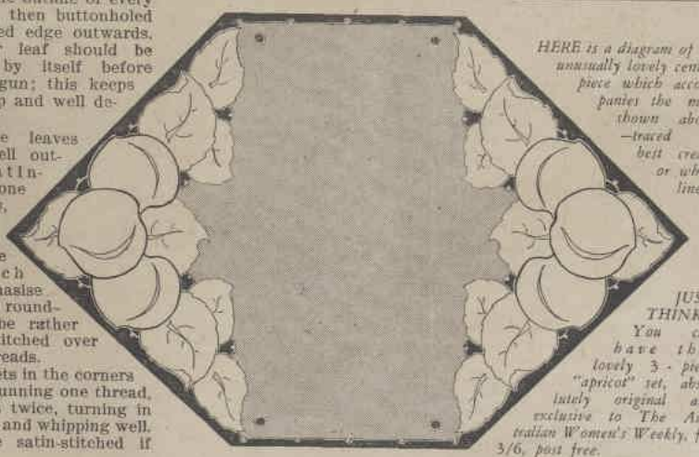
IF YOU love needlework—and so many people do these days—you will get much enjoyment from embroidering and shading the soft, rich colors of this lovely and exclusive design. The work may be picked up at any old time, providing restful, profitable minutes. So send for the set—and start on it at once!



DON'T you think square mats are a happy change from the round ones you see so often?



A CLOSE-UP of the two mats, showing in line, Bertha Maxwell's exquisite apricot design.



HERE is a diagram of the unusually lovely centre-piece which accompanies the mats shown above—traced on best cream or white linen.

JUST THINK! You can have this lovely 3-piece "apricot" set, absolutely original and exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, for 3/6, post free.

CLEVER IDEAS

GOOD NEWS!

Clever ideas are worth money—send us yours! A first prize of 10/- is awarded each week for the best idea submitted. For every other item published, 2/6 is paid. No nom-de-plumes accepted.

WHEN the sewing machine needle becomes blunt or refuses to work well, stitch for several inches through fine sandpaper. Then burn in the flame of a match for a minute or two. Sewing machine needles which are not in use will remain perfectly rustless if kept in a matchbox filled with dried coffee grounds.

First Prize of 10/- to Miss Joan Cropper, 7 Currawang St., Concord West, N.S.W.

IT IS a good idea, where there are children in a family, to keep handy several sheets of clean white blotting-paper. When milk, water, or tea is spilt, mop it up at once with the paper, and you will find very little penetrates, and the cloth can be used as usual without relaundering.—**Miss P. Wood, Forest Hill, Qld.**

A VERY easy way to obtain a good polish on collars after they are starched and lightly pressed is to rub over the surface a little white soap. Then take a small sponge or clean cloth and dip into talcum powder and rub it lightly over. Iron with a warm iron and a high gloss will be the result.—**Miss Gwen Fulton, 8 Silver St., Marrickville, N.S.W.**

CANVAS TENNIS shoes can be given a snowy whiteness if blue water is used to wet the cleaning preparation. When thus treated, even if dried indoors, the shoes look as white and new as if they had been bleached dry in the sun—**Sarah Bell, 150 Barkly St., Carlton, Vic.**

TO KEEP the bristles of a hairbrush stiff and firm after washing, adopt the method: Cleanse the brush by dipping it in water to which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been added. Rinse in cold water, and give a final rinse in milk and water (equal quantities of each), or a solution of alum. Dry in a draught in the window or outside, in the open air.—**Mrs. V. L. Osborne, 25 Cochrane St., Paddington, Brisbane.**

INSTEAD OF using either hot milk or water with which to mix your icing use the juice of any stewed fruits. It not only tints the icing, but imparts a delicate flavor.—**B. Wood, care Shenness P.O., Port Pirie, S.A.**

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He knows the value of..

TO-DAY, only special care can make and keep your teeth gleaming white. Soft modern foods dull the enamel and slow down the actions of the mouth glands. But Rexol was made to combat these conditions. Its cleansing foam polishes the teeth to new brightness, and stimulates the glands so that they *keep* the mouth clean. Start using Rexol. You'll like the way it freshens your mouth, and soon you'll be proud of your gleaming teeth . . . smiling that Rexol smile!

1/3 LARGE TUBE
SPECIAL FORMULA OF REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

GIVES YOU THAT **REXOL SMILE**

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FROM 2GB—THE NATION'S STATION

★

"The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven"

George Edwards and Nell Stirling will present dramatic romances woven around the songs we used to sing — songs that awaken memories and bring a tear of regret to the eye for days beyond recall.

(Each Tuesday evening at 6.35.)

★

"Once Upon a Time"

Radio's new idea that does for Radio what Walt Disney did for the Talkies. It's for Children and Grown-ups alike.

(Commencing Wednesday, February 27, at 6.35 p.m.)

NEW FEATURES EVERY WEEK *from* 2GB

STORMY WEATHER

Continued from Page 6

THEY got up from the table together and Linda saw her clinging to his arm as they went upstairs. She followed slowly. Would Rex have the strength of mind to tear himself away from Mona and get down to work?

When Linda came out on deck they were dancing together, practising a tango. They danced together, on and off, until the last tune that the band played.

Rex came and danced with Linda once or twice in a perfunctory sort of way that turned her cold and wretched.

"You said you were going to try to get that tune, Rex," she ventured to say to him. "It's about your last chance of a quiet evening."

"Oh, confound the beastly tune!" he said savagely. "I'm not a barrel organ to grind out songs for Lee whenever he wants them. If I can't do it, I can't!"

Linda's face was white.

"You know what it means if you let Lee down, Rex. He'll never give you another chance."

"Well, someone else will. Can't I have a fortnight's holiday without being pestered and slave-driven by Lee and you? You're rather selfish, aren't you, Linda?"

The tune ended then and she turned and slipped away through the crowd without answering. She had to escape from the bright lights and laughter and people, to darkness and privacy.

The sky was a thick dark blue, and the stars very white and big, glittering in it. But she hated it all; hated the ship and the cruise and Mona Dewey, who was laughing ceaselessly in her empty, futile way. To-night Rex had made his choice. He preferred to dance with Mona than to do some work and safeguard his future with Linda. With a defiant jerk of her head she threw back the windblown, tawny hair and faced the rising wind.

"If he's like that, he's not worth bothering about."

OUT of Hamburg they ran into a storm that came tearing down-Channel, churning up the grey, cream-topped waves, tossing the broad-winged gulls about like single feathers, singing in the rigging. The movement wasn't bad, but it grew cold and bleak, and everyone huddled into the saloons, except Linda, and she preferred to walk about by herself wrapped in her blanket coat. She was *so* restless that she couldn't sit still; couldn't settle down to anything.

Would this cruise never end? It seemed to have been going on for months and months. But when it did end, what then? How would things be with her and Rex? What would happen concerning Mona, who monopolised every minute of his time now quite openly, so that he made no attempt to do any work at all or discuss anything with Linda or think of the future and his contracts and promises?

Well, to-morrow evening they would be back in England and the cruise would be over and Rex would have to come down to earth and face facts—the serious one of having let down Harry Lee. Lee's production was going into rehearsal on Monday—and the principal musical number wasn't written yet, wasn't even thought about.

"What's happened to Rex?" she thought miserably. "It's like a spell on him. Isn't there any way of breaking it? Lee will ruin him if he doesn't keep his contracts."

Round and round the deck she went, faster and faster. It was getting steadily rougher and all the lines of chairs were deserted. But though the wind was rising, the heavy clouds were thinning to show here and there a glimpse of wild, sunset-reddened sky, barred with stormy gold. The sea began to turn plum color.

A little tramp steamer went wallowing past, her funnel almost vanishing in the trough of the waves, her screw revolving madly as she came struggling up. Game little steamer digging her way through sea and wind with all the strength of her engines.

And suddenly Linda found that she was walking to a sort of rhythm that was beating in her mind, a rhythm-like music. Tramp, tramp, blow, blow, wind. . . crash and smash of the great waves rolling in the same rhythm. She felt her cheeks burning and her heart thumping. "Storm at Sea!" "The Dance of the Waves and the Winds". . . the crashing of an orchestra and the lilt of a chorus sung by hundreds of voices. . . "Storm at Sea!"

She came to a standstill by the rail, breathless, her face wet with spray, her hair limp and wildly blown. The sunset poured through the low western gap in the clouds and tipped the purple sea with flame. Rhythm, music, yes, she had found it out here, while Rex sat in the fuggy saloon, fussing over Mona's comfort. Swiftly she turned and ran down the steep companionway to the cabin.

There was a musical scoring book lying in her trunk. Snatching it up she sped to the deserted second-class saloon with its piano. With trembling hands she opened it and struck the first uncertain, groping chords. But she didn't hesitate for long. The melody came with a rush, helped by the confused sounds blowing and thundering outside. She scrawled black notes on the score, scribbled at the top "Storm at Sea," and sat looking at it, her eyes full of tears.

Rex had called her selfish, perhaps she had been, thinking only of her happiness, wrapped up in him. But this would show him that she thought of something else besides.

Quietly she went back to her cabin, put the score in an envelope, addressed it to Rex, and gave it to her steward to take to his cabin. Inside the envelope there was a very brief note, just two lines:

"Would this idea be any good to you? It came to me out on deck. Good luck with Lee.

"Linda."

Then, although it was a deliberate lie, she went to bed saying she felt seasick and didn't want any dinner.

It was a sober-eyed Rex who came up on deck from breakfast next morning, sober and pale and worried. He had eaten very little, had not talked to anyone, and went straight out on deck for a solitary walk. Mona didn't appear at all, and Rex made no inquiries after her health. His ears were still tingling with the sound of that laugh in his face, and the amused scorn of her voice. . . last night. . .

"My darling Rex, romance has gone to your head badly. Don't you know that nothing on a cruise is real or means anything, the moment it's over? I was only trying to give you some fun; that fiancee of yours seemed such a dull thing and you were rather sweet to me. You must learn the rules, darling, really you must, or you'll get hurt one day. . . Good night."

He had stood for a long time afterwards, watching the red and green masthights lurching and wavering about against the windy stars. He had felt sick, but not from rolling; sick with shame and realisation of his own stupidity. To-morrow they would be back in England and the cruise would be over and he would have to face up to things—Lee, his broken contract; Linda, failure. . .

WELL, some of those things didn't have to be faced now. His fingers closed over an envelope in his pocket that crackled with the stiffness of a musical score. Linda had saved him from that. He had a number to give Lee that would startle even him by its beauty, and freshness, and rhythm. The contract would be fulfilled brilliantly. But Linda——

Rounding the corner of the deck in the teeth of the wind, head down to it, eyes shut and smarting, he felt something cannon into his middle, almost winding him. He looked down into Linda's wide, startled eyes and anxious face.

"Oh, Rex, did I damage you? The wind simply blew me along. . ."

The wind did its best to blow her again. She skidded on the wet deck, and Rex clutched her. Her amber-yellow hair was all damp, and curly, and wild, and something in the sea air had turned her eyes quite green and her skin glowed. No, she wasn't tidy, or polished, or sophisticated, or self-assured, but she was as fresh as a briar rose or young leaves.

"Linda, I can hardly look you in the eyes, I'm so ashamed of myself and the rotten cad I've been. And after that you went and did that for me—saved me from half ruining myself!"

Linda pressed up against him, rubbing the salt out of her eyes.

"But you made that song really, Rex. If I hadn't been so—so furious with you it would never have come into my head. I shouldn't have been out there stamping and raging and I shouldn't have heard the wind, and the sea, and the ship beating out the rhythm. Oh, Rex, I must go and get tidy! I feel such a sight! Do let me go!"

"You're not going to get tidy," Rex said slowly. "You're going to stay all wild and tousled. I hate tidy people who never have a hair out of place—I loathe them! Come on, and let's walk and sing the 'Song of the Storm' together."

"GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD"

A simple exposition . . . no technicalities . . . just the plain truth that every woman should know about the price of goods.
Obtainable from BASEMENT BOOK CO., 740 George Street, Sydney, or H. J. Spencer, 28 Marlcay Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
POST FREE, only 5d.

HOMT HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

First Aid For INDIGESTION

You cannot afford to miss this Letter if you suffer from—

No longer need you suffer the agonies of faulty digestion. De Witt's Antacid Powder brings an entirely new principle to bear on your complaint with amazingly satisfactory results. Such evidence as is quoted below (one letter from thousands on our files) is testimony to its complete success.

ACIDITY
FLATULENCE
DYSPEPSIA
HEARTBURN
GASTRITIS
ULCERATED STOMACH

Dale Road, Buxton.

Dear Sirs,

Some time ago I was troubled with acute bitter fluid arising from my stomach, and disliked my food. I went to see my doctor, but instead of getting better I got worse. I could get no relief. I was in continual pain and soon had to cease my work and take to my bed. I spent any amount of money on different medicines, but nothing did me any good. I was sent to hospital, where an operation for gastric ulcers was performed. Later, all my troubles returned. At last I heard of your Antacid Powder. I got a sample and this seem. to stop the sickness, so I decided to persevere. After three days I was able to leave my bed and get out. I kept on with the treatment, and before the first tin was finished I was able to enjoy my meals. Pain and sickness were gone and I was able to take long walks without discomfort. I am now feeling better every day.

(Signed) JOHN HARRIS

De Witt's Antacid Powder acts in a commonsense way. Firstly, it immediately neutralises the excess acidity, the root of the whole trouble. At the same time, it coats the stomach walls with a thin, soothing film of colloidal kaolin, so that the inflamed tissues are protected from the burning acid. One ingredient of De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a portion of your food so that the tired stomach is enabled to "pick up."

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

We make a free offer of a generous sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder to every sufferer from digestive troubles. When you have tried the sample, we urge you to continue with the treatment. Even sufferers from gastritis, dyspepsia or ulcerated stomach will experience relief, although, for such serious complaints we strongly recommend the purchase of a full-size canister, month's supply, price 2/6.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy in sky-blue canister.

FREE GIFT COUPON

To E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. (Dept. R.Z. 19 P.O. Box 26, MELBOURNE.

Please send me, free and postage paid, a sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Mr.
Mrs. .....
Miss
Address .....

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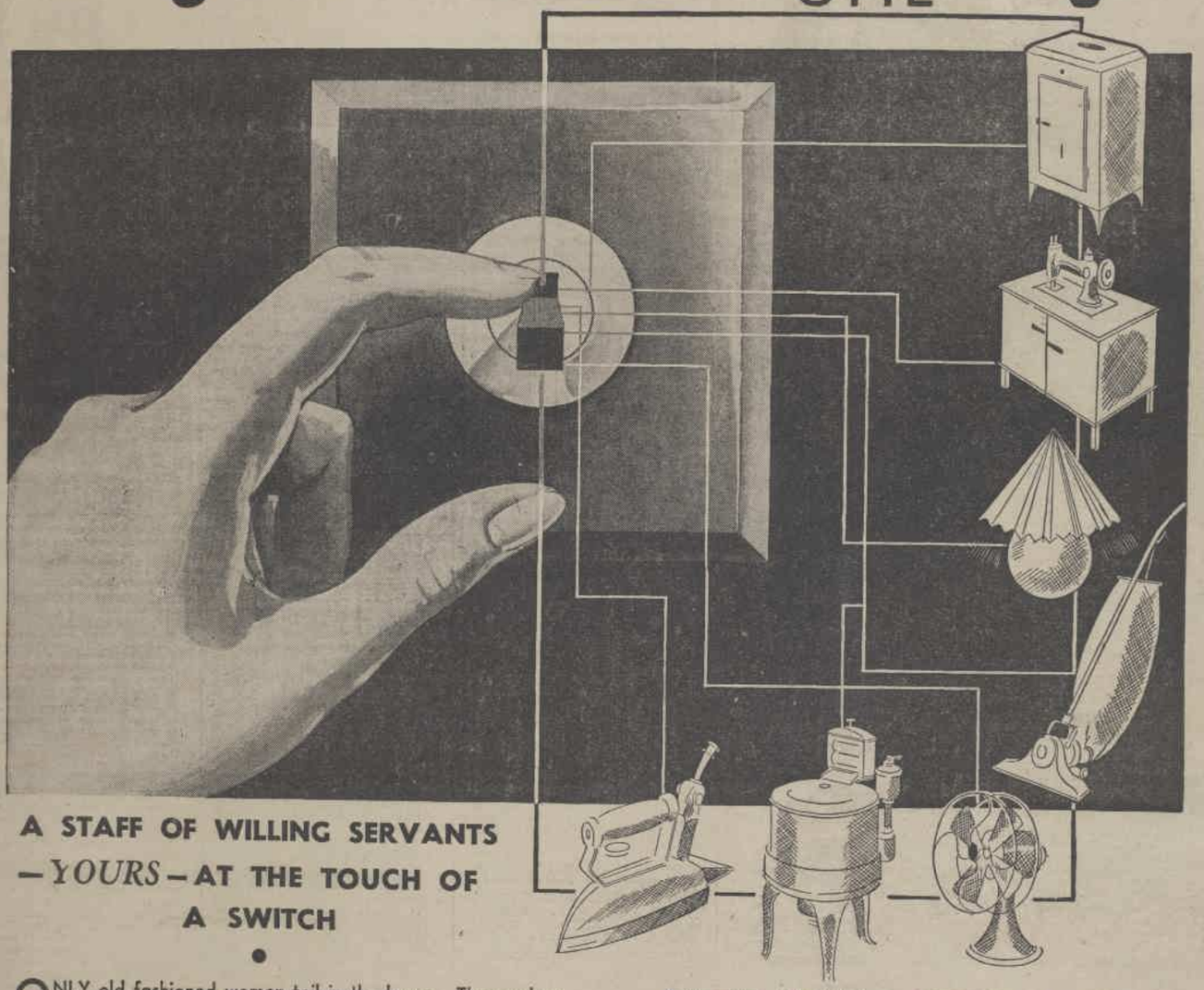
run your house with ONE finger



A STAFF OF WILLING SERVANTS —*YOURS*— AT THE TOUCH OF A SWITCH

•

ONLY old fashioned women toil in the house. The modern woman . . . the *sensible* woman . . . the woman who wants to save *money* as well as time and effort, does her housework with one finger — *by pressing an electric switch!*

Brooms, flat irons, fuel stoves, wash tubs, ice chests and all other symbols of drudgery are out of date and wasteful.

For an expenditure of *one penny* ELECTRICITY will do 4 hours cleaning for you . . . 2 hours ironing . . . 30 hours sewing . . . 12 hours refrigeration . . . or the average week's washing and drying.

Close to your home is a friendly electrical retailer ready and anxious to help, qualified and willing to advise; fully prepared to supply modern, approved electric appliances on the EASIEST OF TERMS. Have a chat with him.

BETTER LIGHT — BETTER SIGHT

The proper lighting of a house or flat is more than a matter of candle-power and pretty shades. Lamps that are too high or too low, too bright or too dim, are all affecting your eyes. The Electricity Department offers you FREE OF CHARGE the advice and help of lighting experts who will show how easily and cheaply your home can be properly and scientifically illuminated. Remember — better light means better sight. Better sight means better health.

● *ELECTRIC RANGES.*

You can buy an approved ELECTRIC RANGE for 20 per cent. deposit with 2 years' terms. Installation costs are FREE (up to £6) and you get a REDUCED RATE for all your household electricity. See your electrical retailer about this special offer.

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For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

The Prevention of Gastro-Enteritis

By Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

February being one of our hottest months, it is as well to stress once more the precautions to be taken in safeguarding baby against summer diarrhoea.

We are glad to know from the Director-General of Health for New South Wales that this scourge is very definitely on the wane, and that he considers this due to the constant advice and help given to mothers, free of charge, from all the Mothercraft Health Centres.

DESPITE this reassuring report, there is still much to be done to combat this disease, as, in the year ended December, 1933, no fewer than 1739 babies, under one year of age, died in New South Wales alone from gastro-enteritis.

It has been pointed out in previous articles that it is usually the artificially-fed baby who suffers from this disease, breast feeding being a natural protective.

In the case of a child who cannot be breast-fed the mother should obtain detailed instructions from her nearest Mothercraft Centre as to the correct way to prepare baby's humanised milk, and the correct recipe to use for each individual baby.

On no account should she take it upon herself to devise a milk-mixture for her child, nor should she resort to giving patent foods.

Statistics show that the average death-rate from infantile diarrhoea for the whole of New Zealand is very much lower than the average for the rest of the civilised world—eloquent testimony to the high standard of infant care in that country.

The mothers in our sister Dominion are more "Mothercraft-minded" than are the mothers of Australia, and a greater proportion of them attend the Ante-Natal Centres for examination and advice in the all-important nine months before baby arrives.

As a direct result of this special pre-natal care, more mothers are enabled to feed their babies at the breast up to the ninth month, with the result that fewer babies are attacked by summer sickness.

This is borne out by statistics which show that in 1933 New South Wales deaths from gastro-enteritis were 39.35 per 1000 births, whereas in New Zealand for the same year the rate was only 31.64 per 1000 births.

Simple Precautions

WHAT can the mothers of Australia do to prevent the continuance of loss of infant life from this cause?

Since a small proportion of babies who suffer from summer diarrhoea are breast-fed, mothers should be careful always to wash their hands thoroughly with soap and water, and swab their nipples with boiled water before each feeding-time.

The garment which immediately covers the breasts should be changed daily (more frequently in hot weather, and if the nipples tend to leak), and should be made of material which will boil. Squares of soft-boiled cotton material may be safety-pinned into the front of the underclothing, next to the skin, and removed when necessary.

If baby is artificially fed, he should have a set of feeding utensils, spoons and kitchen pot entirely to himself.

These should be kept sterilised, and under cover when not in use. Bottles, teats, etc., must be boiled up daily, according to the directions given out by Baby Health Centres, and kept protected from flies.

The milk used for baby's food should be as fresh as possible when the milk-mixture is made up. All milk for baby's use should be boiled for at least three minutes.

It is essential to cool the humanised milk rapidly, by standing the covered jug in running water, and to keep the milk-mixture cool between feeding-times. If the mother has no ice-chest or facilities for doing this, she should make up the amount of humanised milk for each meal separately.

Do not let baby become constipated, as constipation frequently swings to diarrhoea.

Do not permit baby to suck a dummy. Flies carrying disease germs may crawl over it, or it may pick up germs through being dropped on the floor.

Be careful that baby is not exposed to draughts, nor played with in an undressed state after his bath, as a chill may lead to diarrhoea. Keep baby's toes cosy. He should wear sufficient light, porous, roomy clothing to keep him warm, but should not have on so many garments that he perspires.

Should baby pass a green and watery motion the mother should be on the lookout for diarrhoea. If the next motion is also green and watery, the mother should give baby nothing but warm boiled water for the next three meals, and should immediately consult her local Mothercraft nurse.

If baby does not quickly respond to the simple instructions given by the Baby Health Centre, no time should be lost in calling in a doctor.

If taken in time, diarrhoea can nearly always be cured; but, every baby who has suffered from this complaint is rendered liable to digestive trouble in after life—so our watchword should be "Prevention."

In the words of the motto of the Australian Mothercraft Society, "It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

● "Let's see — how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other — but what do I do after that? . . . Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours——

● "Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub — and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder! . . . Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once — the more the merrier ——

● "Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there too — I remember it from last time! Well, look out below — I'm coming . . .

●". . . Oh well — what's one bump more or less! Everything's O.K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder. . . . Just test that powder between your thumb and finger and find out how smooth it is. Not a bit gritty, like some powders — that's because Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the finest quality talc only. And that is why Johnson's is the best talc babies can have."

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings. Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc. D1-35

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KEEPS YOU LAUGHING

Everything depends on a clean system. Once poisons linger in the system, trouble begins. Sickness, Headaches, Irritability, etc. have their origin in Constipation. But just as these ills arise from one cause so ONE SIMPLE REMEDY—Beecham's Pills—puts an end to them. This purely vegetable remedy banishes 90% of poor health, because it removes the ONE underlying cause, Constipation. By cleansing, purifying and regulating the system they quickly make you fit. Take Beecham's TO-DAY.

Beecham's PILLS

A DOSE AT NIGHT KEEPS YOU RIGHT

ADVENTURE serials, funny comics, stories for boys and girls, competitions carrying marvellous prizes—children will find all these in Fatty Finn's Weekly.

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FREE
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EDWIN HOLLAND PTY., LTD.
349 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE C.1.

"I WAS TERRIBLY DEPRESSED AND NERVOUS"

". . . and the least noise made me feel like crying. My husband bought me a bottle of Clements Tonic and the effects were wonderful. I go about now and do my work with ease. It's worth its weight in gold!"—(Mrs.) L.R., Wanganui East, N.Z.

FOR more than thirty years men and women have turned with confidence to Clements Tonic when nervous disorders and general debility have sapped their health.

For Clements Tonic is more than a mere pick-me-up. It is a scientific remedy that works naturally without the use of harmful drugs or opiates. It actually feeds and fortifies the blood and nervous system, assists natural metabolism and induces sound, sweet sleep.

You feel calm, assured and confident when your health is good. Renewed vitality brings a new interest in life. Try this famous tonic. You, too, will "go about and do your work with ease."

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

Prices in all capital cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all chemists and stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC
"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

WHEN FRIENDS COME . . .

to enjoy your hospitality and good cheer . . .

. . . By . . . OUR HOME DECORATOR

Are you proud of your furnishings—your choice of carpets and rugs? Are they happily at home in their surroundings, or do they suddenly strike you as garish or pitifully faded and worn?

BEFORE buying a carpet, consideration should be given to color—whether or not its color or colors will look well in a particular room, and whether a plain or patterned pile would be most helpful to the fitments it must live with.

AS a general rule, the more restful effect is given if walls, curtains and coverings are patterned; but if walls and curtains are plain, a carpet with an attractive design helps to bring an air of vitality to the room.

Plain carpets with a thick, luxurious pile are just delightful in their restful, space-giving beauty, though it must be admitted that they do show marks more easily than those of a small all-over design.

But, I repeat, as they make for restfulness (and when fitted to the skirting, make for cosiness, too), it is worth while shutting one eye to this drawback.

In fact, a good pile carpet will wear for years without need of special cleaning if it is taken care of properly.

And by the way, sweeping grit into the carpet instead of out of it by brushing the wrong way, soon wears out the thickest and sturdiest of weaves.

Modern Patterns

GREATER liberties are taken to-day, and motifs in infinite variety add greatly to the charm of carpets now being designed.

Sometimes, following the old method, the design will decorate the whole rug, sometimes it will occupy only a small part of the surface, or else it will be repeated on opposite sides.

I saw only yesterday a rug carrying a most attractive tile-patterned design, with delightfully graded colorings, which should suit the fairly large room.

A point to remember, if you are determined to have an "all-over" design rug—even though the room for which it is intended is small—is to choose a very neat pattern, or you will find that it tends to make the room look smaller.

You are, of course, familiar with the modern design (typically English) of beech leaves, covering the whole surface with geometrical exactness. The colorings, rich and tawny, are suitable for the living-room and for carpeting a hall or staircase, and particularly fine for the home where the homemaker considers that the tread of many feet might work havoc with the plain pile type. Moreover, colorings, such as suggested, although luxurious and luxuriant, are essentially practical.

Rugs Have the Floor

I ALWAYS think it is a pity to cover well-polished or parquet floors with a carpet. Rugs—Chinese, Persian, Indian, etc.—many with an unusual disposition of pattern and brilliance of coloring, help to bring out the main tones of the wood.

One of the loveliest rooms I have seen had a honey-yellow parquet floor, polished to mirror-like beauty. Upon this were spread thick, luxuriant-piled, Indian rugs in colors of blue, off-white, and green.

A huge, gleaming brass tray on its carved stand was fitting company for this most fascinating floor . . . Creamy curtains at the window, deep-cushioned chairs—repeating in their covers the colors of the carpet—tall delphiniums in a brass bowl. . . . This room seemed at the time a fulfilment of that desire for beauty around, in me—plus a maximum of solid comfort.

But whatever you choose, avoid over-large fantastic designs—bad modernism, and extravagance in its worst form, as you will quickly tire of them.

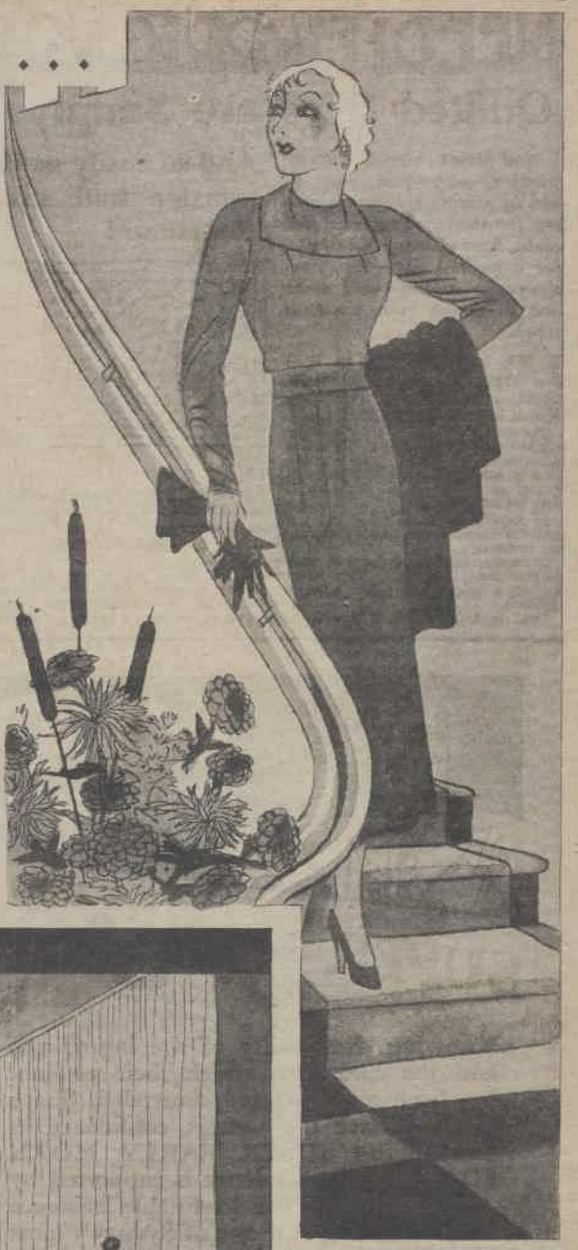
Stair Carpets

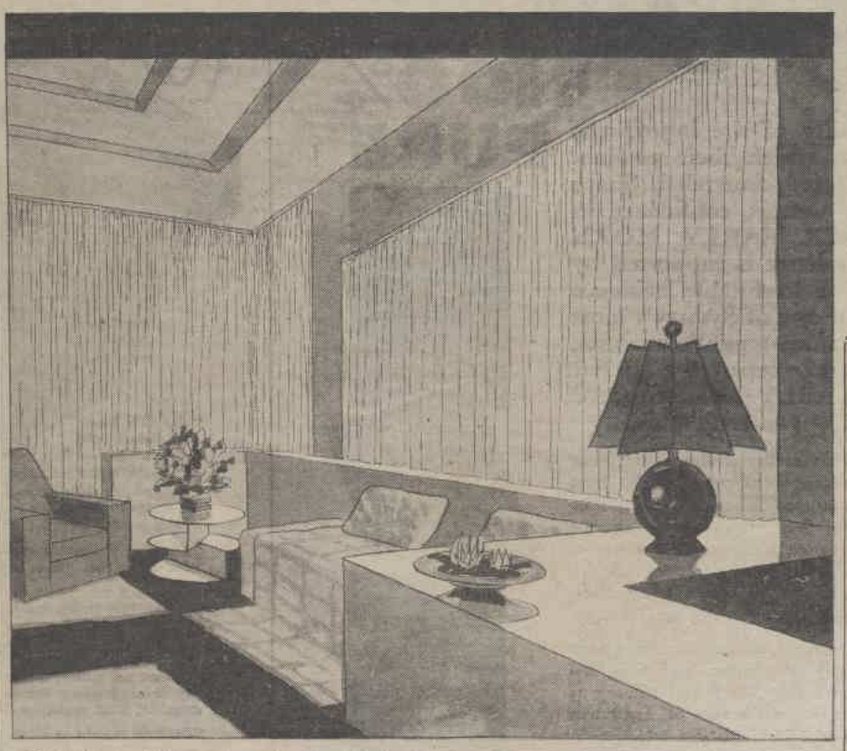
WHEN you buy a stair carpet, always get at least half a yard more than you actually require. This is because, if a stair carpet is always put down in exactly the same place, it will wear out in patches. The carpet covering the treads obviously gets all the wear, whilst that between them gets none.

Well, then, in order to make your carpet wear evenly all over, you must move its position on the stairs. This should be done about twice a year, when the carpet should be moved three inches either up the top from the bottom, or down from the top.

Another important thing is that strips of felt or old carpet should always be placed beneath the stair carpet on the tread of each step. This strip of underfelt should actually cover the edge of the tread, and hang down for three or four inches.

Be careful when you lay a stair carpet which has a pile, to put it so that when sweeping down you do it with the pile and not against it. As I said before, a pile carpet should always be swept with the pile, in order to sweep the dirt out of, instead of into, the carpet.—E.E.G.





A ROOM of many delights and exceeding charm, furnished in the fashionable off-white. A plethora of window space covered by curtains of a soft, creamy richness—a wonderful foil for the dark, highly-polished floor, spread with luxuriant rugs of a deep pile. An all-over carpet on the floor would take away much of its vitality.

TOP RIGHT: When you buy a stair carpet, always get at least half a yard more than you actually require. This is because, if a stair carpet is always put down in exactly the same place, it will wear out in patches. The carpet covering the treads obviously gets all the wear, whilst that between them gets none. See story.

NOTICE

Make a note of these addresses for yourself and your friends.

LONDON'S FOUR UP-TO-DATE FAMILY AND RESIDENTIAL HOTELS

Within 3 minutes Hyde Park and Tube. Daily terms as required. Passenger lifts. Garages. Central heating. Hot and cold running water. Exchange telephone and gas fires in all bedrooms. Bridge, Billiards, Table Tennis, and Dancing.

HOTEL INVERNESS COURT

1-9, Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2.

Is one of London's finest old Mansions. Personal attention and first-class cuisine guaranteed. Accommodation for 120 guests. Terms: Single, from 4 gns. Double from 7 gns. Bedroom, Bath, and Breakfast from 9/6. Tele.: Bayswater 1444.

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Its New Extension of 50 rooms adds many spacious and attractive reception rooms. Terms from 3½ gns. Single, 6½ gns. Double. Bedroom, Bath, and Breakfast from 8/6. Tele.: Padd. 8121.

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and

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Hotels of refinement (adjacent to each other), with young and cheerful society. Delightful rooms arranged as bed-sitting rooms. Owing to their popularity you are advised to secure accommodation—if possible—in advance. Terms: Single from 3 gns. Double from 6 gns. Bedroom, Bath, and Breakfast from 7/6.

The above Hotels are under the personal supervision of the Managing Director, Mrs. J. E. Stevenson.

Quick relief with

REXONA . . .

Rexona Ointment soothes the itching irritation of insect bites and quickly reduces the painful swelling. Now, during the summer months, a tin of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity.

Rexona Ointment is invaluable for . .

cuts, bruises, burns, rashes and all skin complaints.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Quilted Bags are Simply Enchanting!

And so easily made with the aid of our transfer and straightforward quilting directions!

And aren't these designs attractive?—transfers may be had by simply calling or writing for them. They cost 4d. each. Now choose your design for a quilted bag—envelope, zipper, or mount—and make one to match your smartest frock.

LIKE tapestry, quilting is a craft which has charmed needle-lovers for many centuries. And it is so simple to do.

The work consists of layers of material stitched together, usually in a running stitch, to form a pattern. Between these lines of stitching the material puffs up, giving, as you know, an enchantingly rich, yet soft effect.

In some instances, only two layers of material are used—the backing and the top material.

Generally, however, a piece of wadding is placed between. This being thicker, a deeper and richer effect is obtained.

Now, to make either of these bags, you will require the desired transfers (costing 4d each), two pieces each of firm muslin the same size as the transfer, which measures 9 inches x 6 inches, two pieces of wadding, 9 inches by 6 inches; also the requisite amount of material for the bag, lining, sewing silk to match the material used. And, of course, a pretty mount, if you wish to make the lower one pictured.

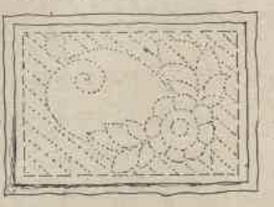


FIG A: Ready-for-working transfer stamped on to firm muslin, wadding placed between this and the material to be used for the bag and basted (or tacked) together.

NOTE: If you desire to make the bag shown in top picture, with zipper fastening, two transfers are necessary, but if you wish to make an envelope bag with a plain back and have a quilted flap, one transfer only is necessary. Of course, two are required for the bag carrying a mount.

First of all the design is stamped onto the muslin (which is the backing), then the piece of cotton wool is placed between this and the material you propose using for the bag.

Baste together with light tacking, as shown in diagram "A," to keep the material from slipping, and then work from the back, as shown in diagram "B"—that is, on the stamped muslin—in firm, running stitches, following the lines indicated.

Be sure that every stitch goes through to the other side. The stitches should be of the same regularity on both the back and front of the work.

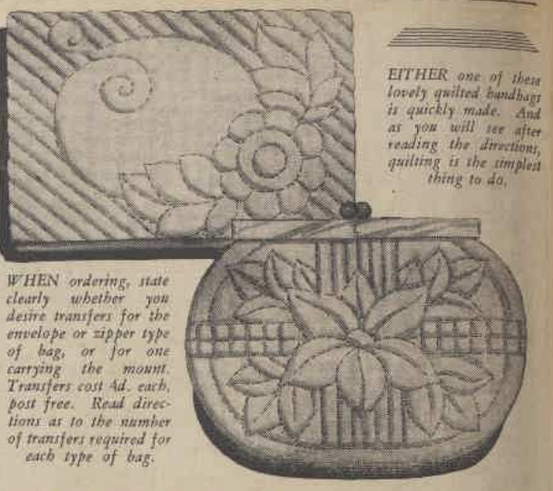
When you have completed both pieces of quilting, sew round the edge, trim padding and muslin, attach and sew lining round three sides. Turn and catch all round with running stitch, and make up as illustration.

If you make a mount bag, attach the lining to the mount before slip-stitching the bag in place.

The sides are piped together or sewn on the wrong side.

The transfer shown for the envelope type bag could also be used for a zip fastening bag. Procure a zip the right length, make up two sides of the design, and sew the zip across the top, half an inch down from the top edges. This provides a more finished look to the bag than sewing it straight across on top.

Finish the zip each end with a small silk tassel.



EITHER one of these lovely quilted handbags is quickly made. And as you will see after reading the directions, quilting is the simplest thing to do.

WHEN ordering, state clearly whether you desire transfers for the envelope or zipper type of bag, or for one carrying the mount. Transfers cost 4d. each, post free. Read directions as to the number of transfers required for each type of bag.

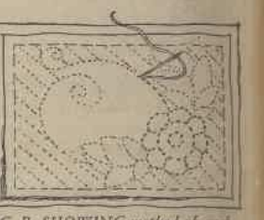


FIG. B: SHOWING method of working, using simple running-stitch.

SUPER "Early-Morn" SOAP is 100% PURE

Knowing the quality of the ingredients and the care with which their product has been manufactured, Australian Soaps Limited have the utmost confidence in introducing SUPER EARLY MORN SOAP. This confidence is supported by the irrefutable evidence of one of Sydney's most eminent public analysts, who reports SUPER EARLY MORN SOAP 100 per cent. pure.

This quality product is the latest triumph of one of the best equipped laboratories south of the line Neither money nor science can produce a better soap. It contains cocoanut oil, olive oil and other selected oils and is delightfully perfumed.

Users of ordinary laundry soap will be amazed and delighted with the purity and efficacy of this new product of Australian Soaps Limited.

Your grocer will supply you.

This serviceable Turkish Bath Towel, 22 x 44, is yours in exchange for 8 Super Early Morn Soap large wrappers. Start saving wrappers today. Send for Bonus Catalogue of a hundred and one useful articles, to Australian Soaps Ltd., Beaconsfield St., Alexandria.

Listen to "Threads of Tradition" on 2GB Sundays 6.45 p.m., and Tuesdays 8.45 p.m. and to Richard Tauber Section on 2UW every Wednesday at 9 p.m.

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5 LARGE TABLETS TO THE BAR

"YOU know what old friends are — they just walk right into the kitchen! And mine looked so dingy! I always had to apologise for it!"

"But I've painted the dingy stove, and the rusty pipes with Silvafros. Now, *my kitchen's bright and clean!*"

There are hundreds of uses for Taubmans Silvafros, the brilliant finish for all metal surfaces. Gas coppers, bathroom and laundry fittings, pipes, metal gates, fences, wire mattresses—wherever there's metal likely to rust and tarnish, there's a use for Silvafros. It brushes on easily, dries in half an hour—gives a lasting frosted silver finish — rustless and stainless — durable, heat resisting — protective!

Silvafros is sold at all stores, in handy household sizes.

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DRESS FABRICS Reduced!

32in. SOISETTE

This is a superfine fast colour Cambric. Neat designs in a range of the newest colourings. Usually, yard, 1/11½ SALE PRICE - - -

~~1/11½~~ 10D YD ½

36in. HAIRCORD

We are offering a collection of Horrockses' high-grade Haircord at a Special Price. Light and dark grounds Fast colours. Usual price, yd. 1/6½ SALE PRICE - - - -

~~1/6½~~ 1/- YD

36" BATISTE DIMITY

A wonderful range of colours and designs. New season's goods. All fast colours. Usual price, yard, 1/11½ SALE PRICE - - - -

~~1/11½~~ 1/3 YD

36" PTD. KRINKLE ORGANDI

Floral and check designs. This is an outstanding offer. Fast colours. Usually, yd., 2/11, 5/6 SALE PRICE - - - -

~~2/11 5/6~~ 1/11½ YD

36in. SEERSUCKER

A genuine fast colour American novelty. In striped and check effects. Usual price, yard, 2/11 SALE PRICE - - - - -

~~2/11~~ 1/5½ YD

36" MESH WEAVE

This is an open cotton weave fabric, suitable for Summer Frocks. Fast colours. Usual price, yard, 2/4½ SALE PRICE - - - - -

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Extra Special Purchase!

No 1. 27in. CHECK TAFFETA

In small and medium block checks—also in broken checks for frocks, blouses, etc. Full colour range of wanted shades. Usually 1/3 yard. SALE PRICE, yd. 6D

No 2. 36 in. FLORAL LACE MESH VOILE

Ideal designs for frocks, curtains, etc. All the popular colourings available. Usually 1/6½ yard. SALE, yard, 6½D

Just Opened! A NEW SHIPMENT of AMERICAN "REDUSAIR" *Rubber Reducing Corsets*

"REDUSAIR" comes in step-in style or back-lace. Light in weight, but marvellously strong. Simply cleaned by sponging with soap and water.

"REDUSAIR" is made entirely of a new sort of perforated rubber. The tiny perforations expand and contract with every movement of the body. This induces perspiration—and you know what perspiration does for your figure.

"REDUSAIR" American perforated Rubber Back-Lacing CORSET; fitted with four suspenders; long over hips; perfect fitting model. Sizes: Waists 24 to 36 ins. GRACE BROS.' SALE PRICE - - **46/6**

A similar "REDUSAIR" Back-Lacing CORSET in plain soft Para Rubber. Sizes: Waists 24 to 36 in. GRACE BROS.' SALE PRICE - - **35/-**

"REDUSAIR" American perforated Rubber Step-in Side Lacings; fitted with four sets of suspenders; two small bones across the front. Sizes: Waists 26 to 32 inches. GRACE BROS.' SALE PRICE - - **46/6**

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Outstanding Bargains in GIRLS' FROCKS AND COATS

500 ODDMENTS of GIRLS' PARTY or STREET FROCKS in Taffeta, Silk, Voile, Spun Crepe de Chene. All sizes and colours. Usual Price 12/11 to 29/11 SALE - - - - - - **5/-**

250 GIRLS' COATS IN ALL WOOL VELOUR; half-lined and nicely finished with Fur collar; in all sizes & colours. Usual Price 29/11 SALE - - - - - **15/-**

500 MAIDS' ALL WOOL VELOUR COATS with large Coney collar and half-lined. In all colours. Sizes: 39, 40, 42, 44, 46 ins. Usually 45/-. SALE **20/-**

Also a large assortment of GIRLS' COATS in all sizes and colours, at - - - 25/-

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Sure to get it at **GRACE BROS. LTD.** BROADWAY SYDNEY Phone: M6506

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YOU may be the best wife in the world, but if you don't realise how important it is to help your husband start the day properly—you don't understand him thoroughly. That "sluggish" feeling is *your* fault, if you are serving a heavy hot cooked meal, instead of the modern breakfast—crisp, easily digested Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are modern in a scientific way—they quickly change into energy without over-taxing the digestive organs.

If you haven't tried Kellogg's Corn Flakes, order some at once. Their delicious flavour appeals to grown-ups and children alike. They save work, too, for they are ready-to-serve from the packet, and are most economical.

Read this: *Kellogg's will solve your breakfast problem. There's a Kellogg food for every taste. Try them all—Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Rice Bubbles, Whole Wheat Biscuits, Kellogg's Wheat Flakes, and Kellogg's All-Bran, the health cereal and natural cure for constipation.*

Eat a Kellogg Breakfast—you'll feel better!

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 13

CHAPTER 31.

THE first newspaper purchased by Colonel Anthony Wallingford and Major Stacey Burlestone on Southampton platform, contained news of the Dartmoor Woman's Death Mystery. They read it in the boat-train with some interest.

THE GREAT DARTMOOR MURDER MYSTERY.

The discovery was made bright and early, one lovely morning, by Mr. George Collins, a farmer and grazier, riding in wide circles about a lonely unfrequented corner of the Moor, on business of strayed or stolen sheep.

Arrived at the dominating granite-bouldered hillock known as Fox Tor, he reined in his sturdy cob, glanced cursorily around in all directions, saw no signs of sheep; and producing from a capacious side-pocket his pipe and pouch, proceeded to prepare for a leisurely and peaceful smoke, ere making a more careful examination of the surrounding terrain, and continuing his ride.

Having filled his pipe he returned it to his pocket, shook up his somnolent horse, and trotted quickly off across the heather to make quite sure that his eyes were deceiving him.

For, in a little heather-carpeted depression, a natural saucer of but a few yards' diameter, a woman lay sleeping. Or rather, it seemed to Mr. Collins that a girl lay sleeping on a bed of heather in the little hollow, but that could hardly be. Anyone lying asleep there so early in the morning must have slept there all night, which was hardly likely.

It must be one of those optical what-you-may-call-'ems, a trick of light and shade. Mr. Collins had been "had" like that before, especially with boulders trying to look like sheep, and succeeding very well, at a distance. This would be a matter of a shadow and a log and . . .

No! It was a woman; a lady!

Something wrong?

She wouldn't be the first who'd lost their way. Aye, lost their lives, too; ignorant incoming foreigners from the towns trapesing up-along across moor as though 'twere Exeter High Street and all. Sound asleep, too, . . and . . .

Good God Almighty! There were ants running in and out of her mouth and nostrils. . . She was dead.

Mr. Collins erroneously believed himself to be turning pale, and knew himself to be turning queasy-like. . .

This was terr'ble. . . gashly.

But he must do his duty, make sure the poor creature was beyond help, and then ride straight to Sergeant Trevethen over to Hillacombe and tell him the terr'ble news.

Yes—a police job, this.

AND it proved to be a job that puzzled, exercised, and finally defeated, not only Sergeant Trevethen and his comrades of the Devon Constabulary, but Scotland Yard itself, in the person of the biggest of the Big Five.

For at the inquest evidence was given by Sir Bertram Selwyn, the great pathologist and uncannily brilliant criminal investigation scientist, to the effect that the dead woman had not lost her way, sprained her ankle, or for any other reason lain down to rest and remained to die—of exposure and starvation.

Nor had she committed suicide.

She had met her death by violence. She had been murdered—or least, killed.

Of this, Sir Bertram was absolutely certain, and upon the truth of this he staked his reputation.

Sensation in Court.

How did Sir Bertram know that she had been murdered, inquired the Coroner with raised eyebrows.

Because her neck was broken.

Further sensation in Court.

But, as the Coroner asked, might not this tragic business be the result of pure accident? Might not the woman have fallen, and broken her neck in doing so?

No, she might not.

And pray why not?

Because, as should be obvious to the meanest intelligence, no one can break his neck by falling down on a soft bed of heather, and no one can fall on a rock or other rough hard surface with sufficient force to break his neck, without there being some external signs of injury. Surely!

And how, pray, could Sir Bertram Selwyn know that the woman was not murdered miles away from the spot where she had been found—if indeed she had been murdered?

Was it not entirely feasible, and a perfectly warrantable assumption, or, at any rate, theory that the body had been placed there, where it was found by the witness Collins? Placed there by the murderer—or murderers—if any?

No. It was not.

And pray, why not?

Because the woman had walked there, as the evidence of her footprints showed. And there she had been murdered—or killed.

He used the expression "murdered or killed" because he was not certain that the woman had been killed by a human being at all. If she had been killed by a human being—then he would say she had been deliberately killed: in short, murdered. If killed by other agency then merely—killed.

"And pray, what other agency could be concerned in the death of this woman?" inquired Mr. Coroner with something like a sneer.

Well people have been killed by beasts.

The Coroner smiled.

Really, really! This omniscient and infallible Sir Bertram Selwyn was excelling himself. Killed by a beast.

On Dartmoor?

"You are very positive, Sir Bertram Selwyn," said the Coroner, in a tone that was rather accusatory than congratulatory, and as though he deprecated such positive—indeed rash—statements.

"I am," replied the witness.

And then as one who plays a trump card:

"Very well," said the Coroner. "That being so, perhaps you will tell us how the human being—or the strange wild beast—contrived to commit the murder, contrived to break the woman's neck without leaving any marks of violence and without leaving the slightest external trace of injury.

"And, I take it, that you, a physician, surgeon, anatomist, scientist, indeed a man of common sense, do not suggest that a murderer could make so violent, powerful, and brutal an attack upon another person as to break his neck and leave not a fingermark, not a bruise, not a sign of that tremendous force that must be used before the human neck can be—wrung—dislocated—broken?"

Sir Bertram Selwyn intimated that doubtless the Coroner was right in everything he said; repeated that he had no explanation to suggest; reminded the Coroner that, when all was said and done, the woman's neck had been broken by violence, and finally reaffirmed his certainty that she had been murdered by a man—or killed by a beast.

And, after all evidence had been given, all witnesses heard, all probabilities and possibilities marshalled and estimated by the coroner, the jury returned an open verdict.

But for days, weeks, and months thereafter there were beasts, and rumors of beasts, upon the moor.

Young men dreamed dreams and old men saw visions, when returning late at night full of fear, beer, and cider, from the public-houses within a two-mile radius of the fatal spot.

There being no further manifestations, however, excitement subsided, the nine-days' wonder faded slowly out, the affair was gradually forgotten, and the mystery relegated to the limbo of problems unsolved and unsolveable.

CHAPTER 32

GANESH HAZELRIGG could still laugh.

"Mrs. Cobley," said he, one morning, "there's a visitor coming to see me this afternoon. All the way from Exeter, a masseur. Don't go defending me from him by saying I'm not at home. The gentleman will tell you he is the masseur. We're going to see if he can do something for my legs."

"Very good, Sir."

And when, that afternoon, Mrs. Cobley, knocking and entering, declared,

"The Messiah has come, Sir," Hazelrigg laughed aloud.

"Show Him in," quoth he.

On the very day before Mr. Collins' discovery of the body of the poor lady, upon Dartmoor, Ganesh Hazelrigg rose slowly from his breakfast-table and moved clumsily and carefully to where he could drop into his big armchair. No need to use his crutches for so brief a journey, and with the table, a chair-back, and the mantelpiece for support. . . .

And what should he do this merry morn, when he'd had a digestive rest and a pipe? Have a tootle round in the old bath-chair, or make his way over the heather on his crutches?

The former was getting less agreeable as the char-a-banc season waxed—and the latter was very tiring.

Tiring be damned. It was jolly good exercise, and the more exercise he got, the better. For it was still possible that his shrivelled and shrunken legs might improve with use—just as it was still possible that his sight might do so. Lord Morgan-Thomas, the leading oculist, had said it was possible he might some day recover, in however small measure, the power to see very very dimly. Not enough to read, of course, but to tell a white road from moorland grass and heather. Or, at any rate, to tell night from day.

Please turn to Page 40

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

Pearly Teeth Add So Much to Your Charm

... and worth striving for, don't you agree?

Lyda Roberti, of Paramount, smiles — winningly! Don't you agree that her perfect, evenly - placed teeth add indescribably to her charm?

NO girl or woman can afford to neglect her teeth — for beauty's sake, for health's sake, for success... Keep always before you the vital fact that regular morning and evening attention pays; that it is never too late to brush them scrupulously clean. Do your part—and visit the dentist periodically to have your teeth examined and any faults rectified.

OUR teeth, really, should last as long as we live. The reason they do not is because we fail to realise the importance of their care in our callow youth.

Sound and clean teeth are beautiful; they are also one of the best forms of health insurance. Decayed teeth are ugly and painful. They harbor germs which become mixed with our food; they prevent proper chewing of food, with resulting digestive troubles, and they are the cause of many kinds of disease.

I hope, by the way, that every mother is reading this and will, as a result, insist on little Mary or young Herbert brushing them after every meal.

A good plan with children is to impress their little minds with the thought that it is just as necessary (or more important) to brush their teeth as it is to bathe or wash grubby little hands and faces.

If mothers would do this consistently I am pretty sure that when they reach the "independent" stage they will never forget, and will live to thank you gratefully.

Decay of teeth, as you know, is caused by the acid formed in the mouth by food.

After every meal foodstuffs of every kind immediately begin to ferment against the surfaces of the teeth. The acid formed, feeble though it is, is able to dissolve a little of the enamel on our teeth and gradually—so slowly and insidiously—wears it thin. And the worst of it is perpetrated while we sleep; that is, if we go to bed with food residues in the mouth—neglect that important little rite with the tooth-brush.

Thus the slow removal night after night of a microscopic layer of enamel ends with penetration where this is thinnest. And lo, trouble looks in with serious mien!

Be Wise With Food

THE food you eat plays a big part in the safekeeping of your teeth. Therefore be wise with your food.

Crisp, crunchy toast is good for your teeth—gives the gums healthy exercise. Cut down on pastries and sweets—substitute with fresh fruits—citrus fruits are excellent.

Whole grain cereals are good, too, and plenty of fresh eggs, butter, and milk.

As regards the cleansing mediums—this is largely a matter of choice, but find out what suits you best, and hold to it.

Choose a good brush and use lukewarm water—for cold or very hot water is bad for the gums.

How to Brush the Teeth

MY dentist advises me to use the brush backwards and forwards across the front of the teeth in the lower jaw; the same way between the teeth and the jaw. Next repeat up and down, tooth by tooth. Go over the upper teeth in the same way, and then along the tops of all the teeth. Follow on the inside up and down.

Others believe in using a circular motion and up and down—never brushing crosswise.

However, it's a matter for you to cleanse them perfectly—be guided by your own dentist after he looks your mouth over. He will probably advise, too, the use of dental floss—for it is an important aid in keeping the teeth clean.

But whatever you do, make every effort to preserve your teeth, for they can be a priceless aid to beauty and charm.

KEEP your teeth fit as an important step towards beauty, and keep yourself fit as the first step towards preserving your teeth.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

PATIENT: I suffer from what is probably the most common complaint among humans — indigestion. I've taken all sorts of things for it, with varying degrees of success. But I would like to know something of the cause of indigestion, so that I could treat myself more intelligently.

* * *

MANY persons, as you say, suffer from digestive disturbances of one form or another. There are those who have pain after eating, there are cases of gas on the stomach and so-called "heartburn," there are men and women who get "bilious attacks" every now and then.

The nature and severity of indigestion vary considerably. An acute and occasional attack of indigestion is usually due to eating some food that the functions of the stomach cannot digest properly. We say that the food did not "agree" with us.

Often the drinking of ice water during a meal will cause such an attack. Eating too fast and too much is another cause. Fatty food, such as lobster or pork, known to be difficult to digest, may be responsible. Eating when overtired or nervously excited can cause indigestion.

The best way to overcome an acute attack of indigestion is to induce vomiting.

For this purpose the drinking of a few glasses of warm salt water will help, or taking a glass of water to which a tablespoonful of English mustard has been added. When the pain is acute, due to gas pressure upwards on the diaphragm—the separation between the chest and the abdomen—and consequently on the heart, thirty drops of essence of peppermint in a little water, or a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a third of a tumbler of water, often gives immediate relief.

In all cases a cathartic should be taken after the acute symptoms are over. A certain amount of undigested and offending food particles has already passed into the intestines, and these must be eliminated. Castor oil is efficacious for this purpose.

WHEN attacks of indigestion occur again and again, perhaps daily after each meal, we call it a chronic case, even if there be only mild discomfort. Soon a person so afflicted becomes actually afraid to eat and, of course, such a state of mind is the very best to bring on an attack. In all chronic cases the cause must be sought and removed.

Lack of exercise may be to blame, or overwork, or too much dancing and night-life generally. Imperfect chewing of the food is often a factor. Missing teeth and general malocclusion—that is, imperfect fitting of the upper jaw upon the lower—is a frequent cause, but often overlooked. Irregular eating and hurried eating may soon produce chronic indigestion.

The habit of men to discuss business affairs while eating—even reading the paper while at meals—upsets the proper action of the chemical constituents of the stomach.

Biliousness is often difficult to overcome, and the state of the nervous system is a most important factor here. Headache, dizziness, depression, general irritability, quick fatigue, are all symptoms. Loss of appetite is common. Often the complexion takes on a yellowish tint. The liver usually needs attention in cases of biliousness.

Plenty of exercise and a change from an entirely sedentary life may work wonders.

For Tired, Stiff Feet...

BATHE them before going to bed with warm, soapy water. Dry thoroughly, and massage each foot well with cold cream, rotating it first to right and then to left. Then coat the entire foot in cream, smoothing it in firm strokes, from toes to ankles. Slip on a pair of old stockings—leave cream on all night.

— Exercise for Beauty —

TOBY WING, Paramount player, demonstrates for you this excellent hip-reducing exercise. Tie a rope around the leg of a heavy table. Lie flat on the floor, grasping the rope tightly in both hands. Roll from side to side, keeping the legs stiffly held out in front of you. Repeat for five or ten minutes each day.

WHITER TEETH Quick!

This triple action revolutionises tooth care!

Your teeth need THREE things daily—and you find them all in Listerine Tooth Paste. It CLEANS — removes tartar, film and all stains; then it POLISHES the cleaned tooth surface to sparkling whiteness; then it protects teeth and gums by counteracting fermentation acids — the common cause of infection and decay.

No single purpose dentifrice can possibly meet these three requirements. You need the TRIPLE ACTION that Listerine Tooth Paste now brings you. Get a tube to-day and learn how white and lustrous your teeth can be.

Price 1/3 a large tube

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"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD BREATH?"
The answer is, Nobody, if Listerine Antiseptic has been used, for it instantly makes the breath sweet, pure, agreeable beyond power to offend others. Of all chemists, 1/6, 3/- and 5/9 a bottle.

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Beauty Specialist tells how to improve the complexion

At a recent interview a well-known beauty specialist gave valuable advice on improving the complexion. "Some women," she said, "try one face cream after another in the hope of gaining a clear, smooth skin. If only these women would realise that the complexion needs to be treated from inside as well as outside!

In nine cases out of ten a poor complexion is due to digestive disorders and constipation. Therefore women who wish to improve their complexions should first set about improving the tone of their systems. I myself find that Sanitarium San-Bran is excellent for this purpose. It tones up the entire system and stimulates the bowels to act naturally, thus banishing constipation—the cause of pimples and blotches.

You buy San-Bran in packets from the grocer, and merely add two tablespoonsful to your usual breakfast cereal. San-Bran is deliciously flavoured, so nice to eat. Everybody likes it.***

WOMAN'S GREATEST SIN

Women are now flocking to this Man

It is now a sin for women to look ugly. Prof. Dr. Stejskal, famous physician and scientist in the University of Vienna, has extracted a new product from young animals called Biocel. The moment this vital substance is applied the skin becomes firm, fresh and young. Famous society beauties, actresses and women are now flocking to this man who has done so much to bring back youth. Large quantities of Biocel are now shipped from Vienna throughout the world. The supply, however, is limited and it may at any time become almost impossible to obtain it. Genuine Biocel obtained direct from Vienna is now combined with Crème Tokalon (Greasy). Although this greatly increases the cost of manufacture, the price for the present at least will not be increased.

Crème Tokalon (Greasy) feeds and nourishes your skin all night with genuine Biocel. Crème Tokalon Vanishing (non-greasy) nourishes your skin all day and makes face powder invisible and adherent. It will make your skin three shades whiter in a few days' time. Success guaranteed in every case or your money refunded.

Crème Tokalon

Actually

KILLS FLEAS

Then keeps others away.

Many "Flea" powders simply stun the pests, but Pulvex kills them dead and prevents reinfestation. It is so repellent to fleas and lice that others keep away. Pulvex is economical, harmless, odourless and non-irritating.

Sold by all good dealers, in tins at 1/3; double size, 2/-.
Wholesale Distributors:
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4 O'Connell St., Sydney

PULVEX
KILLS FLEAS OFF···KEEPS THEM OFF

Nic-o-cin
NEUTRALIZES NICOTINE
—AND KEEPS SMOKERS FIT

PRICE, 9d. and 2/-, at all best chemists' and other stores. Wholesale inquiries, G.P.O., Box 1161, Melbourne.

So there was hope.

And if there were no hope, there was always courage. While a man kept up his courage, why—he had courage—and could face anything. Including blindness, horrible facial disfigurement, the maiming of his hands, the loss of the use of his legs—and of the work that had made life worth living.

"So what the hell, Bill; what the hell?" . . . as the soldiers used to recite.

Blind. . . . Blind. . . ." Blind. . . . Pity the blind.

Wonderful how your hearing develops when you're blind, he mused. Almost see with your ears, in time. Wonderful how your arms develop when you're crippled, if you use them properly. Almost as good as legs. . . . Well, well! Jolly old Life—so long as you can feel the sun on your face, snuff the heather-scented breeze, enjoy eggs-and-bacon, coffee, your pipe, and a glass of whisky. . . . Curious fact, though, that blindness, while enormously increasing the power and delicacy of the senses of hearing, touch, and smell, rather diminishes, if anything, the sensitiveness of the palate. Anyway, he could taste his food and drink, well enough; and his pipe or cheroot, too.

And he was going to enjoy everything he could, and make the best of it. Bad job, not being able to read. . . . But he had his memories!

Memories, begad!

Some memories!

They'd be better when he could push further into the background that memory of the last thing he had ever seen.

Flames! Flames! Flames!

Creeping nearer and nearer.

Smoke. . . . Thick swirling smoke.

That was the very last thing he'd seen—smoke and flames.

Memories. . . .

That had been a mauvais quart d'heure—but even during that unforgettable time, as he lay there roasting to death, he had had the satisfaction of knowing that they'd been unable to make him speak English—even when Yaraslov the Butcher began cutting his fingers off—one by one; a joint after every unanswered question.

Not many men have been burnt alive—to the point of unconsciousness; to the point of being crippled and blinded; of being a charred, hairless, blackened body on which the clothing has been reduced to brittle charcoal, ash, and soot—and have recovered. Without medical aid or skilled nursing. . . . Thank God for brave and devoted followers.

Trust Shere Khan to have been watching the house, and—after seeing the conspirators leave it, one by one, and smoke begin to appear—to have dashed off for Mahbub Ali, waiting close by in the Silk Bazaar, and to have burst into the room, smashing the locked door.

The wire had been red hot in places, he said afterwards.

And those men, their lives not worth an hour's purchase, had hidden him for weeks in the stable they had rented for the horses; and when he could sit on one, they had brought him safely back by the way they had come.

Did the ghost of the Afghan envoy gibber and laugh, as his slayer, a blind cripple, rode past the scene of the fight in which the envoy—with five Afghans and three Pathans—had died?

By the end of that blind ride, Ganesh Hazelrigg had known what suffering was.

Ah, well . . . he was alive—and there were other memories than those.

He'd get out in the sun, take some exercise, get up on the moor and hear the larks, smell the heather, count his many blessings and—rejoice.

He still had his courage, all right, thank God.

Rising from his chair, he made his way round the room and out into the little hall. Taking his crutches, he swung off down the garden path, through the gate that opened on to the well-worn track that so few people ever trod, save he and Mrs. Cobley, and, counting every swing of his body, from foothold to foothold, made his way to the rough road rarely used by motor cars.

Along this road he swung, still counting, until, accurately as in the days when he could see, he stopped by a gateless stone gate-post, tapped it to verify his position, and turned off on to the heather. One hundred paces, or measures, from where his feet touched the ground to where they touched it again; another hundred; a third; a fourth; twenty-seven more swings—and he must be at the spot where the ground was always soft, where crutches would sink in, where he might stick like a fly on gummed paper.

Leaning on one crutch he took the other by the middle, and threw it a few yards ahead. Balancing himself for a moment he threw the other after it. Then, sinking forward on his face, he raised his body perpendicularly from the ground and "walked" forward on his hands. At this he had always been extremely expert; and, like this, he could go quite a long way.

Feeling the heather again beneath his hands, he allowed his body to fall back, and came lightly to his feet. After a few seconds' groping, he found his crutches, rose and resumed his way.

HOBT HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.***

BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 38

Ah! Here he was! In the hollow wherein he'd loved to sit, upon occasion, almost from boyhood. High and alone and hidden, for the place was a natural saucer, and anyone sitting in it was invisible to passing pedestrians—should there ever be any.

Here, with his lingering agoraphobia, his dread of company, he could be as private as in his own house.

No one to see him—and to Pity the Poor Blind.

Now for a pipe, and—pleasanter memories; out here in the sunshine and glorious air.

Memories. . . .

Perhaps he'd drop asleep—and not dream that he was burning in Hell.

CHAPTER 33.

"MAJOR BARTHOLOMEW HAZELRIGG?" said a voice. "Excuse me if I intrude." Instinctively he "looked" up.

"Good God!" whispered the voice. "I didn't know that . . ."

A close and careful observer, had one been present, would have noticed a startled look on the woman's face, a look of incredulity, almost of fear, almost of horror.

The observer might also have noticed that the man held his breath, froze into utter immobility, and listened—appeared to listen with all his soul, as well as with his ears. But his face was expressionless.

"Yes?" he said, after a long silence.

"May I sit down?" asked the woman, her voice now under control again, her eyes examining his blind, disfigured face, his almost fingerless hands, and noting his untidy blindman's dress, his feeble legs.

"Do," said Hazelrigg.

"I want to talk to you. I saw you come out of your house, and followed you here. What I have to tell you is private. Very private. And I thought this would be a better place in which to say—what I have to say."

"Yes?"

"I am Mrs. Hennessy Wogan. You know my husband, though you don't know me. But . . ."

Ganesh Hazelrigg smiled.

". . . but I know you—or rather, who you are," she continued. "You are Mary Harrington-Spens' brother. It is on her behalf that I have come to see you."

"Yes? You have come from my sister?"

"When I say 'on her behalf,' I do not mean that I have come from her. I have come to do her a kindness, really. To give her a chance of saving herself from—well—from more trouble . . . from another law-suit."

"That is very kind of you."

"As you know, she succeeded in winning the case brought against her by the rightful heiress of Henry Askroyd—his wife. The poor woman whom he secretly married and then disowned."

"Yes?"

"I am she."

"Ah! . . . Ah! . . . You are she. Yes?"

"And now—although I then failed to prove the fact that I am Henry Askroyd's wife, and lost my case but it because my evidence was stolen and my witnesses bribed—now I have another, a perfect, proof that I am the heiress."

"Yes?"

Please turn to Page 41

EVERY NIGHT *is Lux night* FOR UNDIES

Every morning you can revel in the feel of cool, clean undies to slip into after your bath. There's nothing worse for your undies and stockings than a second day's wear. Perspiration acid rots the silky threads and ruins the colour . . . but a nightly Lux bath starts them off again like new every morning.

FOLLOW THE EASY 4-MINUTE LUX METHOD. One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies . . . and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out . . . they're sweet and clean again. *Don't use too-warm water*—Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

RUBBING WITH CAKE SOAP WEARS FABRICS. STREAKS COLOURS. . . . ALWAYS USE LUX.

A LEVER PRODUCT

Lux your underthings every night . . . removes perspiration

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LADIES!

Executive Positions of all kinds are now open to ladies who have an aptitude for Commercial and Professional work.

STOTT'S has special Postal Courses for:—

Commercial Art
Showcard, Ticket Writing
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There is no need to leave home to prepare; Stott's can train you—SUCCESSFULLY—in the privacy of your own home. Without obligation.

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★ ARE WOMEN TOO OLD at 40?

Gone is the day when a woman, on reaching 40, thought she must be old, and that it was perfectly natural to have wrinkles, sagging tissues and coarse pores. Nowadays, clever women know better. More and more the secret of reversing the hands of Time's clock is becoming known. By the use of Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth'—the simplest effective rejuvenating facial treatment—any woman may look years younger *in a few minutes!* 'Facial Youth' is a multiple-formula cream that makes the coarsest skin soft, pliant and youthful—devoid of the signs of age—vibrant with the healthy glow of youthful loveliness. At the same time, this beautifier holds powder so perfectly that no powder shows—just an exquisite, faultless bloom. There is nothing to equal this rejuvenating cream—it will even cause blackheads, blemishes, small wrinkles and red "age veins" to vanish, will obviate enlarged pores and discourage the growth of hair on face, neck and arms. Try 'Facial Youth' and be amazed at the wonderful improvement that so swiftly comes to your appearance; any high-class chemist or store can supply you—tubes at 1/3 and 2/-; jars at 2/6.

You *cannot* look old or unlovely if you use Kathleen Court's 'facial youth'

HEADACHE NERVE PAINS?

Tired nerves are the cause of Headache, Neuritis, Neuralgia. Get instant relief from all nerve pains with genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Avoid imitations—they may be injurious.
12 for 1/6; 24 for 2/6.
All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive, it never fails.

Write or Call for wonderful book. Treatment by mail a speciality—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment — no pain from start.

C. WINTER
61 WELLINGTON ST., KEW, E4, VICTORIA.

BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 40

"YES. I have Julia Askroyd's last Will and Testament. Her last Will, you understand. Made after your sister left her service. Made months later than the one Julia made in favor of your sister; and which was made under your sister's influence."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And I am going to recover whatever remains of my legal and rightful legacy. I am going to get every penny—unless . . ."

"Yes?"

"Unless you at once pay me back the ten thousand pounds that she made over to you by deed of gift."

"Why trouble about a trifle like that, since you have a later Will?"

"I am not greedy—and litigation costs money. Pay me that ten thousand and I will undertake to waive all claims under the Will—provided your sister pays me another ten thousand also."

"How is your—'husband'?"

"Hennessy Wogan? What has that to do with it?"

"Has he anything to do with it?"

"I have not seen him for years."

"Where is he?"

"In Ireland. In the Free State Army or the Irish Republican Army; or both, perhaps."

"No. He is not in both. And he is not your husband."

"What do you mean? Let me tell you something, my friend. I . . ."

"No, let me tell you something, my dear. You have joined two dossiers into one—and such a one! You have let a blind man see daylight! I'll tell you. Quite a tale. You have supplied the key that turns the picture-puzzle into a plain pattern. Listen!" and Hazelrigg took the woman's hand in his.

She smiled into his blind face.

Was the fool going to turn amorous—like all the other fools?

Well—the easier her task. . . . Let him get on with it.

The maimed hand slipped to her wrist, and though it had but a thumb and two fingers, its grip was amazingly strong.

"I've only seen you twice in my life, my dear Mrs.—er—Wogan; and yet your path and mine have often run parallel and quite near to each other—and they have crossed, occasionally. They have crossed again. They won't do so any more.

"No. Sit still, and listen. I have something to say, and you have something to hear. I shan't be very long.

"The first time I saw you was at Miss Julia Askroyd's flat. I had called to see my sister Mary. You were just coming out of the drawing-room as I was shown in. I only had a glimpse of your face. I just heard your voice, too, as you spoke to the maid, before the door was shut. But when I saw you the second time, many years later, I knew that I had seen you before, and had heard your voice before.

"WELL come to that in a minute. . . . A Miss Minna Minelli you were, my sister said; and she told me certain things about you.

"Then, not long after my sister married, you brought an action against her, accusing her of getting Miss Julia Askroyd's money by improperly influencing her to make a will in her favor. It was extraordinarily unpleasant for Mary, who had never even heard the word 'will' mentioned by Miss Julia Askroyd. A very nasty case, and horrible front-page publicity. It caused her and her husband a lot of suffering.

"I wasn't in England at the time—and it was the cruellest hard luck for my sister—because, by then, I knew quite a lot about Miss Minna Minelli.

"Sit still! . . . No, I am not going to leave go of your wrist. . . .

"Quite a lot. It was my business to know, as it happened. I knew she was the daughter of an Austrian officer and an Irishwoman. She was born in Rome, and grew up speaking German, Italian, and English, and learned Russian as well, later on. She married Captain Fritz von Voehniger, a German Secret Service agent—a very good agent, too, who did fine work for his country in the War . . . and who is still alive, my dear Frau von Voehniger. She was, for a time, her husband's colleague, the agent's agent—but she required a wider stage for her very marked abilities, as well as a bigger income for her very marked extravagance. So she went off, on her own, and did quite well at her job—soon having a name and number of her own, too, in the German Secret Service.

"She did quite well for herself, also, combining pleasure with business, and became quite a noted charmer—generally of Russian, French, and British officers.

"And so to Henry Askroyd. And to a quaint parallelism of our paths, my dear Frau von Voehniger. For it was I who got my sister, Mary, her job with Miss Julia Askroyd, because I had need and reason to keep in touch with the doings and movements of the Askroyd brothers, particularly the one whose [illegible]

sphere of influence was Germany. It gave me an excuse for calling—and chatting with dear Miss Julia. She loved to talk about her brothers.

"No, Mary knew nothing whatever about the game I was playing. She was absolutely loyal to her employer.

"And, 'to oblige Miss Julia' I called on Henry! . . . **Your** Henry. . . . We had quite a time together—for, although he lived abroad, he was a real patriot, and the less he saw of England, the more he loved her. And he was in a position to be very helpful. Very helpful indeed.

"In time, I helped him, too. The mouse and the lion, you know. I told him that an agent of mine had told me that a certain Miss Minna Minelli—in whom he had been interested and with whom he was now painfully involved—was already married, was a German agent, was Frau von Voehniger in private life, and need not be taken very seriously. In fact, if he liked, we could at once free him from the net.

"He did like—and it was I who put the spoke in your wheel and ended your chance of a career as 'Mrs.' Millionaire Henry Askroyd.

"Eh? . . . Oh, yes, my dear, you got your own back, as you say. But I can still laugh—and he laughs best who laughs last.

"And so, although I had never seen you then, our paths crossed—and again I put a kink in yours. . . . Then you turned your attention to Henry's sister in London. And, paid companion to Henry's sister, was my sister; although you didn't know it. And there, as I have said, I got a glimpse of you, though neither of us knew the other.

Please turn to Page 42

TWO NEW CHAIRS for 1'3d

That's all it costs to refinish them with

QUICK GENERAL PURPOSE **ENAMEL**

A quarter-pint tin is the size to buy — and in return you get not only two new chairs, but the thrill and satisfaction of doing a perfect job yourself. "QUICK" enamel flows out evenly without brush marks; dries in a few hours and gives a lasting glossy surface. *Made in 33 fascinating shades — all intermixable.*

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Also "QUICK" Stain, "QUICK" Clear and "QUICK" Silver

'ASPRO' ELIMINATES POISONS THROUGH THE SKIN

NATURE'S best way of banishing sickness is to remove the poisons by elimination. A naturally healthy individual has a constant imperceptible moisture exuding from the pores of the skin. In extreme cases this exudation develops into excessive perspiration. One of the many functions of 'ASPRO' is to promote skin action and poison elimination through the skin, freeing you of the causes of numerous pains and illnesses. Medicines which suppress are harmful. Suppression does not get rid of the cause. 'ASPRO' eliminates, and by eliminating the poisons assists in getting rid of your complaints. CONDITIONS OF ILL-HEALTH SHOULD BE ELIMINATED, NOT SUPPRESSED.

2Fb/35

'ASPRO' SAVED ME MUCH SUFFERING

Main Road,
RIDDELL, Dec., 1934.

Dear Sirs,

I am a mother of a large family, and find 'ASPRO' a most wonderful help at all times. For Colds and 'Flu, 'ASPRO' stands alone, and at the first sign of 'Flu or a Cold coming on, we take it at once. I would also like to mention that 'ASPRO' saved me much suffering with Neuritis, which for years has given me great pain. It gives me relief, and thanks to 'ASPRO,' I can keep my health splendidly.

(Signed) (Mrs.) W. J. LONG.

WIFE LOST HER VOICE —

29 Fourth Street,
BLACK ROCK, 1/10/34.

Dear Sirs,

I want to advise you of the benefit I and my family have derived from 'ASPRO.' I lost my voice through a run-down nervous condition, and after other medicines failed, my Chemist advised me to take two 'ASPRO' tablets every night on retiring. I am pleased to say that after a short time I regained my normal voice. Just recently my husband had a bad attack of 'Flu and Tonsilitis, and although he gargled with throat lotion, he did not get any relief until I gave him two 'ASPRO' to dissolve in his mouth and swallow slowly. After the first dose he felt better, and after taking several 'ASPRO' that way, his throat became quite well again.

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. GRAY.

BEGGARS' *Horses*

"THEN you disappeared. I lost track of you, and, having gone up north of Afghanistan to the Back of Beyond, only learnt, too late, that you had persecuted and prosecuted Mary. Lost you altogether, my dear—until we met for the second time. . .

"And now you have come and told me all about yourself—by saying you are Mrs. Hennessy Wogan—so that I can fill in the gap; complete the picture-puzzle.

"Since you are the woman who 'married' poor Hennessy Wogan, you are the woman who spoilt Stacey Burlestone's life with your lying tongue; the woman who very nearly wrecked Moresby Wallingford's career; the woman who 'married' and ruined young Easterwood; the woman who 'married' Colin Mackleworth, in order to take up the agency in India for supplying the German Secret Service with all the latest information about the Indian Army, the political situation in India, and all the news. Here our paths crossed again, although we never met, for your letters to your 'aunt' never reached Germany. They came to me, eventually; for I was in charge of that branch just then.

"And to think that it was our Minna all the time! Our Frau von Vochniger, in fact!

"When the War came, you were in Germany, and they sent you to Switzerland and thence to Paris, where you worked with Mata Hari. And it was your evidence, later, more than anything else, that sent her to face the firing-squad. You saved yourself at her expense—proving your bona fides as a good English ally and genuine contre-espionage agent!

"You came to England with Wogan, and then went to Holland, Sweden, and Italy. Then back to India to carry on the good work. To England again, on the same ship as Stacey Burlestone, and then to Germany, and so to Russia—double-crossing again.

"An extraordinarily clever woman. Amazingly cool and brave. I respect courage beyond all virtues—and had you been a loyal agent of your own

Continued from Page 41

country, or an honest agent of any one country, I could almost have respected you. Almost. Not quite. Too personally base and evil, apart from professional dishonesty, taking pay from both sides and betraying both—like your unfortunate friend, Marguerite Zell, bird of your feather but lacking your nerve and ability. From both sides? From half-a-dozen—including the foul Bolshevist crew. You served—and cheated—Germany, France, England, Belgium, Austria and Russia. An international spy—and swindler.

"No. I couldn't quite respect you, for you are just a mean, hireling, double-crossing spy—liar, cheat, swindler and evil parasite . . . a conscienceless peril to men and to nations.

"And so to Russia, I say. And there I saw you for the second time, my dear; and though I knew I'd seen you before, I couldn't place you. Had I done so in time, I should now have my two eyes, my ten fingers, the use of my legs—and my fascinating, dangerous work.

"Yes. You won that time. And had me burnt alive.

Please turn to Page 44

WINNERS *in Our* BIG RECIPE COMPETITION

With the added incentive of increased prizes in our Best Recipe Competition, women all over Australia have responded with recipes of outstanding merit.

For we are offering over an extended period £2/10/- for the recipe we judge best, £1 for the next best, and six consolation prizes at 5/- each.

So send in your favorite recipe. A few minutes spent in this happy effort may reward you substantially.

This week's prize-winners:

FIG LAYER CAKE.

Figs are just ripening, and here is a most delicious way of using them in a cake for afternoon tea or supper.

Three eggs, ½ cup cornflour, ½ cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice, juice of one orange, minced stewed figs, ½ to ¾ cup water.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. In another basin, beat egg yolks till light, then stir alternately into the butter and sugar with the flour sifted with the cornflour and baking powder. Add cold water, stirring in gradually ½ to ¾ cup as required. The quantity depends on the size of the eggs. Lastly, add orange juice, and fold in stiffly-beaten whites of 3 eggs.

Pour into two shallow, well-buttered sandwich tins, spreading mixture evenly over. Bake for about 20 minutes in moderate oven. When cool, put cakes together with butter icing, minced stewed figs, and flavored with lemon juice. Preserved or whole stewed figs cut into circles, can decorate the top of the cake when iced.

First Prize of £2/10/- to Mrs. A. Smith, No. 3 Flat, 118 Bay Rd., North Sydney.

DELICIOUS CREAM WAFERS

Four ounces golden syrup, 4oz. butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 3½oz. flour, 1 teaspoonful ground ginger, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind.

Grease four large baking sheets with butter. Put the golden syrup, butter, and castor sugar into a small saucepan, and set it over a gentle heat until the butter and sugar are melted, stirring it occasionally. Sift the flour into a basin with the ground ginger and salt. Mix the golden syrup, etc., gradually into the flour, so as to form a smooth paste, and add the grated lemon rind. Put this mixture on to the prepared tins in dessertspoonfuls, about two inches apart, so as to give them plenty of room to spread. As soon as one tin is ready put it into a moderately hot oven, then the wafers will not all be ready to roll up at the same time. When a rich golden brown color, take them out of the oven and allow them to cool for about two seconds. Slip a knife under a wafer, raise it from the tin, and curl it round the handle of a large wooden spoon. The side of the wafer that rested on the tin should be next to the spoon handle. When the wafer is crisp remove the spoon. When cool fill with whipped cream and mashed strawberries, if in season.

Second Prize of £1 to J. Andrews, Crichton St., Yeerongpilly, Brisbane.

MUTTON AND TOMATO PIE

One and a half or 2lb. mutton cutlets, 1lb. tomatoes cut in halves or sliced, 1 small onion, a dessertspoon butter, a tablespoon flour, pepper and salt, a cup stock or water.

Trim cutlets, lay them in a casserole, sprinkle the onion, peeled and finely shredded, over them, mix the flour to a smooth paste with some of the stock, add the rest of the stock, and pour over the meat. On top of all arrange the tomatoes, and put the butter in little pieces over them. Add pepper and salt, cover with crust, and bake in a moderate oven about 1½ hours. If a casserole is not available, use two pie dishes of the same size for cooking, and put one on top of the other.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. S. G. Wright, Box 2, Melrose, Vic.

ORANGE PUDDING

Six ounces flour, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 oranges, 1 pinch salt.

Grease a small pudding basin and pour syrup in bottom. Mix dry ingredients and add to creamed butter and sugar. Add grated rind of one orange, then beaten egg, and, finally, the strained juice of both oranges. Pour into basin, and cover with a piece of greased paper, and steam for two hours.

Serve with orange sauce: 1 cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, one-third cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons cornflour, grated rind of 1 orange, sprinkling of salt. Mix sugar with cornflour. Add water, and cook until thick. Add orange juice, rind, butter, and salt. Serve hot over pudding.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to G. Shepherd, Queen's Avenue, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

RING MOULD

One and three-quarter cups milk (hot), 3oz. rice, 3oz. sugar, ½ cup whipped cream, 2oz. gelatine, vanilla essence.

Wash rice and cook in boiling water 15 to 20 minutes. Drain well and simmer in the hot milk until rice is soft. Dissolve the gelatine in hot water. Add to the rice mixture with the sugar, cool, and when mixture begins to set firm, stir in the whipped cream.

Flavor to taste with vanilla essence, put in a wetted ring mould, and leave overnight to set if ice is not available. Then turn out, fill centre with stewed cherries (from which syrup has been drained). Any fruit, stewed or preserved, may be used.

The fruit syrup is excellent combined with fresh fruit juice for fruit cocktails.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. G. McGinty, Warwick, Qld.

DELICIOUS CHERRY AND NUT BALLS

Break ¼lb. spaghetti in small pieces and boil in plenty of slightly-salted water for 15 minutes. Drain well, return to saucepan, and barely cover with milk; add 2 tablespoons of sugar, and simmer till milk is absorbed (about 5 minutes).

Allow to cool, then add 3oz. chopped nuts, 2 or 3oz. chopped glace cherries, a beaten egg and a sprinkling of flour to bind. Shape into small balls, roll in biscuit-crumbs or fine breadcrumbs, and fry in lard till golden brown (3 or 4 minutes). May be served hot or cold. They are excellent for picnics or school lunches, and are very nice.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. A. Burke, Lismore, 48 Llanerst St., Armadale, Melbourne.

APPLE SQUARES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons S.R. flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cocoa.

Roll out as pastry and spread lightly with gently stewed apples, cover with the mixture of the same thickness and size. Bake in fairly hot oven for about 20 minutes. When cold, cut into squares, ice, and sprinkle with coconut.

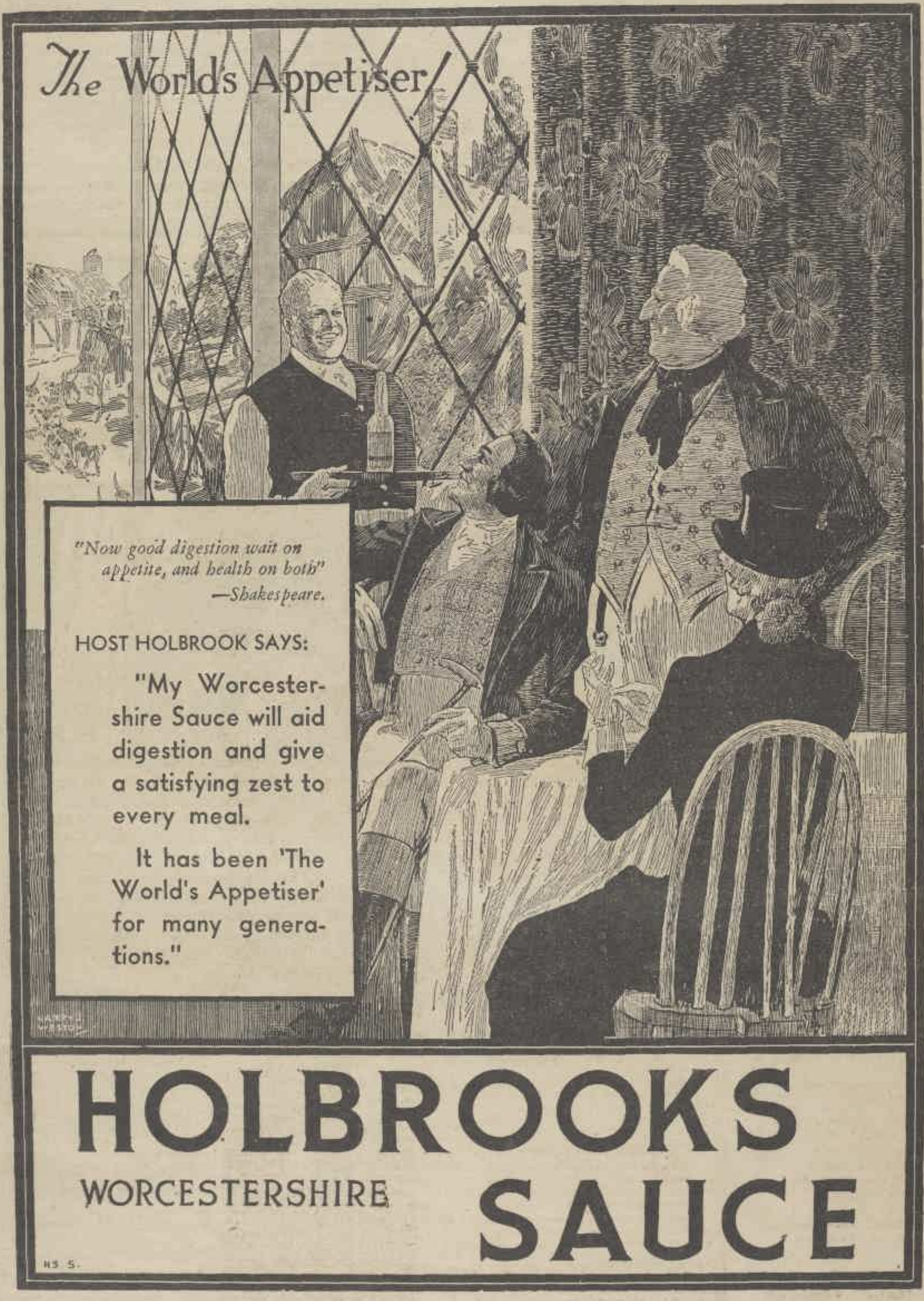
Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. W. J. Biggins, Murray Town, via Wirrabara, S.A.

ORANGE CIRCLES

Three tablespoons butter, ¾ cup sugar, juice of 1 orange, grated rind of 1 orange, pinch salt, 1½ cups self-raising flour.

Beat together grated rind and butter. Add sugar gradually (continuing the beating), add salt, orange juice, and flour (little at a time). Toss on floured board, roll to thickness of an eighth of an inch, cut in circles (not too large), bake in moderate oven for ten or fifteen minutes till firmly set and golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss Mellor, 4 Botanic St., Hackney, S.A.



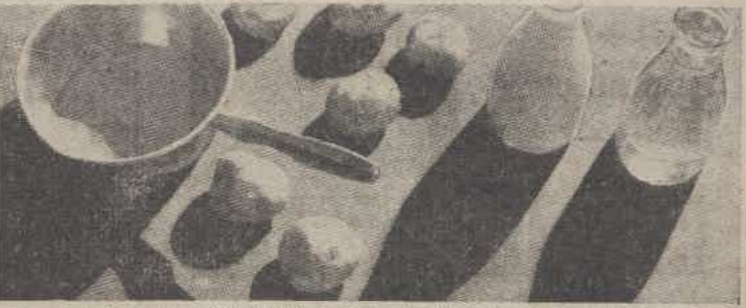
REALLY, WE SHOULD *Take Off* OUR HATS *to the* POTATO!

For this homely, taken-for-granted vegetable can be used in a variety of delicious ways!

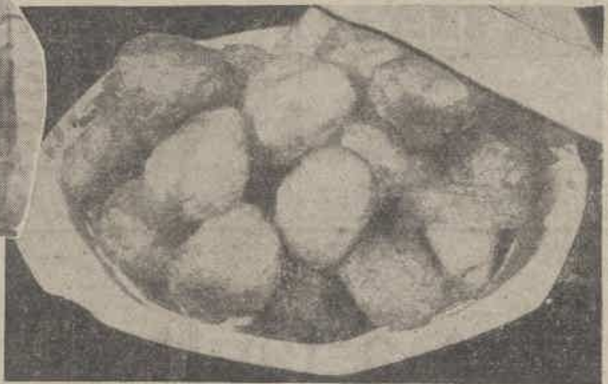
By . . . *RUTH FURST*
(Cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly).

IF, by chance, you feel that about everything has been done that can be done with the good old honest potato, pause a little . . . a few pleasant surprises await you in these tested recipes direct from the capable hands of our new cookery expert—the majority of them costing only a few pence to make, too.

WHEN you peel potatoes—peel them thinly. Don't throw into the garbage can the goodness that lies close to the skin. Health experts would have us cook them in their jackets always!



OLD POTATOES acquire a new delight if cooked in half milk and half water. Add salt, bring slowly to the boil, and cook slowly till tender.



POTATO CROQUETTES are delicious. You'll find the recipe on this page. Make accordingly and they will become immediately a firm favorite.

POTATOES should be washed well, peeled thinly, placed in salted water, then brought slowly to the boil, cooking slowly till tender. Remember to leave the lid on the saucepan.

New Potatoes: Put them into boiling water with salt and mint.

Floury potatoes are always best for mashing, but if you are frying them and want to have them well browned use the waxy kind.

When potatoes are to be fried, always soak them for some time in salted water. This removes some of the surface starch and makes them crisper when cooked.

Use boiling fat, otherwise it penetrates to the insides of the potatoes, and they are sodden and pale. Put potatoes in fat, fry for a few minutes. Lift out. Thoroughly re-heat fat, return chips to it, fry until golden brown. This is called "twice frying," and makes them really crisp.

Drain them well after frying. Never serve in a greasy condition as they are sure to be sodden.

The potato is the least nutritious (flesh-forming) plant cultivated for human food. One lb. of potatoes contains only one-third of an oz. of flesh-formers.

SO TASTY — so nourishing — potato soup. Make it when the next cool spell arrives. And when winter comes the children will ask for it again and again.

POTATO SOUP

Three-quarters pt. of stock or water, 3 potatoes, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ cup milk, ½ onion, croutons.

Peel potatoes and onion and slice very thinly. Put into a saucepan with the liquid. Boil until potato is soft and mashy. Press through a coarse strainer. Return to saucepan with the blended flour and stir over the fire until it reaches boiling point. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot, with croutons.

POTATO CAKES

Eight oz. cold, cooked potatoes, 4 oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 oz. butter, salt, 1 egg.

Mash potatoes until free from lumps, add sifted flour and baking powder, then melted butter and well-beaten egg. Spread the mixture on a well-greased baking-dish and bake in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Cut into squares with a hot knife. Serve hot with butter.

POTATO BLOCKS

Inch-square blocks of cheese, mustard, potatoes, butter, 2 eggs, breadcrumbs, hot fat.

Spread the cheese blocks with mustard, steam the potatoes, mash them well with butter and egg, season with salt. Divide into portions and wrap each portion thickly round a block of cheese. Dip in egg and coat with crumbs. Fry in boiling fat until golden brown. Drain. Serve very hot.

POTATO SALAD

Cold cooked potatoes, mayonnaise or salad dressing, very finely-chopped eschalot, chopped parsley or capers.

Choose waxy potatoes if possible, and cut potatoes into thin slices. Put a layer of potato in a salad-dish or small individual dishes, sprinkle with eschalot. Continue till dish is full. Place in the ice chest. Just before serving, pour over a little mayonnaise and sprinkle with parsley or capers. Serve at once.

POTATO SOUFFLE

Eight oz. cooked potatoes, 2 table spoons milk, 1 oz. butter, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt, cayenne, seasoning.

Mash potato, add milk and seasoning, melted butter, and grated cheese. Stir in the yolks of eggs, then fold in the well-beaten whites of eggs. Pour into little individual souffle dishes (these can be either of china or paper). Bake in a hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Serve at once.

POTATO CHEESE CAKES

Half lb. mashed potatoes, 4 oz. sugar, 2 oz. currants, 1 oz. peel, 1 oz. butter, salt, 2 eggs, lemon juice.

Mash potatoes, add currants, butter, sugar, peel, salt, lemon rind and juice. Mix well, then add beaten eggs. Half fill patty-tins that have been lined with puff pastry. Bake in hot oven.

BAKED POTATO PUDDING

Half lb. cooked potatoes, 2 oz. butter, ½ pt. milk, 1 lemon, 2 eggs, 3 oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, pinch salt.

Mash the potatoes, add sugar, salt, and lemon rind. Boil the milk and butter and pour it on to the potato mixture. Stir well. Add the beaten yolks and the juice of ½ lemon. Fold in the baking powder and the well-beaten whites of eggs. Put the jam in the bottom of a well-greased piedish, pour the mixture over it, and bake in a moderate oven until set. Serve hot or cold.

POTATO FRUIT PUDDING

Half lb. cold cooked potatoes, 3 oz. stoned dates, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of ½ lemon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 oz. melted butter, 4 tablespoons milk.

Mash the potatoes until free from all lumps, add the chopped dates, sugar, beaten egg, lemon rind and juice, lastly the melted butter and milk. Pour into a greased pudding-mould, cover with greased paper, and steam 1½ hours. Turn out and serve with custard or lemon sauce.

POTATO PASTRY

Two cups mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup milk, plain flour, salt, pepper.

Add the milk and butter to the potatoes, beating well; add enough flour to make into a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board, roll to the size and shape required. Bake in quick oven.

This pastry is used for covering meat pies or small cases with a meat filling, and is also very good for using up cold cooked potatoes.

POTATO DUMPLINGS

One cup cooked potatoes, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, salt, pepper, finely-chopped parsley.

Mash the potato, add the flour, baking powder, salt, pepper, and parsley, then the well-beaten egg. Mix in well. Drop spoonsful into boiling stew about 30 minutes before the stew is to be served.

STUFFED POTATOES

Four large potatoes (to each tablespoon of potato pulp allow 1 tablespoon of meat), ½ oz. butter, salt, pepper, chopped parsley.

Scrub and wash the potatoes; bake in a hot oven until soft. Cut one end off each and scoop out the inside with a teaspoon. Mash the potato; add meat, parsley, butter, salt, and pepper in given proportions. Refill the skins with the mixture. Place the potatoes back in the oven and let them thoroughly re-heat through. Serve at once.

POTATO AND APPLE PUREE

(To be served with roast duck, pork or goose.)

Prepare, cook, and mash potatoes very smoothly and make, also, a practically unsweetened puree of apples. Mix these together in the proportion of two-thirds potatoes to one of apples. It should not be too moist. Serve hot with duck, goose, or pork.

POTATO PIE

Potatoes, hard-boiled eggs, onions, pastry, a little milk or stock, salt.

Peel potatoes, onions, and eggs and cut into slices. Put alternate layers in a greased piedish or fireproof dish; sprinkle with salt, pour in the liquid. Cover in the usual way with pastry (either short crust, potato pastry, or puff pastry). Bake in hot oven until potatoes are soft. Serve at once.

POTATO CROQUETTES

One lb. cooked potatoes, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons chopped onion, butter, yolk of egg, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

Mash the potatoes well, add parsley, onion, butter, and egg-yolk. Season with salt and pepper. Stir the mixture over the fire for a few minutes to cook the yolk of egg. Turn on to a plate and allow to cool. Shape into small balls. Dip in egg, then cover with crumbs. Fry in deep boiling fat until golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve on a hot dish.

Rosella
PICKLES
12 Varieties

Just a few from the excellent range. Try them.

CLEAR MIXED PICKLES
PICCALILLI
BROWN ONIONS
WHITE ONIONS
MUSTARD PICKLES
CHOW CHOW
INDIAN PICKLE
CAULIFLOWER PICKLES
PICKLED WALNUTS

Matured in
ROSELLA PALE BARLEY MALT VINEGAR

Have you ever really tried a true Film-removing tooth paste?

IF you really want whiter, more attractive-looking teeth, REMOVE FILM, say leading dental authorities. Film is that dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harbors stains from smoking. Combines with substances in the saliva to form hard deposits. And worse still, film is laden with millions of tiny germs that are often the forerunner of tooth decay. Film unremoved invites dental disorders. Thus film must be removed—kept off teeth.

Brushing alone cannot remove film satisfactorily. Ordinary tooth pastes or powders may be ineffective in removing film. There is now a dentifrice you can *depend* on regularly—a dentifrice thousands of dentists use in their own homes and millions of people have used successfully. This dentifrice is Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

The safe way to cleaner teeth

No other equally safe way removes film as thoroughly as Pepsodent. Pepsodent is different in formula, hence different in the way it works. It contains no grit, pumice, or soap. The base of this definitely modern tooth paste is a new and revolutionary cleansing and polishing material—recently developed. This cleansing agent is far softer than the polishing material used in other leading tooth pastes or tooth powders. Yet it removes film and polishes teeth to new gleaming lustre as more abrasive kinds can never do.

So why take chances with "bargain" dentifrices or questionable ways? Remember that this unique film-removing agent is contained in Pepsodent exclusively. Thus no other tooth paste can assure you of true Pepsodent results. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

FREE—10-Day Tube
To the Pepsodent Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. (Dept. A.W.W.)
Box 488G, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Please send me a Free 10-Day Trial Tube of Pepsodent.
Name ____________
Address ____________
Only one tube to a family.

"HE'S COMING ALONG MARVELLOUSLY" thanks to—

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

You can successfully rear baby, even from birth, on cow's milk, modified by Robinson's "Patent" Barley. Cow's milk by itself is apt to be indigestible but the addition of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, as clearly and simply directed on every tin, makes cow's milk as digestible as breast milk.

● Write for your free copy of "My Book"—a complete guide to infant feeding—Coleman-Keen (Avisa) Ltd., G.P.O., Box 2503 MM, Sydney, N.S.W.

BP 38/1.

BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 42

"AND now, feeling safe and secure, you have visited England again. . . to do a little blackmailing, make a little money from Mary and her husband and her silly brother—never dreaming that her silly brother, Bartholomew Hazelrigg, was the man you burnt alive! Hand of Fate, eh, my dear Frau von Voehniger? Paths crossed again—for the last time. . .

"Have I nearly done? Yes, I have. I apologise for boring you. You could always make men talk, couldn't you?

"Yes. Nearly finished. Don't worry. I am not going to tell you any more. I am going to show you something. Chiefly for England's sake; and partly for the sake of my friends, Harrington-Spens, Aubrey Easterwood; Stacey Burlestone, Moresby Wallingford and Hennessy Wogan. . . . And, I fully admit, partly on my own account. . . . Amazing, how you have been concerned in the fates of all six of us. The pure golden thread on which the pearls of our six young lives were strung. . . . 'Beware of a dark woman,' eh!

"Keep still! Don't be impatient. I'm going to show you now. It's a trick I learnt in a country where men take the bull by the horns literally—and turn it into beef, with one twist. I perfected the trick in Japan. Great anatomists, those little men, and wonderful at the application of the powers of leverage. No. . . . It is quite useless for you to struggle. I shan't hurt you—and you won't hurt anybody else, ever again.

"Practically painless. Not like being burnt alive. . . . The side of the left hand below the right ear; the right hand on the left side of the head, and a sharp jerk—so. . . . Just a click . . . and it's all over. . . . Thank you."

The "click" was audible.

Ganesh Hazelrigg, to the best of his ability, arranged the body of Minna von Voehniger (nee Minna Minelli), alias Daphne Mackleworth, alias Daphne Easterwood, alias Madame Yaraslov, alias Daphne Wogan, in the posture of natural sleep, reached for his crutches, and rose to his feet.

"Vain regrets for the rest of my life, my dear? Yes. Bitter regrets—that I didn't wring your damned neck years ago. . . . And if I hang—well—it'll be a pleasure to hang for you, Minna."

Crossing the clay again, by the same method as before, he retrieved his crutches once more, and returned to his cottage, feeling much better.

CHAPTER 34

A YEAR later, on the anniversary of the day of the murder, Ganesh Hazelrigg threw a party at the Imperial Hotel, Mayfair; a party to celebrate the fact that he could read the headings in a newspaper and was likely to be able to read the rest of it, in course of time; that he could walk a mile without crutches; that his artificial hands were nearly as good as the real ones had been; and that the doctors had built him a new face of subcutaneously-injected paraffin wax.

Lord Morgan-Thomas, Sir Andrew McIlraith, and the other physicians and surgeons who had taken pride and interest in his recovery, called it a triumph of courage, and spoke of him as the stoutest and bravest sufferer they had ever known.

There were present at the party his brother-in-law, Colonel Marcus Harrington-Spens, Major Stacey Burlestone, Colonel Moresby Wallingford and General Hennessy Wogan, of the Free State Army.

Never was a jollier or more successful party, although, at one stage, there was a brief unrehearsed silence after the host had proposed the toast of "Absent Friends," and added:

"Above ground and below — and especially that fine gentleman, my friend Aubrey Easterwood."

Major Stacey Burlestone's "God rest his gallant soul," came evidently from the heart, and was obviously in the nature of a prayer.

After dinner, in a brief lull of the general happy conversation, the host turned to the General on his left hand, and mentioned that the port was at his elbow.

"Begob it is. I beg its pardon, then, I was thinking, Ganesh, me bhoy . . ." replied Wogan, unsmiling.

"Thinking, Geoff?"

"Yes. Of that damned absentee wife of mine. . . . There's a girl in Ireland, with a heart of gold, eyes of sapphire, teeth of pearl, hair of ebony, complexion of sunset glow on snow-clad peaks. Faith, I . . ."

"Why don't you marry her?"

"They still only allow ye one wife in Ireland."

"I'll tell you something, Geoff. You can rely on its being true—but I want you to say nothing about the matter to anyone, and especially not to give me as your authority, if ever you do. Understand?"

"Absolutely. I'll never repeat what ye say, Ganesh, and when I do, I'll say 'twas not you that told me, for 'twas yourself said it wasn't."

GANESH Hazelrigg laughed.

"That's it, Geoff. Anyway, whether you quote me as your authority or not, I can't prove what I say—to you or anyone else."

"I'll take your word on it, Ganesh. For you're the best and whitest man God ever made."

"She's dead. You'll never be troubled by her—or by anybody concerning her—if you marry again to-morrow, and put a wedding-notice in every paper in the world."

"Fact, Ganesh?"

"Fact."

"How d'ye know? Secret Service?"

"Very secret."

"Good enough, Ganesh. God bless ye. And thank ye, m'bhoy."

"What for?"

"Telling me."

"Oh . . . yes. . . .

"And now I'll tell you something else, Geoff. She never was your wife. Yes, I know you went through a form of marriage with her—but she wasn't a widow. So, if ever she came back, which she won't, you needn't be frightened."

"What? Aubrey Easterwood is . . ."

"He never was her husband either. Nor was Colin Mackleworth."

"Sure now, Ganesh. I always said she was a disrespectable woman."

"A bit careless. She never was a widow or a divorcee. Her husband, Fritz von Voehniger, is alive to this day. And if she were alive she'd be Frau von Voehniger."

"Fancy . . . poor Daphne a 'Frau'! And a corpse, too! She was a great lass."

Ganesh Hazelrigg beamed round at his four friends.

Marky Harrington-Spens — reasonably poor now, and without a care.

Stacey Burlestone — looking less healthy and far happier.

Geoff Wogan—looking less happy and far healthier.

Tony Wallingford—chastened, but on top of the world, now that Joan had decided he shouldn't fly any more.

Poor young Aubrey Easterwood . . .! Poor? . . . Wasn't his fate perhaps the best of all—because the Gods loved him? . . .

And he himself?

He wished he hadn't been so foolhardy—rash.

Well, if he had worshipped and painfully cultivated Courage, made it his god, until it had brought him to a fate worse than death, Courage had brought him back again, and saved him.

Yes, whatever he had lost, he had his courage—and no regrets . . . and anyhow, what's the good of wishing? If wishes were horses, beggars would ride . . .

HOST HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar it is a brew of excellent quality.***

Dryness—a fault of your OUTER SKIN

But *Lines* and *Wrinkles* come from shrinking of your *Under Skin*

You need *Two* Different Creams to keep both skins perfect

TWO SKINS—so entirely different that no single cream can supply their needs.

Your Outer Skin is constantly having the moisture whipped out of it by exposure. It needs a special substance to restore this loss.

Your *Under Skin* is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines from forming. When the natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

An Oil Cream to Check Wrinkles—To help your Under Skin, you must use an oil cream that penetrates to its very depths. Pond's Cold Cream does this. It sinks far down, renews tired, sagging tissues. Since it does go so deep into your skin, this cream is a perfect cleanser. Your pores are freed of every speck of accumulated dirt and make-up. It's no wonder your skin feels vibrantly alive.

The Outer Skin is Different—When the natural moisture in this skin is extracted from it, you must supply a substance which restores this loss. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made for this very purpose. Roughnesses are smoothed away in a single application. And because this cream leaves your skin so smooth, pearly looking, it is an excellent powder base. It will hold your make-up beautifully.

Lady Brougham and Vaux

—lovely, blonde and blue-eyed, gives each of her skins the care it needs—Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Try this Famous Two-Skin Treatment

1. Every night cleanse and firm your Under Skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off. Repeat, patting vigorously.

2. Next, smooth your Outer Skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave it on all night.

3. Every morning, and during the day as needed, another Cold Cream cleansing. Follow with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then make-up.

In just a little while you will see your own skin, too, becoming youthfully clear and fresh.

New Larger Jars 2/6 Tubes 1/-

TRIAL OFFER: *Mail this coupon to-day with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel)* ☐ *Light Cream* ☐ *Rose Cream (Natural)* ☐ *Naturelle (Light Natural)* ☐ *Rose Brunette* ☐

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Name

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THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY

SMOOTH—GLOSSY
1 At its peak, the inner and the outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—flawless!

SOFT—SPONGY
2 Just past its prime, the inner tissue has softened and shrunken away from the outer skin, which loosens.

WRINKLED—DISCOLORED
3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too.

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FIRST of *Our Exclusive* SERIES of KNITWEAR

Paris Raved about This Design . . . Learn How to Make It!

DID you ever see a more desirable tailored jumper than that sketched on this page? No wonder Paris was wild about it when it was featured at a recent dress show there! It was priced at a figure which made it the envy and despair of women whose purses were not terribly deep.

However, Miss Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, promptly secured a photograph of the jumper, and Gerda, our knitting expert, set to work to make it. The result is the directions printed herewith, which enable you to make this chic garment for yourself at the cost of a few shillings.

INTERESTING fashion points about this tailored jumper are its new slit sides and belt, and the attractive new three-color scheme.

This is the first of a series of exclusive knitted garments for which The Australian Women's Weekly will publish directions.

New wools for 1935 will positively thrill you. Munrospun, for example, is a two-tone fleck with great knobby lumps in the pastel tones simply hanging all over the wool. When you knit it, these knobs prove to have the cleverest way with them. There is a beautiful new duty pink, and a Marina blue, and gorgeous flecked tweedy wools.

Yes, we are going to love our knitting, this winter. All the world's most notable couturiers are vieing with each other in their knitwear. At a price, believe me! But, armed with your Australian Women's Weekly, you can make them, too, and be both wondrously chic and commendably economical.

Here are the directions for the tailored cardigan illustrated on this page:

DIAGONAL RIB JUMPER COAT

Materials: 8 skeins beige, 1 skein each of scarlet and cocowood crepe wool. Pair of No. 9 bone needles, medium steel crochet hook. 6 brown buttons and a brown buckle.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge 20 inches. Bust 34 inches, sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: 8 sts. to one inch across, 9 sts. to one inch in depth.

Stitches used: Garter stitch (every row plain) for borders. Moss stitch (K.1, P.1, reversed every row) for ties. diagonal rib for body and sleeves. This stitch is made thus:

Row 1: K. 4, P. 4, repeat to end of row.

Row 2: Purl the knitted sts., and knit the purled sts. as though you were making a rib of K. 4, P. 4. Repeat these two rows throughout, but move the pattern 1 st. to the right for the left-hand side of the front, and 1 st. to the left for the right-hand side of the front, at the beginning of every Row 1. The back of the coat is knitted in one piece, and the sts. move one st. to the left at the beginning of every Row 1. Care must be taken when decreasing and increasing that the diagonal line is not broken.

Abbreviations: K. knit, P. purl, st. st. stocking stitch, st. stitch, decr. decrease, incr. increase.

BACK.

With beige wool cast on 120 sts. Knit into back of cast on sts. Work in garter st. for one inch, change to diagonal rib, keeping 8 sts. at each end of needle in garter st. for border. After working rib for 3½ inches continue in rib all the way across, decreasing 1 st. at each end of the needle after the next two rows, then in every following 5th row until 4 sts. have been decreased each side. Work for 2½ inches, then incr. 1 st. each side in the next and every following 5th row until there are 120 sts. on the needle. When work measures 13 inches from start, shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next two rows, then decr. 1 st. at each end of the needle every alternate row 6 times each end. A decr. of 24 sts. altogether.

When armholes measure 6½ inches, shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of every row 4 times each end. Cast off remaining sts.

THIS PETROV SKETCH shows you how delightfully the tailored jumper, for which directions are given on this page, lends itself to the new idea of a three-tone color scheme. Shades are beige, scarlet and cocowood.

The original, knitted by Gerda, is on display in the wool department (ground floor) of David Jones', who courteously supplied the wool and buttons

THIS is a photograph of a section of the diagonal rib stitch used.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 68 sts. Knit into back of cast on sts. Work garter st. for one inch, change to diagonal rib, moving pattern 1 st. to the right and keeping a border of 8 garter sts. at each end of the needle for 3 inches from start of rib. Now work rib across border sts. at side seam and, after first 2 rows, decr. 1 st. at side in the next and every 5th row 4 times. Continue without shaping for 2½ inches, then incr. 1 st. at same edge in the next and every 5th row 4 times. When work measures 13 inches, shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next row, then decr. 1 st. at same edge every alternate row 6 times.

When there are 96 "ridges" up front border, shape neck by casting off 16 sts. at beginning of next row, then decr. 1 st. at same edge every row 8 times. Shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every row 4 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Make the other side of the front in the same way, but make all the increases and decreases at the opposite sides of the work.

Sleeve: Cast on 52 sts. Knit into the back of cast on sts. Work garter st. for one inch, change to diagonal rib and work for 2 inches, moving pattern 1 st. to the left. Now incr. 1 st. at each end of the needle every 6th row until there are 90 sts. on the needle. When work measures 18½ inches shape top by knitting 2 together at the beginning and end of every row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

Make another sleeve the same, moving the pattern one st. to the right.

The Ties: With scarlet wool, cast on 3 sts. K. into the back of cast on sts., then k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

Next Row: K. twice into first st. P. 1, k. 1.

Next Row: K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.

Repeat these last two rows, increasing always at the same edge, until there are 40 sts. on the needle. Work on these sts. for 8½ inches, then decr. 1 st. every alternate row at short edge, until 3 sts. remain. Cast off.

With cocowood, make another tie in the same way, increasing up to 36 sts. Work for 8 inches, then decr. as before. Press lightly.

To Make Up: Press all work on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, join shoulder, underarm seams to within 3 inches of lower edge, and sleeve seams. Pick up all sts. round neck and work in garter st. After 5th row make a buttonhole thus: K. 4, cast off 6 sts., knit to within 10 sts. of the end, cast off 6 sts. k. 4. Knit next row, casting on the sts. where they were cast off. Knit 5 more rows and cast off.

Belt: At right hand side of back, pick up ten sts. at side seam, 2½ inches above side slit, work garter st. for 8 inches, then k. 2 together at each end every alternate row until none remain. Repeat at opposite side, casting off all sts. (tightly), in one row when belt is 8 inches long. Press lightly, sew buckle to straight end and fasten.

Sew on Buttons: With crochet hook, make loops of chain for buttonholes, slip-stitching along at back of border until level with next button, and so on until there are six in all.

A MARTYR TO NERVOUS HEADACHES

Nervous headaches, unlike the headaches arising from constipation or disordered liver, or those caused by defective eyesight, are the result of nervous exhaustion—a condition most often due to general weakness, overwork or worry. The nerves depend for their strength on the condition of the blood. Nervous headaches are a definite indication that your blood stream has become thin and weak.

The treatment necessary for nervous headaches, and all other forms of nervous trouble, is one which will build up the nerves through the blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been found of the utmost value and benefit in thousands of such cases because they help to create new rich red blood which nourishes the nerves and invigorates the whole system.

If you are a martyr to headaches, suffer from insomnia, lack appetite, have pains in the back and limbs, look to the condition of your blood. A short course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is your urgent need to restore you to health and strength. They usually do this quite rapidly. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams"—and take no other. ***

Cure your child's constipation with a LIQUID LAXATIVE

Do doctors and hospitals recommend pills or tablets for children? No! A liquid laxative is always prescribed because the dose can be measured to a drop. Therefore its action is under control, and a perfect movement is attained without any discomfort.

A strong and robust adult may be able to take harsh purgatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs, but they are definitely harmful to children. What kiddies need is a safe, gentle, *liquid* laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is particularly recommended.

Next time your child is listless, headachy or "out of sorts", give her a dose of "California Syrup of Figs". She will love the delicious taste of this natural vegetable laxative. Cassia, mint and cloves are responsible for its wholesome, fruity flavour.

Don't take risks in such an important health matter. "California Syrup of Figs" will not throw too much strain on a child's bowels. It will not form habits. And it will make your child bright, happy, and carefree again.

IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Calif'g".*

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Dear to the hearts of women for 129 years

No other soap has ever displaced Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet as the best loved and most desired of all beauty soaps. To-day no finer soap than Cashmere Bouquet . . . with its twelve precious flower oils . . . *can* be made. Its delicate creamy lather is so softly exhilarating—so beneficial to the skin. Use Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap yourself and give it to your guests. They will appreciate the thoughtful, fragrant compliment to their good taste.

Colgate's
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The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Creme or Compact), Perfume, Eau-de-Cologne, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid).

C.B. 35/1

ONE FAT WOMAN TO ANOTHER

Tells How She Lost 28 lbs. in 14 Weeks

Now They're Both Reducing

There is a close bond of sympathy between fat women. They are all being overcome by a common enemy—an enemy that robs them of attractiveness, burdens their activity, and often endangers their health. Here is a letter that tells how one fat woman passed on to another the good news of a safe way to cast off unwanted fat:—

"I took Kruschen Salts for rheumatism for a considerable time, and am now entirely free from pains of any sort of a rheumatic nature. A few months ago a lady friend of mine tried the same 'useful bottle' for reducing weight. She reduced just over 28 lbs. in 3½ months, using a teaspoonful of Kruschen in warm water each morning. She had taken four bottles, and then reduced the dose by one-half. I am now using the same method as I am horribly overweight, and after just two bottles (taken in the same proportion) I have lost 10 lbs., and am going merrily on."—(Miss) J. H. M.

Kruschen is an ideally balanced blend of six separate mineral salts. The formula represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of Carlsbad, Ems, Kissingen and other well-known European spas which have been resorted to for generations by the over-stout. Only in Kruschen can

you get this precise combination of salts. The exact correctness of the formula of every batch of Kruschen is checked by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling.

When Kruschen is taken daily, every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system. The stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are tuned up, and the pure, fresh blood containing the six vital salts of Kruschen is carried to every part of the body. Then follows "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

VICTORIAN *Family* ROBINSON

Continued from Page 5

SHE did not seem to be attending to the sailor's compliments; she was gazing down across the upper decks, and the rail that divided the first-class portion of the ship from the second, to the well-deck where some two-score steerage passengers were taking the air. Robinson, always suspicious of Adeline since the narrowly escaped disaster of Charlie Chaine, followed his daughter's eyes. If there was one thing more than another that you could be sure of about Adeline, it was that she didn't commonly show interest in anything of an abstract nature. She wouldn't be philosophising about the lower-deck people, as Eleanor might have done. She'd be looking among them to see if there was anyone she could make eyes at. . . So, lamentably, ran the Reverend James' thoughts.

But there was no one surely who could arouse her interest there. James Robinson had visited the second-class himself more than once, in spite of a reception none too kindly. There were no women. The ship didn't carry women, except first-class, and the men were of a roughish kind, ill-lodged, ill-fed, and matching their lodging with their manners.

Some of them told the parson plainly that they didn't want any Holy Joes there, and were in no need of district visiting. One of them wouldn't even speak to him, a tall, fine-looking fellow with the huge beard of the day, and deep-set eyes hidden behind blue glasses. This man, Chapman by name, had bolted into the big common cabin every time Robinson came aft, and, sitting with his arms on the table, or lying in one of the deep bunks that were fitted to the walls, with his face turned away, opposed all the Vicar's well-meant remarks and questions with a determined silence.

"Some criminal escaping from justice," Robinson thought. He was all the more taken aback when he saw, by the direction of Adeline's eyes, that it was this man who had attracted her attention. She was staring at him in an uncertain, frightened way, as if she expected him to leap over a railing and two decks, and seize her by the throat. . . .

"Got some rough 'uns down there," said the mate, a little piqued. "Sulky beggars, most of 'em. What they want is Cunard first saloon accommodation and western ocean steerage prices. What they get is a bit between the two, and too good for 'em, if you ask me."

Adeline was not asking him anything.

She was not looking at the "rough 'uns" any more. She was looking down at the toes of her pinched shoes. "They're too tight," she suddenly gasped. "I'm going to—going to—faint."

AS she keeled over, toes up and head falling back, the mate caught her cleverly, fielding her, as it were, with one arm, while with the other he beckoned to the stewardess. Nobody was surprised by sudden swoons in those days. It was part of the "sensibility" expected of refined young women, and a man who could not catch and hold a fainting lady with proper deftness, was held to be ill-mannered.

The mate was not ill-mannered. He supported Adeline with grace and ease, letting her flower-like head droop over his arm, while her body leaned against his outflung thigh. Perhaps he held her a little more closely than etiquette demanded; but the stewardess was on hand almost at once, ready to help him with the fainting, not-quite-insensible girl, to support her staggering steps into the main companion, and lay her down on the seat that topped the stairs.

"That'll do, sir, thank you kindly," the woman said, and the mate strolled off again. On deck he casually glanced at the group of second-class passengers, and was rewarded by a wild-beast glare from Chapman, who had torn off his glasses, and was standing looking at the sailor as if he could have slain him.

"Sweet on Miss Adeline, damn his staring eyes," thought the mate. "As if a blessed steerage passenger had the right to look at our ladies in the saloon." He laughed. The situation appealed to his primitive sense of humor. "For it's not little Miss Addie I'd have myself, if there was choosing going on," the mate thought. "Eleanor's my meat. Nell with the carroty hair, and the eyes, and the bosom. Fire there, if a man had the chance—well, nothing's more certain than that the chance won't be mine." He rolled down the deck, conscious of the fine appearance he made in his tropic whites, with the white, visored cap and the little curtain that hung down behind it; with his jingling gold watch-chain and bunch of gold seals, and the floating ends to his silk tie. Conscious, all the same, of being entirely unacceptable to the Reverend James as a possible son-in-law.

Adeline meantime was rapidly recovering. "Don't fuss," she told the stewardess. "There's nothing the matter with me." It seemed indeed that there was little the matter, for when the stewardess had got her on to her feet again, smoothed her hat and hair, and arranged her skirts, Addie, forgetting all about the tightness of her shoes, ran gaily out on to the deck, humming a little tune and looking about her. Her cheeks had lost their paleness, and turned pink. Her eyes seemed very bright. You would have thought a sudden fright and a sudden faint the best tonic in the world—had you looked at Addie then.

If the rough fellow, Chapman, had frightened her, there seemed no further risk from that quarter at present. Putting on his glasses again, the man had shambled into the cabin, and was no more seen.

But Addie, all afternoon, Addie, who couldn't sing right out and splendidly like Eleanor, hummed little bits of song, and tapped with very high-heeled shoes upon the deck, keeping merry time. The dancing air of Madame Angot pleased her and, drawing her needle in and out of embroidered roses, she hummed "Il Bacio." Addie, for some unknown reason, was happy.

Nobody noticed. Eleanor, farther forward, had joined the select group headed by Lady Gilliland; that group the members of which bent forward when they walked and ever so slightly halted, in the modish Alexandra limp, meant to flatter the disability of a great princess. Up to Lady Gilliland, passengers were brought one by one; she gave them gracious words, and passed them on, practising the coming dignities of her position as Governor-General's Lady. James Robinson, absorbed in watching her, thought Sir Thomas Gilliland a fortunate and a happy man. Dignity, "style," he admired above all things in woman. He was sorry that Adeline had so little. If she could only see more of a lady like Lady Gilliland. . .

Margaret was her name, wasn't it? A beautiful name.

Through perfect weather, through peaceful nights and days, the ship went on, farther and farther into what was then indeed the unfravelled waste of the Pacific.

And everyone was happy. And the end of all that happiness, the end of the voyage seemed very far away; but everyone pictured it, in his or her mind, as still more delightful than the voyage itself had been.

CHAPTER 3.

IN those days, and until long afterwards, a voyage meant complete separation from the land world to a degree hardly realisable now. Once the anchor was weighed, with stamping and with song, you were completely isolated till the next port appeared. You might "speak" passing ships, by means of flags; tell them that you were safe, and receive their assurance that so were they—each arranging to report the other as soon as possible. But passing ships were few, and the excitement of seeing and "speaking" was over in an hour or so. Then solitude, isolation again. Again the narrow circle of ship talk, the news of the ship's cat's accouchement, the standing jokes about somebody's hat, somebody else's "giglamps," the shocking tale of the apprentice who stole the captain's tarts, and was rope's-ended by the mate for his crime. Porpoises playing about the bows, the death-finger of a shark's black fin cutting the silken water.

Please turn to Page 49

HOBY HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.★★★

Dull food means a dull life

LIVEN YOUR FOOD WITH

LEA AND PERRINS SAUCE

TRY THIS RECIPE!

SAVOURY EGGS.

Boil 4 eggs hard and cut them in halves. Remove the yolks and put them in a basin. Add 1 teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon sardines, 1 dessertspoon Lea & Perrins sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pound the mixture well together, then fill the whites with it. Cut a small piece off the end of the egg so that it will stand upright. Place on a lettuce leaf and coat the top with a little mayonnaise.

DRIVE OUT
RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE

London Doctor's Prescription.

Don't suffer crippling Rheumatic pains or backache when you can get instant relief from Dr. Harrison's Pills! This remedy immediately goes to the root of the trouble by ridding the system of the cause—uric acid. This acid poison is slowly, day by day, breaking down your health, causing ageing back, limb, joint and muscular pain, and probably weakening the heart. Harrison's Pills quickly and effectively free you from the danger by dissolving and driving from the system the uric acid crystals now making comfortable life impossible for you. Why wait until you become crippled, mentally and physically? Your very brain refuses to do its best while you are tortured by the uric acid fiend. Get genuine relief once and for all. Take Harrison's Pills to-day and regain your old sparkle, activity and youth. Harrison's Pills end the pain and the cause! Any good chemist or store can supply Harrison's Pills in three sizes: 18 Pills, 3/-; 32 Pills, 5/-; 68 Pills, 8/-; thus providing the least costly form of proven relief from uric acid, rheumatic, kidney and bladder pains and disorders to be had in this country.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1301E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

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Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

'TWEEN SEASONS.

WW109A.—Select a material for this swagger coat that will carry you well into the autumn. Neck is trimmed with heavy stitching, simulating a yoke.

Material for 38-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

JUMPER SUIT EFFECT.

WW110A.—A rather unusual frock, simulating a jumper suit. Blouse extends below the waist where the skirt joins. Pleated godets are provided at the base.

Material for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

COWLS ARE THE MODE.

WW111A.—Simplicity and chic describe this blouse. Cowl front is cut on the cross, and gathered where it joins the raglan sleeves.

Material for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

LOW SKIRT FRILLS.

WW112A.—An evening frock which is smart enough for any special function. The low flare ornamented with frills is dainty.

Material for 36-inch bust: 5¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SWEET PARTY FROCK.

WW113A.—A real party frock with side-fastening effect. Skirt is gathered at the high waist and trimmed with scalloped frills round the base. Pattern for 6 and 8 years.

Material: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BOYS' ROMPERS.

WW114A.—Dress him in a pair of rompers of some sturdy material. They save a lot of washing. This design is made with the back flap for fastening. Pattern for child 1 to 2 years.

Material: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

NOVEL FRONT FASTENING.

WW115A.—Something new for the sports girl. The front has novel fastening and could be embroidered with initials. Skirt features a shaped panel back and front.

Material for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SURTLY FLATTERING.

WW116A.—Crepe-de-chine would be ideal for this smart model. The new style sleeves terminate at the elbow. Frock has a seam down the centre front and fastens on the shoulder.

Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL MANNER OF COLLARS.

WW117A.—Brighten up your frock to finish out the season with one of these smart collars. You have a choice of four collars and cuffs. **PAPER PATTERN, for the set of 4, 1/1.**

Free Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4133X, G.P.O., Sydney.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 580F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on the next page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 16/2/'35.

OUR FREE PATTERN

THIS week's free pattern would look well in marocain with white vest and turnback revers. Skirt panels are fashioned with low pleats.

Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust.

Material: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

He cannot buy the world's finest motor car, but he can—and does—buy the world's finest shoe polish . . .

A Kiwi shine for him!

Kiwi Polishes and Preserves . . . Protects the Leather

KIWI

BLACK POLISH — The Quality Boot Polish — TAN POLISH

TAN—*All Shades*

White Cleaner *and Cream*

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TERRY and TEDDY the TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYRE Jr.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall

WUNDERLUST and Fred briskly walked down the street and stopped abruptly as they reached Mr. Gorkin's ham and beef shop.

They were both very worried. They had always liked Mr. Gorkin, and yet there had been many rumors going about and they all centred round Mr. Gorkin and the way in which he got his eggs. Rumor had it that he had robbed a neighboring house of eggs one night at midnight.

Wunderlust had listened to these rumors for a long time, and at length had got definitely annoyed and set off with Fred to get to the bottom of the matter.

Mr. Gorkin was standing in front of his shop and when his eyes set on Wunderlust he smiled cordially. "And how is my good friend to-day," he said good naturedly.

"Well, as usual," answered the genial Wunderlust. "But, Mr. Gorkin, I have come here on rather a nasty errand. You see, people around here are complaining, and go so far as to say that you were actually seen in your next-door neighbor's fowl-house stealing eggs some nights back."

"Nonsense," answered Mr. Gorkin. "I can't understand such people. H'm, so that is what I get for doing good turns. About two nights ago I was awakened by a noise coming from the house next door. Without hesitating I got up and investigated. I found that the side-door of the yard had been left open, and that a big dog was strolling about the fowl run and was causing quite a lot of trouble. I soon managed to put the dog out, and then I securely locked the gate and then went back to bed, and that is all that happened on that momentous night."

"Thank you very much," said Wunderlust rather apologetically. "I hardly wanted you to go into such a lengthy description. I knew that you wouldn't steal eggs, but it is certainly amazing how people will talk. Anyway, don't you worry, Mr. Gorkin, for I will just show them how I can talk. Within a few days every one will know of your kind deed."

And in so saying, the two firmly shook hands and then separated.

PRIZE LETTER

PRIZE of 5/- for the best letter goes to DOROTHY PRICE (13), Wagstaffe P.O., Way Way, N.S.W.

Address all letters and contributions to Jill, Box 41032, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Jill's Letter

MY DEAR JACKS AND JILLS—

I was looking through a big annual the other day, and I discovered some rather interesting facts about birds. It may surprise many of you to learn that the average life of a swan is 100 years. The crow lives almost as long, and so does the eagle.

Above is Joan Le Quesne, of Glebe Point. —Falk.

The average ages of other well-known birds are as follow: The blackbird lives 12 years, canary 24, crane 24, fowl (common) 10, goldfinch 15, goose 50, heron 55, lark 13, linnet 23, parrot 60, partridge 15, pigeon 30, raven 100, sparrow-hawk 40, wren 3.

Well, Jacks and Jills, I'll say good-bye until next week. Hoping to hear from you all very soon.

Cheerily Yours,

JILL.

ASK your friends to place two chairs back to back, take off their shoes, and jump over them. Your chums will think it is the chairs you mean, and will say that they can't do it. Then you tell them it was the shoes you meant, not the chairs.

Prize Card to K. FORSYTH, Cedar Grove, Bukkulla, N.S.W.

A Five-Year-Old

By JEAN SYKES

When I'm grown up and strong and tall,
I'm not going to really work at all
Unless I work the water-cart
That washes roads around this part.

Or else I'll drive that noisy waggon
That makes a noise just like a dragon,
Roaring loud as ever it could,
That supplies the corner house with wood.

Then perhaps I'll be an engine-driver,
Or else a burly deep-sea diver;
But then again a country farm
To me has lots and lots of charm.

And then I think its likely, too,
I'll be a sailor dressed in blue;
But nicer still would be to own
A lolly shop when I am grown.

Prize of 5/- to JEAN SYKES (12), 121 Beni St., Lindfield, N.S.W., for this original verse.

PRETTY FLANNEL FLOWERS

By JEAN WILLIAMS

WHEN Nature created this earth, all the flowers were white. One day she came with her beautiful paints and colored each flower a different shade. Some she left white, but one little white flower begged so hard to be colored that Nature commenced to paint it green. First she colored the tip of every petal green and, when she had done this, she discovered to her dismay that she had no green paint left.

So the little flower had to remain white, with just a tip of green at the edge of her petals. The flower was named "flannel flower" because of the velvety feel of its petals.

Written by JEAN WILLIAMS (13), Towerville, Minnesota Avenue, Fivedock, N.S.W. (5/- prize).

When playful little Willie Black,
Throw all the tea-things at his mother;
She murmured, as she hurled them back,
"One good tea-urn deserves another!"

HERE IS Neville Anderson (14), of Bronte, who attends Christian Brothers' College, Waverley. In the last Intermediate Examination he secured nine "A's."

ABOUT OURSELVES

IRIS MARSH, of Brookvale, writes a very good letter; JACK TREBLE, of Rockhampton (Qld.), got a new bicycle for his fourteenth birthday; ALMA CHAPMAN, of Uralla, via Armidale (N.S.W.), has a heifer, a cat, and two chickens for his pets; ESME ELLIS, of Campbelltown (N.S.W.), always reads our section every week; MARY FISHER, of Fullarton, is eleven years of age; RITA CURRAN, of Lindfield (N.S.W.), writes good verse; JEANETTE DOUGHARTY, of Launceston (Tas.), attends the C.E.G.G.S., and is in 3B; HENRY STONE, of Gowrigan (Qld.), is fond of swimming and riding, and his favorite pet is his clever little pony; VALERIE CLARIDGE, of Glenelg (S.A.), writes pretty verse; LOLA BOWLER, of Scone (N.S.W.), is very fond of gardening; BETTY CRITCHTON, of Heathcote (Vic.), writes good verse; DORIS ROSENGROVE, of Catamnal, Boort (Vic.), is fond of sewing, knitting, and playing tennis; GRACE MOURNEY, of Thornleigh (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; JOAN NOLAN, of Noma (Qld.), is one of our new members; MARIE DYMOCK, of South Brisbane (Qld.), recently spent a very enjoyable holiday at the seaside; LILLIAN WANNAK, of Prospect (S.A.), is at present staying with her Grandma at Cawler.

FOR FUN & FANCY

JACK: What is the weight of the moon?

Tom: I don't know.

Jack: One owt.

Tom: How is that?

Jack: Because there's four quarters.

Prize Card to LEONE MACKALINOWSKI, 139 Grafton St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Policeman (to small boy in pond): Hey! Don't you know its against the law, swimming here?

Small Boy: Aw, that's all right, sir. I can't swim!

Prize Card to JOAN GROSS, Bruce St., Camp Hill, Brisbane.

Jack: I've heard of a man that ran over himself

Tom: How did that happen?

Jack: Well, a certain man pulled his car into the kerb, and asked a boy if he would go over the road and buy a paper. The boy refused to go this message, and for that reason, the man run over himself.

Prize Card to KEITH CHECK, 212 Harris St., Pyrmont, N.S.W.

Mrs. Jones: Hello, this is Mrs. Jones ringing, would you kindly send me a pound of cutlets, please?

Mr. Smith: Sorry lady, we have no cutlets.

Mrs. Jones: Well, bin chops will do.

Mr. Smith: We have no chops.

Mrs. Jones: Is that Smith's, the butcher?

Mr. Smith: No! This is Smith's the florist.

Mrs. Jones: Well, send me over some white carnations. My husband has almost starved to death by now.

Prize Card to FRANK O'BRIEN, off 121 Bruce St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Father: Did you tell your teacher that I helped you with your French exercise, Tommy?

Tommy: Yes, father.

Father: What did he say?

Tommy: He said he would not keep me, because it didn't seem fair that I should suffer for your ignorance.

Prize Card to KEITH WATSON, 28 Glen St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

PRIZE OF 5/- to S. Broomham (15), 52 Robert St., Willoughby N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

Three men were talking about telescopes. Bill described his experience, claiming his telescope to be the largest. After they had told their stories, a quiet man stood up and said: "I once looked through a telescope, I don't know if it was the largest, but it brought the moon so near that we could see the man in the moon gesticulating wildly and crying out, 'Don't shoot! Don't shoot!' The old frump thought we were poking a cannon at him."

Prize Card to HAROLD WRIGHT, 121 Chalk St., Wooloowin, Brisbane.

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VICTORIAN *Family* ROBINSON

Continued from Page 46

"TELL us a story about a shark." "Do whales ever sink ships, captain?" "Officer, were you ever in a wreck?" Leaning on the bulwarks, looking at the sea, swapping yarns, trying someone else's cigars, or someone's tobacco if you were of the "muscular Christian" type, wore rough pilot coats and heavy boots, and smoked a vulgar pipe to show how manly you were. Tossing rope quoits in a leisurely way, when you felt like it, which wasn't often—the tyranny of ship games was still in the distant future, and a man might lounge and loaf, and slowly soak land-weariness out of his tired bones without so much as a single invitation-of-the-nature-of-a-Royal-Command, from the life-and-soul of the ship, to "come along and stop grousing there in a corner, and join the sports committee." . . .

Cards—yes; a hand at whist; a quiet game of ecarte. Now and then. When you wanted to—not when three other people wanted, and wouldn't hear of letting you alone.

Drink—certainly. Beer; no ice, but nobody cared. Brandy and soda. Wine at dinner; no gentlemen, and few ladies dined without. Port and sherry, not much of those vinegary Rhine wines, but champagne fairly often. It cost as much as four and six a half-bottle, but it was good.

Captain's birthday dinner (which happened once in every voyage, just at the time when it seemed to be most needed). Champagne all round, marvellous efforts in the way of tarts and puddings; preserved ginger, guava jelly—magnificent.

Taking wine with the ladies. A fine point of manners. You caught her eye; you asked if you might have the honor. She blushed a little, bridled slightly, and bowed consent. Fill your glass; drink to her with your eyes upon her, saying eloquent things. . . . She sips from her glass, meets your eyes as she drinks, smiles, and the pretty ceremony is over. Mabel or Clarice, Blanche or Isabelle has been complimented. You have had an extra glass of wine; the ship's chief steward is pleased; everyone is pleased. Mabel, if she is popular, may have to accept the honor again and again, but she is well trained. She will sip like a bird each time, and make her one glass of "port wine" last out the dinner.

THERE is no band on board, and gramophones have not been dreamed of. The ladies give you a little music, in the evenings when it is so funny (everyone being now proof against seasickness) to see pretty Clarice holding on with one plump arm to the casing of the mainmast and swaying about while she musically assures you, in the bel canto that has since then long been lost: "Oh, no, we never mention her; her name is never heard——"

Rather improper, surely? "She" must have "done something," thus to be cut dead by her family. The Reverend James Robinson would not allow his Eleanor or Adeline to sing such a song, even though the nature of "her" offence is not even hinted at. But the song is wildly popular, and Clarice, Margaret and May sing it with that perfect innocence that is the height of impropriety. Eleanor sings "In Yonder Tomb Unremembered" in her deep contralto, and is politely applauded; Clarice gets one of the sheepy boys to accompany her in "The Captain With His Whiskers Took a Sly Glance At Me," and brings down the deck, almost, with the wild encore that follows. The captain, who has been enduring, with a somewhat mechanical smile, his thousandth and fifteenth musical evening, wakes up suddenly, winks at Clarice, and pulls his grizzled whiskers.

"Naughty man!" delightedly cry the girls. The incident supplies a new joke for next day's breakfast. The hens have laid; there are fresh eggs; everyone can ask everyone else, innocently, if he or she likes eggs without salt, and then follows the jape immemorial — about kisses without whiskers, and eggs without salt. . .

They laughed at such jokes. They laughed, consumedly, over the delightful games of consequences, played round the saloon table or on deck, with slips of paper and pencils. Great opportunity for sly love-making here—for sly poking fun at lovers, too. Of course, everyone on the ship by now was busy making love here, there, and everywhere. Dull? They didn't know how to be dull.

Strangely innocent this old passenger sea-life for all its occasional coarseness; its heavy drinking, its lower standards of cleanliness, its violent love-making that now and then resulted in hasty marriages conducted by the captain, if no parson were on board. Black was jet black, and white was snow. Villains were very villainous, even to their black twisted moustaches and too-heavy jewellery; good girls were so good that they almost crackled with purity, as their white gowns crackled with starch. Sharp lines were drawn everywhere. People knew their places, high and low. As much as possible, you were saved from the toil of thinking; thinking wasn't necessary for nice people; you merely felt instead.

Life afloat or ashore, among the "better" classes, was all very pleasant, and it was going to last forever. And indeed it did last for another two generations, running more and more smoothly, more and more without ripple or disturbance, just as the river above Niagara runs, as it comes, near, nearer, nearest to the Falls.

On the steamer Philippi, the days slipped along like oil. By this time, everyone had forgotten about the land. England, weeks away, was a grey mirage; Australia, weeks ahead, a golden mist. Nothing mattered but the slow, lazy-easy mornings and afternoons; the warm nights, with windchutes sticking out from every porthole, and sea fires burning about the bows, and passengers dancing gaily to a squeaky, jolly fiddle played on deck. The weather had been wonderful, except about Magellan. It was good, still, and the captain thought there wouldn't be much change for weeks.

Unless they got a bit of thick weather. That happened sometimes, hereabouts.

Where was "hereabouts"? The mate, when questioned, promptly gave latitude and longitude, which in those days meant nothing to anybody but professional sailors. Where were the nearest South Sea islands? And why hadn't they stopped at any of those that had been sighted in the distance, Tantalising glimpses of feathered palms, and coral beaches, white beyond belief. Well, they weren't very far from Tahiti, and the Kermadecs was a good way ahead and to the south'ard; they were making for Brisbane, in Queensland, which was a long way to the nor'ard of Sydney, which some folks thought was the whole of Australia. If they'd been taking Sydney first, the course would ha' been different—What? Oh, they didn't call at any islands because no big ships did. Only the little schooners and ketches and scows and suchlike, trading and missioning. The islands were pretty savage still, most of 'em. Yes, they were beautiful places, and some of 'em as tame as your own barnyard. You couldn't tell what you'd get till you tried. Desert islands? Well, the Admiralty surveys hadn't covered everything, not by any means. There were a lot of things not down on their charts. The mate bit the end of a cigar, and seemed inclined to change the conversation.

Lady Gilliland said: "What an exquisite pearly effect of mist over those miles of turquoise sea!"

The mate said: "Mm" and held a fusee to his cigar. He may have sent forth, by wink or nod, the sixty-years-ago equivalent of an S.O.S. At all events the captain, looking down from the bridge, called to him and he went.

The sea mist, as her ladyship had said, was indeed wonderful. And at night, an all-but-invisible moon making "cock's eye" rainbows overhead, it was more wonderful still. But nobody saw much of it. There was no dancing that night. The mate said that the dew would spoil the ladies' dresses. They had better stay down in the saloon and see the purser's magic lantern show.

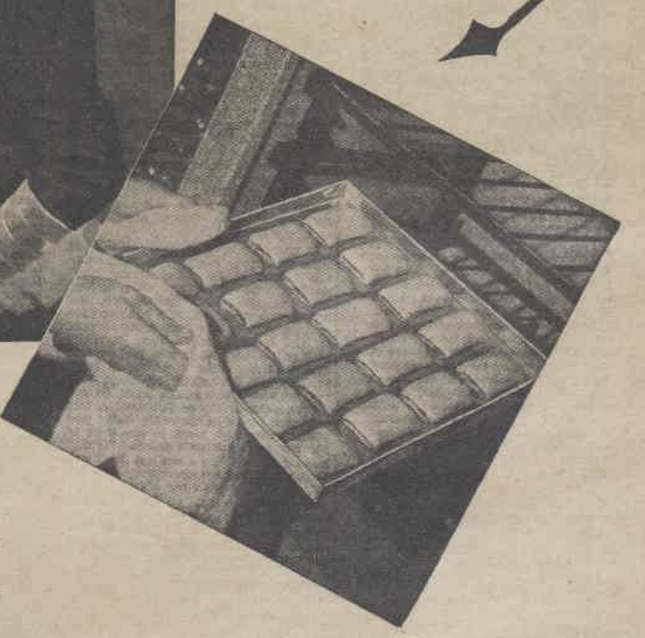
Please turn to Page 50

DO YOU KNOW?

THAT the pen-knife had its origin in the days when people wrote with quill pens. The quills were ot broke an i it became necessary at unexpected moments to sharpen them. Convenience decreed a handy knife which could be carried in the pocket.

READY IN ONE MINUTE

ONE minute in the oven — some cream or warm milk poured on them, and Arnott's Spicy Fruit Roll Biscuits become a delicious sweet, tempting and appetising. The ideal supper for cold nights.



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Try also ARNOTT'S Famous GINGER NUT and POPSO CRACKER BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM.

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Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Perstik

The DEODORANT-Applied like a Lipstick

. . . and you won't find a flea. I'm dazed with Pulvex once a week, and, mon, does that make me happy! Before then I lead a very scratchy life. Pulvex is non-irritating, odourless, harmless. Sold by all dealers in tins for 1/3, double size, 2/-.

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DON'T BE A JOB HUNTER. Start your own business on our capital. No hard times; no lay-offs; always your own boss. Hundreds average £5 to £10 a week profit, year after year. We supply stocks on credit. Over 90 Home Necessities. Selling experience unnecessary. Wonderful opportunity to own pleasant, dignified, profitable business backed by world-wide industry. Write Rawleigh Company, Department VI-111U, 75 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.***

SUFFERED FROM SPLITTING HEADACHES!

HEADACHES robbed her of happiness. Just when she wanted to be at her best . . . that throbbing, ceaseless pain would return. Then—luckily—she heard of NYAL ESTERIN. Just two NYAL ESTERIN tablets—a glass of water and relief came almost at once. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound a new sedative agent regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. It acts directly on the nerve centres and quickly soothes away pain. Take NYAL ESTERIN for headaches, neuralgia, toothache, rheumatic and nerve pains. Ask your chemist for NYAL ESTERIN. Tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3d.

NYAL ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431HH, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
NAME
ADDRESS
W.W. 16/2/35

VICTORIAN *Family* ROBINSON

Continued from Page 49

HAD he one? Indeed he had, and it was wonderful, with hand-colored scenery and "practicable" slides that showed you a donkey kicking, and a fat man falling downstairs, as natural as life. No, the mate wasn't coming. He rather thought he would stay on the bridge to-night.

The lantern and its sheet were set up. The purser, bringing forth his long pointer and his little stock of comments and jokes, set to work, as so often he had done before, keeping "the confounded passengers" quiet and out-of-the-way. On most voyages there were times when something of the sort was necessary. And, bless them, they never suspected anything. Or almost never.

James Robinson, that half-saint, that innocent, shrewd reader of the hearts of men, did suspect something. He had never been on a voyage before, but he knew when people were being kept out of the way. He knew when the note of gaiety rang false. Because there was not a grain of falseness in his own composition, he was as sensitive to it as a creature of the tropics is to the slightest breath of cold. The purser was jollying them along, pretending cheerfulness. Why?

James had two daughters on board. Without neglecting, even in thought, the rights of other people, he felt that it was his duty to see that they were protected, as far as possible, against whatever disaster the ship's captain, the mate and the purser might fear. There was trouble somewhere. Of what kind?

At this point he began to remember the family tradition, held somewhat cheap by himself hitherto, of a connection between his people and the famous Swiss pastor Robinson, whose impossible and ludicrous adventures, outraging all probability, had misinformed many generations of youth. James was not proud of being descended—if he was descended—from the supposed original of the book. But, just now he couldn't help recalling one or two pregnant facts. The pastor had been, at all events, a man of infinite resource. One who knew what to do under all circumstances, and did it instantly. What would he have anticipated in the present instance, and what measures taken?

Answer came quickly enough. There were only two things that could happen to a ship in a calm sea, with no danger of storm apparent. One was fire; that could be ruled out. The other was wreck; being cast away on some unknown and inhospitable shore.

THEY were, then, in danger of wreck. The English pastor, Robinson, accepted that as a fact, and while the passengers, including Adeline and Eleanor, were laughing consumedly in the saloon over the antics of the kicking donkey, James Robinson, with all simplicity, was following the example of "The Mother," and filling a large sack with things that might be found useful on a desert island. Bibles he put in first; then lucifer matches, needles and thread, Parr's Pills, Jesuit's bark, a volume of Shakespeare's plays, the "Pilgrim's Progress." Followed pens, ink, and paper (like a French exercise) and ship's biscuit, and a small bottle of brandy. Also a box, hurriedly retrieved from the bottom of his trunk, and containing, according to the packing list, a selection of Bible pictures, and some very simple tracts, suited to the minds of savages just emerging from the heathen state.

"A shepherd of souls is a shepherd anywhere," the Reverend James told himself. "And if there are no Australian blacks to convert, there may be others needing me even more." So he put the box, unopened, into the bag, and knew not that in so doing he had sowed a seed that was to come up, in time, big with the fate of himself and of many others.

It was late by now, and the lantern show was over. A quartermaster, casually placed at the head of the companion, was enforcing, with smiling firmness, the ship's well-known, but not always observed, rule against passengers visiting the deck after 10 p.m. In the cabins, people were hurriedly undressing, because it was just on ten, and all the candles swinging in brass gimbals, all the saloon oil-lamps that swayed above the tables, must be out by ten o'clock. James Robinson, a tall, imposing figure in his white ducks and white frock coat, went to the door of Eleanor and Adeline's cabin. "Girls," he said quietly, "lie down but don't undress; it is possible there may be some little difficulty with the ship."

"Yes, Papa," was all the reply he received or expected; he knew his daughters. Then this simple man went to his own cabin, sighed a little over the impossibility of putting together a steel pinnace in the ship's hold, with the aid of two or three small children and a carpenter's tool-chest, or even of connecting a dozen sawn barrels on a plank, and quietly sailing off with them and his family.

"Our ancestors," he thought, "were luckier as well as wiser than we." Then he kneeled down, very stiff and white and very long above the knees, beside his berth, covered his face with his hands, and started praying. He prayed until, exactly forty-five minutes later, a sudden grinding crash, and a rearing up of the ship's bows that threw him face down on the cabin floor, told him the expected had arrived; the Philippi was wrecked.

Immediately getting up, he went out. His daughters met him, completely dressed, but hatless. "Get your hats and your lifebelts," he said. "Put them on." He had attended to both details himself. All round them people were shrieking, rushing out of cabins, catching hold of one another, asking if they were going to be drowned. "I believe not," James assured them. "She seems to have taken in little water as yet. Pray, sir, don't embarrass the officers by going on deck; they will send for us when necessary. Madam, there will be ample time for you to complete your attire." The wife of the athlete Black fell on James' bosom, and begged him to save her. "The captain, under God, will do that," he said. "Especially if nobody goes up on deck and bothers him."

Black, with a foolish finger on his lip, was saying to an incurious audience that he ought to be allowed first into the boats; he was the only one of them who was celebrated; he'd be a loss to England, if anything should happen—and then he fell silent, staring uneasily about him, and still fingering with uneasy finger his flat, moustacheless lip.

By this time the stewards were about and busy, fluently, but with white faces, assuring everyone that everything was all right, and they had only to wait till the mate sent for them on deck; no, there was no danger, it was merely a rock that the ship had touched, and she'd be off it in another minute; they were lightening her, throwing coal and cargo overboard; the passengers could hear, if they listened. . . .

They did hear a great deal of confused noise, feet trampling, shouted orders, heavy splashing. They also heard what few of them knew how to interpret and none who knew liked—the creak of boat-falls on the decks above.

Lamps and candles had been lavishly lighted, and the heat of these, joined to the heat of the now stationary ship, made an inferno of the main deck; faces dripped, garments clung to soaked bodies. Some of the women were whimpering, but most of the passengers kept their heads in true British fashion. Lady Gilliland, who had come forth from her cabin with her lifebelt on, completely clad in ruffled frock, shoes, stockings, hat and muslin dolman, and was "holding the pose" of a Governor's wife, at the foot of the barred staircase, said: "I presume that these restrictions won't be kept up longer than is necessary, and do, for goodness' sake, my dear people, tie on your lifebelts straight, and get your money and jewellery ready."

"Madam, if you would assist——" the harried stewardess said; and Lady Gilliland went about with her, tying belts of a cumbrous uncomfortable pattern about the bodies of frightened but courageous women, and saying a little polite something to each, just as if she were holding a Government House reception, safe ashore. When were they going to be allowed up on deck? Were they to drown like trapped rats down below?

Was the parson praying?

He was not. James Robinson knew that there was a time for all things. Having seen that every man had a lifebelt, and had it on right side up, he was quietly waiting, an arm about each daughter, for what he knew would come; the rush to the boats. The Phillipi—God forgive her owners!—was, like most ships of her day, and some of ours, under-provided with boats.

THERE came a lull on the deck above; the splashing had ceased. No more cargo was being jettisoned. The whining of boat-falls stopped. The quartermaster opened the barred door at the companion head, and a cooler air stole in, mingling with thick white sea-fog, and a wild, sinister sound, until then not perceived; the noise of tumbling breakers. Not only were they to be heard; the vibration of them actually could be felt, through the immobile decks of the doomed Philippi, now lying still as a slaughtered ox on the reefs that had ripped out her heart.

The quartermaster shouted: "Ladies and gen'lemen—Captain's orders—all come on deck, no crowding, come quietly." He stepped aside, and left the hatchway free.

They came up in fairly good order; nobody pressing, nobody elbowing, except the craven Black, who with his huge athlete's muscles, kept shoving for a place among the foremost. "Representative of England," he was heard to pant. "First runner in the world—lemme by!" No one answered him, and the men in front linked arms to keep him back.

Robinson, in the rear, saw his daughters go together up the companion. They wore their hats ("for people die of sunstroke in a wreck"), they carried little parcels of valuables under their arms, and about their breasts the heavy, half-circular life-preserver of the day. If they were frightened (and no doubt they were), they kept their heads up, and their lips stiff, and did not show alarm.

Himself coming last, a place that no one disputed, he saw, with a certain tightening of the heart, that the water was beginning to come in, writhing, like a dark snake, along the alleyways just left behind. Soon it would mount the companionway—and then . . .?

"We are only just in time," he said to himself. Surprisingly an answer came from behind him. . . . So he wasn't the last, after all?

He turned. A tall soldierly man in rough clothing stood at his back. "Are they safe?" the man said, and Robinson had answered: "Yes, the girls are both on deck by now," before he realised to whom he was speaking.

The figure, the clothes, were the clothes and figure of Chapman, steerage passenger. The face, devoid now of beard and freed from disfiguring glasses, was the well-known—too well-known—face of Charlie Chaine.

"My God!" said James Robinson. "It's you!"

"Yes, it's me," said Charles with a grin. "Off to Australia, too—with the lot of you—like the goblin that sat on the load of furniture and went with the family that was running away from it. Ha, ha!"

"This is no time——" James Robinson was beginning, when a rush of passengers just outside the companion caught him and swept him away. He fought now, with the best or the worst of them; punched heads and kicked shins, made his way across the deck, amid the shouts of the officers and the concerted drive of sailors on their way to the boats, towards the spot where Addie and Eleanor clung together, awaiting him. And right at his back, effectively keeping the way, went Charles.

Naphtha flares had been lit; the fog, now that its work was done, was beginning to disperse; one could see about, a little, and that little was discouraging. The Philippi had apparently gone on a reef somewhere out at sea; to right and left of her stretched a line of breakers, tumbling-white, all ghostly in the light of the naphtha flares and the coming dawn. Ahead was the wall of mist; alongside, nothing but the breakers and the grey and hungry sea.

To be continued

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"Why am I always weak, nervous, despondent?"

There are countless women, men too, who for years have not known what it is to feel really fit and well. They drag wearily through life all unconscious of the fact that a chronically sour acid stomach is capable of souring one's entire existence. You can easily detect an acid stomach by the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstrung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. If that is how you feel, don't resort to pick-me-ups but take 'Bisurated' Magnesia to sweeten your stomach. This will correct the excessive acidity of your gastric juice and overcome the chronic sourness of your stomach. With the "mainspring" of your system in healthy working order your distressing symptoms will promptly vanish and you will soon be enjoying normal health and spirits. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from any chemist and start on the road to good health by taking a dose after your next meal—the effect will be a revelation to you. In 'Bisurated' Magnesia you have the supreme remedy for stomach troubles, with over 30 years' reputation for unfailing efficacy.

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WHAT'S WRONG *with Our* SPORTSGIRLS?

English Visitors Supreme Now . . . But We'll Overtake Them!

By RUTH PREDDEY

"What HAVE they got that we haven't got?"

Australian sportswomen might be pardoned for asking this familiar question when they view the record of English sportswomen who have recently visited Australia and swept all before them. In cricket, tennis, swimming, and hockey the English girls have proved their supremacy. What is the secret of their success?

IT is a controversial matter that has caused much discussion, this superiority in play of the English players over those from Australia.

Visiting English players have, on many occasions, won all before them. The most recent team to visit Australia has been the English women cricketers, who played four interstate matches and three Test matches against Australia. With the exception of one State and one Test match that were drawn games, they won in every match in which they took part.

The English women's tennis team, comprising the Misses Round, Dearman and Lyle, proved victorious in all their championship matches.

Miss Joyce Cooper, British champion swimmer, performed brilliantly in Australia, when she was brought out at the invitation of the New South Wales Women's Swimming Association. The English women's hockey team also won practically every game they played here.

But why have the English representatives always been on the winning side? Experience appears to be the main factor. Everyone knows that no matter how good a player one is, the player with the most experience always has the best advantage.

More Experience

AS far as women's sport is concerned, Australia is more or less a very isolated continent. We have received but one visit from overseas hockey, tennis, swimming and cricket players. And of these players who made the initial visit to Australia, there was Miss Joyce Cooper who, before her visit, had swum at the Empire and Olympic Games, and Miss Dorothy Round, who was, and still is, the recognised champion woman tennis player in the world. She has played against all the leading women tennis players, and in practically every tennis country in the world. Miss Dearman and Miss Lyle have, for some time now, represented Great Britain in the Wightman Cup, and have made several visits to America.

The hockey players, prior to their visit to Australia, had played matches in America and also against South Africa. The English cricket touring team is unique inasmuch that this visit here marked the first international match played by women cricketers, but several of the players who made the tour had played international hockey and lacrosse.

Although not making excuses for Australia's defeat against these players, it must nevertheless be borne in mind that the experience of the overseas teams greatly outweighs that of Australia, and forever we will remain indebted to England for having given us the opportunity of gaining our experience from such formidable opponents.

On the other hand, the Australian sportswomen who have gone abroad have performed very creditably. Of these we name Miss Fanny Durack, our first Olympic entrant, and later, Clare Dennis, an Olympic and Empire Games champion, Bonnie Mealing, Frances Bult and Lesley Thompson, in the aquatic events abroad.

In 1925, Mrs. Harper, Miss Boyd, and the late Daphne Akhurst, toured England as an Australian tennis team, and utilised the services of Miss St. George and Mrs. Utz. Later, in 1928, a team consisting of Miss Boyd as captain, Mrs. O'Hara Wood, Miss Akhurst and Miss Bickerton, toured England and the Continent. These players performed creditably, and Miss Akhurst had the distinction of being the first Australian woman to reach the semi-finals at Wimbledon.

Last year, Miss Joan Hartigan, as Australia's only woman representative abroad, reached the semi-finals at Wimbledon, and by her fine play was placed amongst the world's first ten in the ranking list.

A hockey team, under the guidance of Mrs. F. J. Davy, also made a visit overseas, and, although they on many occasions met stronger players, they nevertheless played well enough to warrant a further visit in the near future.

An Australian women's cricket team has yet to travel abroad. That this will be accomplished in the near future is certain, and in the meantime, although the Australian girl is not so accomplished a player as her sister in England, she is by no means a weak adversary.

The next international fixtures for Australia are those arranged by the Hockey Association, when players from Suva and New Zealand will participate in matches against Australia, in Melbourne, on July 12-26.

Arriving in Australia in August will be a team of women golfers from England, the personnel of which has not yet been announced.

MRS. SLOAN MORPETH, one of Victoria's outstanding players, who will also probably gain a place in the Australian team this year.
—Women's Weekly Photo.

LEFT: MRS. CLIVE ROBINSON, the present holder of the Australian golf championship title, is considered to be a certainty for the Australian team that will meet England at the end of the year.

MISS EVELYN DE LACY, the Western Australian swimming champion, who is showing great improvement this year.

SWIMS *to Success ... on* ONIONS!

Girl Wonder's Favorite Delicacy

EVELYN DE LACY, the swimming wonder from West Australia — who recently won the 220 yards Centenary championship in Victoria—has the largest appetite in her family—which numbers eleven—of which she is the seventh child.

Her favorite delicacy is onions, the biggest she can get. And she eats lots of them! Maybe they have had something to do with her success!

Her mother attributes Evelyn's success to early nights (she goes to bed at nine every night she is in training), onions, and to the coaching of Mr. W. Sheedy (coach and manager of the West Australian swimming team). She always sleeps out, too.

When Evelyn is racing over East her father and mother, nine of Evelyn's brothers and sisters, and those of her nieces and nephews old enough to understand, together with every neighbor who can squeeze in, gather round the radio at home. Do they get excited? Evelyn's mother told an interviewer there is a babel of "Come on, Evelyn, they're nearly up to you," and similar cries, which at times drown the broadcasting.

As the phantom voice narrated Evelyn's big win recently, the little band at home went nearly mad. Mrs. de Lacy said, "I think we nearly went through the wireless cabinet, when she came in first."

EVER since she could toddle, Evelyn has loved the water, and always won the school swimming races. She has done all her swimming in the Swan River at Maylands. The West's warm sun brought out the freckles, but she cheerfully paid the price. Anyway, they are an inheritance from her father, who, having been an excellent swimmer in his day, saw to it that his youngsters learnt to swim as they learnt to toddle. Yet her mother is a non-swimmer.

Evelyn is not a "powder monkey." The year before last when she went to the Eastern States she took a solitary box of powder with her and had it for months after her return.

She was 17 last October, and is essentially a "home girl." As her mother says: "In big families all have to help, and Evelyn has been a good girl in the home."

Her one ambition is to get to the Olympic Games in Berlin in June, 1936. If hard training and putting her whole heart and soul into the effort assists, she should not fail.

She has one cabinet full of swimming trophies at home now, and when she returns from her present tour a second will be necessary.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

If you feel sour, tired and weary, and the world looks blue, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral waters, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine. For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste, and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches, and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes, 1/3 and 2/6. Resent a substitute.

A Joyous Moment for Your LIPS...

Thrilling moment . . . when, for the first time, your lips meet this utterly perfect adorably NEW Lipstick!

What a revelation! Who would have thought a lipstick could be made to go on softly, smoothly as cold cream, yet without hint of greasiness? Who would have thought colour could be so magically flattering, yet quite devoid of any suggestion of "make-up." Kathleen Court's amazing new Midget Lipstick, a triumph in Charm. Red, Jet Black and Gold, comes in Light, Dark and the clever Orange that changes in a few seconds on your lips to the very tinge of red that is yours—and yours alone! Charmingly perfumed, small, but smart. Economical—no waste. Only 1/6d at all the best Chemists and Stores—a genuine imported Lipstick of the highest known quality—not a 10-cent Lipstick. Ask—to-day—for

KATHLEEN COURT'S New MIDGET LIPSTICK

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Bayer, who Discovered Aspirin, gives Directions.

Since Bayer discovered Aspirin and introduced it to the medical profession in 1900, many imitations of this original genuine Aspirin are being sold, some as Aspirin, and others are being loudly advertised under similar names, but unless you see the name Bayer on tablets, you are not getting the original Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 30 years as a harmless way to stop headaches.

When you suffer headache, from any cause, or you feel nervous, unstrung or excitable, be sure you take only genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets as directed in package, and relief will come without any bad reaction.

Bayer Aspirin never affects the heart, deranges the stomach or forms a habit; besides, this genuine Bayer Aspirin costs no more than these uncertain substitutes and imitations which no physician would think of prescribing. All chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Better.

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FLY-TOX

Help Kidneys

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for release on Monday, Feb. 18th.

Upward view of David Jones' Elizabeth Street Store, cornerstone of value, quality and service.

AT DAVID JONES'

Early you'll have to be, come Monday morning, if you want more than a glimpse of these special bargains we've hunted down from all over the store. So choice are they that it will indeed be well worth your while to arrive sharp at 9.5!

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Washing shirtmakers in two effective styles. Pencil striped in navy, brown, saxe or black, all with white. S.S.W., S.W. and W. sizes.
Second Floor

2. 13/11 Cardigans for 6/11
A summerweight silk and wool mixture, tailored and patch-pocketed. Twelve different shades. Sizes S.W., W., O.S. 400 only, specially purchased.
Second Floor

3. 16/11 Irish Linen Frocks 12/11
Popularity record holders for both sporting and general wear! Four new styles in brown, blue, green, lemon, rust, mauve. Sizes are 33 to 40.
Second Floor

4. 16/11 Business Shoes 14/11
Black or brown kids, patents, satins, with spike or junior spike heels. Summer styles discontinued now winter shoes are being made. Sizes 2-7.
First Floor

5. 8/11 White Twill Sheets 6/9
1160 pairs to go at a price that definitely cannot be repeated!
1½ x 2½ yds. usl. 8/11; now pair, 6/9
2¼ x 2½ yds. usl. 14/6; now pair, 12/9
First Floor

6. 8/11, 9/11, 10/6 Scarves 4/11
Including large square cruise scarves that were 9/11; and chiffon squares in bright pastels that were 8/11, 9/11, 10/6. Also 4/11 Windsor Scarves, 1/11
Ground Floor

LACE VALUES EXTRAORDINARY

7. 4/11 Alencon Allovers, 2/5½
Reproduced Alencon richly patterned all over. Ivory, Paris and ecru shades.

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Extra delightful colorings; soft romantic patterning. 36-inch width.

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Plain or 2-tone. ½ to 1¾ ins. Usl. 8/11, 16/6, 21/-; now doz. yds., 1/11, 3/11, 4/6.

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NEW SOUTH WALES

Free Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

The LAUGHING GIRL MYSTERY

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

... By ...

VIOLA PARADISE

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

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The Laughing Girl Mystery

VIOLA PARADISE

CHAPTER 1.

SHERIDAN DINARD rang the bell and waited with good-natured impatience for the door to click. He glanced at his wrist watch. Twenty to seven. Just time for a moment alone with Adelaide, and then they'd have to dash to the dinner party which the Ballards were giving in honor of their engagement.

The door clicked, and Sheridan opened it. He started up the stairs—two at a time—to Adelaide's apartment, when a delightful burst of laughter diverted him. He turned his head towards the door of the first floor apartment, from behind which the laughter must have issued. Then he forgot the laughter. That door knocker—it looked exactly like the little statuette which Dr. Coe had put on his desk at the museum at noon—a statuette recently excavated in Egypt. But it couldn't be possible that someone had got hold of it and copied it for commercial purposes so soon. He walked back down the few stairs to examine it. A second gleeful laugh made him feel like an eavesdropper. But as if the person inside had suddenly become aware of his presence, the laugh stopped in the middle.

At this moment Oswald, a tall, wiry negro, in shirt sleeves and a bright blue visored cap embroidered with the golden word, "superintendent," came up a back stairway from the basement into the lower hall. He looked worried, but his expression changed to a grin at Sheridan's friendly smile.

"I say, Oswald, how long has this been here?" Sheridan asked.

Oswald blinked at the knocker, took off his cap and scratched his head and then said "Beats me Mr. Dinard. I don't recleck no knocker on that door. Onliest knocker in this house is Miss Sayre's on the top floor. You know."

At this moment Adelaide's voice called down, "Who's there?"

"Me," and Sheridan, with a backward glance at the knocker, ran up the three flights to her apartment.

"Hello, darling," he said, and kissed her. "Ready?"

"There's loads of time," she replied. "But what were you dawdling about? You were so long coming upstairs I thought it must be someone else."

"The oddest thing" he said, his brow wrinkling. "But I—I'll tell you on the way. New dress?"

She nodded. "Part of the trousseau. But I'm wearing it in advance. Like it?"

He stood back, pretending a critical survey. But she looked so lovely, and slender, and huggable, and her dark eyes were so bright and happy that he hardly gave the gown its due. "Beautiful," he said, and kissed her again.

"Poor blind bat," she laughed. "You never even noticed that I had it designed as a background for this lovely ancient pendant you gave me. See how the color mounts to it, and how the line——"

He interrupted. "You can't expect me to pay much attention to a dress when yourself is inside it. But get your wrap. Dinner's at seven.

"And 'All's right with the world'," she quoted. "Oh, Sherry, darling, everything's so exactly right, it almost frightens me."

He laughed as he adjusted her wrap. "Good. I'll try to keep you frightened just that way," and laughing they went downstairs.

"By the way," he added as they approached the ground floor, "what beautiful blonde lives here, and where did she get that knocker?"

"I didn't know there was either. A blonde, you say?"

"Blonde, with lavender eyes and a short upper lip."

"Here's Oswald," she answered. "Ask him. He knows everything."

Oswald was standing just where Sheridan had left him, staring at the door knocker. "Evenin', Miss Sayre," he said.

"Mr. Dinard wants to know who the beautiful blonde lady is——"

"I done heerd him. But there ain't nobody lives here, Miss Sayre, only old Mister and Mis' Coggs. You know that."

"Probably someone visiting them," Adelaide said to Sheridan. "That is an odd door knocker."

"No'm ain't nobody visitin' 'em," Oswald persisted. "Because they ain't here to visit. They done gone away like always for the week-end——"

"Most extraordinary, this knocker," Sheridan bent down a little to examine it closely.

"Who was in a hurry a minute ago?" Adelaide asked, pulling at his sleeve a little.

"I been studyin' about that there knocker, Miss Sayre," Oswald continued. "I disremember ever seein' that knocker before. Right after I carried Mis' Coggs' and Mr. Coggs' suitcase to the street car and they give me ten cents, and that's the onliest tip I ever had from them, I come back and dusted this hall. And I sure would of seed this knocker——"

"Let's go," said Sheridan. "I'll stop at the Museum on the way home and get an enlarging glass. I want to examine that little statue."

They went outside and hailed a taxi. Just as Adelaide got in, she exclaimed. "Darling, I'm an idiot! I forgot to bring along a letter I wrote. Unless I mail it this evening——"

"I'll dash up for it. Here, give me your key."

"The letter's right on my desk."

As Sheridan entered the hall again, Oswald was still staring at the door knocker. "The more I look at it," he was muttering, "the more exackly I disremember ever seein' that li'l heathen idol before."

Somewhere, below, a telephone rang. "That's mine again," said Oswald, not without pride, and put on his embroidered cap and started for the stairs leading to the basement, at the back of the hall.

When Sheridan came down again with Adelaide's letter, Oswald was gone.

Sheridan whistled.

The knocker, too, had vanished!

SHERIDAN stepped into the taxi. "Stop for a moment at the corner of Madison and Fifty-ninth," he said to the driver, and to Adelaide, "I'll mail your letter there when I collect a certain package. It'll take just a minute."

He glanced at his watch, and then held it to his ear. "Funny," he murmured. "Only 6.53. Doesn't it seem more than thirteen minutes since I rang your bell?"

"Pretty bad, darling, if the minutes drag before we're married!" Adelaide laughed. "It must be that blonde. Is she very beautiful?"

"Oh, about eighty-six per cent." Sheridan smiled into Adelaide's fine dark eyes. "Though I've never seen her. Hello, there's Wilcox hailing us."

A red light had stopped the taxi before it turned into Fifth Avenue. Lester Wilcox, tall, rather arrogantly handsome, had waved his cane at them, and stepped quickly from the curb in front of another taxi to reach theirs. "Good evening, Miss Sayre. Hello, Dinard," he said, through the open window. "May I ride along? Since we're all going to the Ballards', I understand?" And he opened the taxi door, even before Sheridan's, "Certainly. Hop in."

"I could pick up a cab round the corner," Wilcox said as if sensing Sheridan's lack of enthusiasm for an extra passenger.

"Nonsense," Adelaide smiled at him. "Come along. We're doing a riddle. Sherry's raving about a beautiful blonde with lavender eyes and a short upper lip, whom he's never seen. Well, Sherry, I give up. If you didn't see her——"

"I heard her laugh." Sheridan's characteristic bantering mood returned. "No trick at all to reconstruct a girl from her laugh. Not if your business is archaeology. Why, we reconstruct whole civilisations, don't we, Wilcox, from scraps of bronze?"

He stopped short.

"Yes, yes, go on. Your story interests me," Adelaide said gaily. But at a sudden troubled look in his eyes her tone changed. "Whatever's the matter, Sherry?"

"Is Oswald honest?"

"Of course. Why? Did you forget to close my door?"

"No. Something just puzzled me. Never mind. By the way, Wilcox," he said seriously, "did you see that little bronze statuette Dr. Coe brought in to-day?"

Wilcox laughed shortly. His laugh changed his smooth, dark face strangely. His left eyebrow went up, and his upper lip, with its little toothbrush moustache, seemed to slide to the right. The effect was one of ironic mischief rather than mirth. "I see you agree with me," he said.

"Agree with you?"

"Oh, come, Dinard. Just because you're Coe's first assistant, you don't swallow all his miraculous finds. You must have seen that thing wasn't kosher!"

"You misunderstand me," Sheridan's voice was cold. "When Dr. Coe sent it in, I was checking the equipment inventory and hadn't time to examine it. I noticed, of course, that it was a graceful little piece."

Wilcox shrugged. "Some one should warn you, Miss Sayre, that you're marrying an idealist. Or a loyalist. Or maybe it's just a shrewd young man who knows which side carries the butter. You couldn't quarry a word of criticism of our boss out of him."

"Nor out of me, either," Adelaide said happily. "A boss who'll let his first assistant go on two weeks ahead of an important expedition for something as frivolous as a wedding journey, can be forgiven anything."

"Yes, what's a counterfeit door knocker between friends?" Wilcox laughed again.

"You're wrong, Wilcox," said Sherry seriously. "But whatever makes you call it a door knocker?"

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"It would make a perfect one. Didn't you notice the thingumajig protruding from the back of the neck? Flattened at the back, too. Just wait. A week after the 'Times' shows it elegantly in the gravure section—and Coe'll have it there soon, what do you bet?—all the arty shoppies will be selling replicas, which even Coe couldn't tell from the original. . . . By the way, what made you bring up the subject? You must have had doubts yourself about it."

"No," Sheridan's voice was curt. "Dr. Coe doesn't make mistakes like that. Stop right here, driver," he said, and then to Adelaide and Wilcox, "I'll be only a minute or two. And here's a letter-box," he added as he jumped out. He mailed Adelaide's letter and disappeared into a building.

When he rejoined them presently, Wilcox was telling Adelaide about a Broadway opening he had seen the previous evening.

Wilcox jumped out first, and, as he helped Adelaide, her heel caught on the step for a moment. She fell against him.

"Have you twisted your ankle?" Wilcox was concerned.

"No, the ankle's all right. But whatever do you carry in your coat pocket?"

"Oh, that." Wilcox hesitated a moment. "Just a little souvenir I collected at some neighbors of yours—the Tidewells."

Dinard, who, having assured himself by a quick look that Adelaide was all right, had been paying the taxi, joined them now as they rang the Ballards' bell.

It was not until Sheridan and Adelaide were alone in another taxi on the way home that the subject of the bronze statuette was revived.

"What's wrong, darling?" Adelaide asked. "You've been preoccupied all the evening."

"Nothing really wrong. Just that I can't untwist a puzzle or two. That door knocker matter, especially."

"Oh, you forgot to stop at the museum for a magnifying-glass. And we drove right by it, both going and coming."

"No need. When I got downstairs—after I went up for your letter—the knocker was gone."

"Gone!"

"It couldn't have taken me a minute and a half, really, to go up, unlock the door, and get the letter. All the same, when I got down it was gone. That's why I asked if Oswald was honest."

"Whatever would Oswald want with a door knocker? Anyhow, he'd not have had time to detach it. He popped out of the basement door almost at once after you went back into the house. He must have gone down to the basement through the hall."

"He did. To answer the telephone. Of course it's absurd to suspect him. Funny fellow, isn't he? So proud of that cap of his. How does he happen to have a telephone?"

"Mr. Coggs, the owner, had it put in. Oswald is janitor—excuse me, **superintendent**—for the other building Mr. Coggs owns, too. The tenants can telephone him if the hot water fails them or the roof leaks."

"Another thing," said Sheridan, puzzled. "Oswald said no one was home in the Coggs' apartment. But he was wrong. That laughing blonde—why, she must have been right inside the door. And the way her laugh stopped suddenly in the middle—no little after-chuckle or anything. People don't stop laughing in mid-peal. Funny I forgot about that. The knocker put me off. But really, Adelaide, that interrupted laugh—what do you make of it?"

He looked so troubled that Adelaide's hand reached up affectionately and tried to smooth away the furrows between his serious blue eyes. "This is what I make of it," she said lightly. "Your blonde beauty's a nice girl. When she found she was coming between you and your own true love, she stopped dead. Us woman have got to hang together. Anyhow," she added, "you didn't see her. She may have been a ghost, haunting the Coggs' apartment."

"The perfect solution," he pretened to be scornful. "And she waited till the hall was clear, opened the door, and removed the knocker. But, seriously, dear—"

He stopped suddenly. The cab had turned the corner into Twelfth Street. "Hello, something's up in front of your house. Look!" And to the driver, "Stop right there, where the crowd is."

One of two policemen who were urging the crowd to move on challenged Sheridan and Adelaide. "This lady lives here," said Sheridan.

"What's her name?" demanded the policeman.

"Miss Sayre."

"Come right in, the two of you!" he exclaimed. "You're wanted." And he knocked at the Coggs' door.

Not at the front door from which the knocker had been detached, but one of two others farther back in the hall. A policeman inside opened it. "Here they are, Leary. These are the birds that janitor was squawking about. I collared them just as they stepped out of the taxi."

"Collared us!" Sherry's voice was disgusted. "What's up?"

"Here they are, Higgins," called the man; "we got 'em."

"O.K. Hold fast," a voice called back, "till we finish with these photographs."

A flashlight blazed and a camera clicked. "Now from this angle," said the voice. "That ought to be enough. Still, better get one more, the room as a whole from the front window. There, that'll do. Turn on the lights. But hang 'round till the medical inspector gets here. O.K., Leary, bring 'em in."

Sheridan and Adelaide were hurried through a tiny hall into the brightly lighted living room of the Coggs' apartment.

"Oh!" gasped Adelaide, and clutched Sheridan's arm.

"Steady," he replied, his own voice shaken. But he did not look at Adelaide. Nor did he hear Inspector Higgins' order to the police stenographer, "Take down every word."

For upon the floor, close to the door, lay a beautiful young woman. She wore an old-fashioned costume of crinoline days—a pale blue dress with a great wide skirt and little puff sleeves. One of the sleeves and both sides of the bodice were stained a reddish brown, as was the floor where she lay. A powdered wig had fallen askew, revealing light blonde hair. Her face, even in death, was not quite expressionless, for her lips were parted. Her upper lip was short. Her eyes, wide open, were of lavender-blue.

"Fo' de Lawd, I never done it. How come I'd called the police ef I'd done it? Fo' de Lawd, boss—you kin ast all the tenants. Ain't a one of 'em won't give me a good name, boss. I been the super here seven years. You ast—you ast Miss Sayre, the one's engaged to the gentleman I been tellin' you about——"

Not till he heard Adelaide's name did Sheridan Dinard hear the hysterical talking and crying in the next room and realise that Oswald was the cause of the commotion. Both he and Adelaide had been transfixed by the sight before them—a beautiful blonde with lavender eyes, the bodice of her quaint costume stained a tell-tale reddish brown.

"Bring in that bellowing maniac," Inspector Higgins called, and immediately the folding doors separating the front parlor from what had once been a back parlor opened, and a husky policeman shoved Oswald into the room. Oswald, grey-black with fear, held his bright blue cap, with the gold-embroidered superintendent, between his rolling eyes and the dead girl.

"Is this the man you said knew all about it?" asked Inspector Higgins.

Oswald turned his head now to where Sheridan and Adelaide stood. For a moment he ignored Sheridan. "Miss Sayre" he cried. "You tell 'em I never done it. Miss Sayre, you know I never would do no murder."

"Of course, you didn't do it, Oswald," said Adelaide gently, and his hysteria subsided.

"Gawd bless you, Miss Sayre. I knowed you'd say the truth. I never wanted to tell on your young man, Miss Sayre. Mr. Dinard, he ain't never done nothin' but kindness to me, but I had to, didn't I, Miss Sayre?"

"Whatever are you talking about?" Adelaide demanded.

"About the blonde lady that laughed. He knew all about her. Him and you was talkin' about her when you went out. And he come back into the house just when I was called to the telephone——"

"Oswald, don't be ridiculous!" Adelaide exclaimed.

"Begin at the beginning," Inspector Higgins growled at Oswald, "and spill the whole thing. Sit down, all of you."

"Not in this room, boss. I can't stay in this room with that—that——"

"Scared, eh? If you didn't do it, what you scared about?"

"Fo' Gawd, boss——"

"I think," said Adelaide quietly, "that we'll get at the truth faster if we go into the next room. Don't you, Sherry?"

Sheridan Dinard hadn't spoken a word. He was still staring at the figure on the floor.

"And you," Higgins demanded of him "Who's the girl?"

"I don't know," said Sheridan slowly. "And yet there's something faintly familiar——"

"Oh, yeah? Well, we'll get to you. All right, into the next room."

He waved the others ahead of him, and when they had passed through the doorway he took hold of an armchair, and was about to drag it in with him.

"Just a minute," said Sheridan, troubled. For something about the chair was familiar. Yet he was sure he had never seen it before. Not only the chair, but the whole room, almost reminded him of something. He looked about searching some clue not to the murder so much as to the tantalising sense of familiarity. Except for two dozen beautiful roses in a pitcher, it was an ugly, commonplace room.

An overstuffed sofa stood against the wall opposite the fireplace. Two overstuffed chairs to match stood well away from the walls, apparently so that all four legs could rest on the rug. This arrangement, and the fact that the rug wasn't large enough, demeaned the excellent architectural proportions of the room. A shiny imitation mahogany table was centred directly under a cluster of ceiling lights. These were unshaded, but only one of the clustered bulbs was turned on. A sentimental picture hung above the fireplace, which was apparently never used for its original purpose, for a radio claimed it. The only ornament on the marble mantle was a fancy ash tray. This had evidently been removed from the centre of the table to make place for the roses.

No, Sheridan concluded, he had never seen anything in this room before. Perhaps the roses had given him that sense of familiarity. There was something unusual about the roses. Of course. They were the new Senior roses, which had taken first prize at the flower show. . . And yet—

CHAPTER 2.

"STEP on it!" Higgins snapped. "We don't want to be here all the week.

They went into the apartment's middle room, once the back parlor, now the dining room, furnished with a round oak table, four leather-seated chairs, an old-fashioned sideboard, and, on one wall, a picture of a dead fish.

"Now you," Higgins growled at Oswald, when they were all seated in the adjoining room, "begin at the beginning and tell what you know about this murder."

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"I dunno nothin', boss. Like I tole you, I jes' come in to turn off the ice box, like Mis' Coggs telephone me to do——"

"She left the key with you?"

"No, sir, it was Mr. Coggs done that. Like always when they go to their country place. I ain't never used it but once before, when Mis' Coggs telephoned like today for me to turn off the ice box because she forgot, and to tell the milkman not to leave milk till Wednesday, because they decided to stay in the country——"

"So you went into the parlor to turn off the ice box?" Higgins sneered.

"No, siree, boss. But Mis' Coggs, she said go in the parlor and see did she pull down the shades. And I went. And I saw——" Oswald stopped and gulped.

"And then what?" Higgins demanded.

"Then I ran out into the street and hollered 'Police, police, murder!' And the janitor next door he said 'There's a policeman up at the corner, I'll fetch him'——"

"And you telephoned the Coggses, I suppose."

"No, siree. I was too scairt to do nothin' except wait outside till that policeman, Mr. Leary, come along. And then you and your men come. That's the onliest thing I know."

"I don't suppose you know the Coggs' number in the country, either, huh?"

"Yessir, I sure knows that. Quapatuck seven eleven. You couldn't disremember that number."

"Kelly! Phone the Coggses, Quapatuck seven one one, to get here right away. And now," he continued to Oswald, "what was that heathen idol you were babbling about?"

"You ast him, boss," Oswald pointed at Sheridan. "When I come up from the basement 'round half past six, I seed Mr. Dinard staring at a door knocker, kinda like a heathen idol it was, on Mr. Coggs' door. I never seed it till that minute. And then when I got back from Mr. Coggs' other house—somebody telephoned from there that there was a leak, but there wasn't no leak—when I got back, the heathen idol was gone and there was a hole in the door—a new bored hole, even though it was stuffed up—you ast him, boss, 'bout that heathen idol——"

"Well, Dinard?"

"It's very odd," Sheridan replied. "The knocker was quite like a little image recently excavated in Egypt. The director of the museum with which I am connected bought it from an archaeologist only yesterday. It could hardly have been copied. Yet there was what seemed a perfect copy attached to the door——"

The sound of a fall in the next room—the bedroom, not the parlor—brought Higgins and Sheridan to the door in an instant. But it was only Policeman Kelly, now shamefacedly picking himself up. "That damned telephone wire threw me. What they want with a wire a mile long——"

"Did you get Coggs?" demanded Higgins.

"Yes. Spoke to him and his wife, too."

"Just what did they say? Exactly?"

"The old man, he answered first, but he must be deaf, he kep' sayin', 'What? What?' and then he says, 'Mamma, you take it.' And then the lady come to the phone. 'This Mrs. Coggs?' I says, and she says, 'Yes,' and I says, 'You and Mr. Coggs get here quick, there's a girl been killed in your front parlor.' 'Not on my new rug,' she says. Can you beat it?"

The doorbell rang. "That'll be Dr. Hogarth," said Kelly.

It didn't take Dr. Hogarth long. "Dead about five hours. Stabbed in the back with some long instrument. The postmortem may show something else. But the stabbing was enough to kill her. Shall I take her to the morgue? Or shall I wait? Somebody'll be along from the D.A.'s office, I suppose?"

"Yeah. Alby's coming."

"I'll hang round."

"Now you, Dinard. Spill it. Who's the girl?"

"But I said——"

"Yeah, you said. You said. A blonde with a short upper lip and lavender eyes, that's what the superintendent said you said. How many girls do you suppose there are with eyes that color? Come on—"

"But he doesn't know," Adelaide interrupted. "He was just guessing—from the girl's laugh."

"Oh, so she was laughing, was she? Just tickled to death, I suppose!"

Sheridan ignored Higgins' bullying sarcasm. "May I use the telephone?" he asked.

"Who do you want to telephone to?" Higgins demanded.

"To Marlin, the caretaker at Dr. Coe's private museum. Marlin sleeps there week-ends when Dr. Coe and his family are away."

"Sleeps in a museum?"

"It's not a regular museum," Sheridan explained patiently. "It's a private house, part of which is used for Dr. Coe's collections."

"Hm. Well, make it snappy."

Higgins followed Sheridan into the bedroom, where the telephone stood on a little table by the bed.

"Watch out for the telephone wire," said Kelly.

As he waited for Marlin to answer, Sheridan looked about the room. Nothing significant here. Like the other rooms, adequately comfortable, but undistinguished.

At last Marlin's sleepy, angry voice, with a marked English accent, demanded, "What is it, I say, at this hour of the night?"

"It's Mr. Dinard, Marlin," Sheridan replied. "There's something special I must know at once. Will you please go into my office and see if a little green bronze figure is on my desk—about four inches long. Hello, hello?"

"Did he cut you off?" asked Adelaide, who had followed him into the bedroom.

"No. Just too angry to be polite. I imagine he went to look. Hello—yes? What?"

"No." Marlin's voice was sullen. "There's nothing there."

"Did you see anyone go into my office after I left?"

"No, I didn't. And if you think it was me stole that door knocker——"

"That what?"

"Door knocker. You heard me. Nobody ever accused me of stealing before, and—"

"Hold on, Marlin," said Sheridan firmly. "No one is accusing you of anything. But I want to know just when you last saw what you call the door knocker, and who——"

"Last time I saw it was in your own hands, Mr. Dinard, and just a minute before you left for the afternoon. And there's been nobody come at all after you left, except Dr. Coe and Mr. Wilcox, and what would they go into your office for? And I never stole nothing."

Here Inspector Higgins interrupted. "Let me take that phone," he said, and then, "Hello, Marlin. This is Inspector Higgins of the Homicide Squad. A murder's been committed, and that door knocker may have something to do with it. Now I want to know just what you know about it—stop your noise and answer questions. I'm not asking if you stole it. I'm asking where you last saw it and—"

Though Higgins had the receiver to his ear, Sheridan could hear Marlin's angry voice. But he could not catch the words. Marlin talked for some time. Once Higgins interrupted, "Did you say he **did** put it in his pocket, or that he **could have**?" And then, "What do you mean, 'funny doings'?" And then, "Who all have access to that cabinet?" And then, "Have you been there all the afternoon?" And then, "What time did you go to your supper?"

"Let me talk to him again when you're through," said Sheridan.

But Higgins ignored him. "Stay where you are. I'll have some men over at once. Don't touch anything, and don't let anyone except the men I send touch anything, do you hear?" And he hung up the receiver.

"I wanted to talk with him," said Sheridan angrily.

"You'll get plenty of chance to talk," said Higgins, and asked for police headquarters. "Who's this? Kerrigan? Well, there's funny doings at a museum owned by a Dr. Coe at 66 East 63rd Street. May be connected with this Twelfth Street murder. The caretaker, an Englishman, name of Marlin, says something about a cabinet that's been tampered with. A finger-print man might get some dope. . . . Yeah, sure. The District Attorney's coming in on it. . . . They're sending A.A. with Harrod. . . . Call me back."

"What's wrong at the museum?" asked Sheridan when Higgins had hung up.

"Plenty," but Higgins refused to say more.

Sheridan went back into the parlor, determined to analyse its eerie sense of familiarity. He was sure it wasn't the roses.

But now the room no longer seemed familiar. That, in itself, was disconcerting. The medical inspector was sprawled in one chair, a detective in the other. The police photographer and the police stenographer and some newly arrived reporters were crowded together on the sofa.

One of the reporters recognised Sheridan at once. "Hello, Dinard, don't you remember me? Bill Henderson. I interviewed you for the 'World' on the Egyptian stuff the Metropolitan imported three years ago. This is a nice juicy murder, what? Unknown beauty, fancy-dress costume, mysteriously stabbed. And handsome archaeologist Sheridan Dinard at scene of crime. Come on. Tell all."

At another time or occasion Henderson's racy flippancy might have amused Sheridan, but now—not four feet from the dead body of a girl who only a few hours ago had been alive and laughing—Henderson's tone disgusted him.

"Stow the funny stuff," Sheridan said irritably. Which was a mistake. He was paid for his rudeness in the next day's headlines.

The other reporters pressed questions upon him. "I know nothing about it," Sheridan repeated. "Except that I heard someone laugh as I was going up the stairs this evening, and heard the laugh stop short . . . No, I know nothing about her. No . . . No. . . ."

The telephone rang. With one accord they moved to the door of the bedroom.

"Not there?" Higgins was shouting into the mouthpiece. "What the hell do you mean not there? . . . Well, I'll be——"

The room was silent until at last Higgins banged up the receiver and turned to Sheridan.

"Your friend Marlin," he added fiercely, "has skipped."

CHAPTER 3

THE next hour dragged and jerked along. Inspector Higgins tried in vain to bully some admission from Adelaide, Sheridan, and Oswald.

Detective Leary said, "No use. This isn't our meat. It's a story-book murder. Wait till Alby gets here." But Higgins—who was fresh from a victory in rounding up six gang murderers—couldn't let it alone.

Oswald had drawn a chair to the farthest corner of the dining-room, and dozed between moments of terror. Higgins would wait till he was nearly asleep and then would shout suddenly at him.

"What do you know about these Coggses?" he demanded once.

"I dunno nothin', boss," Oswald's voice squeaked with fear, "'cept only Mr. Coggs he's lame and he owns this building and one over on Ninth Street, and I'm superintendent for both of them."

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"Who all's in the Coggs' family?"

"Nobody, only Mister and Missus. That's all they is."

"No children?"

"No, sir. Leastways, not now. Maybe they was, because they calls themselves Mamma and Papa."

"And you think Dinard, here, committed the murder."

"Lordy no, boss. I ain't never said no such thing. I sure wouldn't call Mr. Dinard a murderin' man——"

"Thanks, Oswald." Sheridan couldn't help smiling.

"So you think this is funny!" But Higgins turned again to Oswald. "But you did see Dinard at the door of this apartment about the time the murder was committed, and you said——"

"Onliest thing I said was he knew the lady was blonde and had that color eyes and a mouth like that——"

"Yeah, Dinard. You'll have to explain that sometime. Might as well come clean, now."

But the arrival of the Coggses interrupted his bluster. They pushed past the police who guarded the door, Mr. Coggs limping, Mrs. Coggs panting.

"What's all this?" demanded Mr. Coggs. "In my house!"

"What right——" Mrs. Coggs began indignantly. Then she saw the dead girl on the floor. Her mouth worked as if she wanted to speak, but could not. Mr. Coggs, too, was silent.

Sheridan and Adelaide stood well back, scrutinising the unattractive couple. Although their features were unlike, they resembled one another in the way of persons who have lived long together. About of an age—which might be anything between fifty and sixty—both were sallow-skinned, both irritable and ineffectually aggressive. Mrs. Coggs had round, protruding, greedy blue eyes. Her cheeks, though not much wrinkled, hung rather loose, and she was given to chins. Mr. Coggs, too, though his flesh was firm and rather spare, held his head so indrawn that he seemed to have a double chin. It soon appeared that the couple were alike also in their speech. They flatted their "a's" and pronounced their "r's," though their voices were unlike, Mr. Coggs' being high pitched, while his wife's had a rather pleasant husky quality.

Mr. Coggs spoke first. "How—why—who——" he began, and then gulped.

"You're asking us?" Higgins came forward now. "Come on, spill it. What do you know about this murder, and who's the girl?"

"I never saw her before in my life." Mr. Coggs limped forward and peered closely at the body. "Who brought her into my house?" he demanded.

"You tell it. Here she is, dead on your floor, and no locks broken. What's the answer?"

"The answer," Mrs. Coggs bustled indignantly towards Higgins, "is that somebody's got to get her out of here quick, and somebody's got to pay for the damage to my rug."

"And that hole up there in my door. Who drilled that hole?" Mr. Coggs interrupted.

"You didn't have a door knocker there, did you?" Higgins' voice was sarcastic.

"Door knocker? What'd I want with a door knocker? There's a doorbell, ain't there?"

"Yeah, and I suppose you got an alibi all fixed——"

"Alibi?" shrieked Mr. Coggs. "What do I want with an alibi? I wasn't anywhere around."

"Papa, he's insulting you! You take that—that—corpse right out of our house, or we'll call——"

"Shut up, Mamma, they are the police."

"Cut it now, and answer questions!" Higgins barked. "Where were you at six-thirty this evening?"

"We were down in the country—at our farm at Quapatuck. There!" Mr. Coggs answered belligerently.

"What time did you get to Quapatuck?"

"We left on the ten-twenty train this morning. We got there at twelve—it was a slow train, and a little late."

"And then what?"

"Then nothing. We walked to the garage where we leave our car and drove out to our place."

"Anybody see you arrive?"

"Anybody could have. How do I know if they did?"

"You didn't happen to talk to anybody, did you—the man at the garage, for instance?"

"No, it's a private garage that we rent near the station."

"Didn't talk to anybody else?"

"No."

"Why, Papa, you did, too." said Mrs. Coggs. "You had an argument with the man in the grocery and meat store."

"No, I didn't. Not then. That wasn't till we drove back later."

"Why, Papa, it was so! Don't you remember you said——"

"I never said a word. I stayed out in the car while you did the marketing. Except I went in just for a minute to ask what was taking you so long. And all the time it took, you forgot to buy the meat. It wasn't till we went back to buy the meat for supper that I had the argument."

"Hm. So you went back to buy the meat for supper. What time was that?"

"Don't know," said Mr. Coggs. "It musta been most suppertime, because she didn't notice we hadn't the meat till time to cook it."

"How long does it take to drive back to the store from your house?"

"About twenty minutes."

"And you didn't happen to notice what time you had supper?" Higgins sneered.

"No, I didn't," Coggs snapped back.

"It must have been near seven, Papa," said Mrs. Coggs. "Though by the fuss you were making a body'd have thought it was midnight."

"Well," Higgins stopped a moment. "Hm. Well, that's a pretty good alibi, if the man in the store remembers. Otherwise——"

"Otherwise what?" Mrs. Coggs demanded. "There were lots of people in the store—he might not happen to remember——"

"If there were lots of people in the store, and you had a row, somebody'll remember. Otherwise," Higgins added, "You're just out of luck."

"Don't be a fool, Mamma," said Mr. Coggs. "Of course he'll remember."

"And now," said Mrs. Coggs, "if you're through nosing round, will you get that dead girl out of here, and all these people—Why, Miss Sayre!" she exclaimed, seeing Adelaide for the first time.

Adelaide came forward. "Good evening, Mrs. Coggs. It must be an awful shock to you. I believe you've never met Mr. Dinard."

"Pleased to meet you." Mrs. Coggs looked at Sheridan rather hostilely. Then she said, "Seems I must have met you somewheres."

"You've probably seen me. I've been coming into the building often these last two years, calling on Miss Sayre."

"Well, my lad, your face does look familiar. Papa, don't he look familiar? It's Miss Sayre's young man, Mr. Dinard."

"How do," said Mr. Coggs. "Can't say I—well, yes, sure, I've met you some place, Mr. Dinard. Though I can't think——"

"You've probably seen his picture in the papers," said Adelaide. "Is there anything we can do for you to-night? If you don't feel like sleeping here, my aunt's away, you can have her room——"

"Hey, Miss, who do you think you are!" Higgins bellowed. "Nobody leaves this joint until I say so."

The telephone rang. Leary answered it. He came back presently. "Alby'll be here in a few minutes. With Harrod."

Policeman Kelly, who had been assisting Detective Leary in an exhaustive search of the bedroom, sauntered out and looked at the Coggs. "Say, Higgins," he said. "Can I ask them guys one question?"

"Pire away."

"Well, what I want to know is this. Why the devil have you got such a long telephone wire?"

"It—it's none of your business," stammered Mrs. Coggs, and her sallow skin turned a mottled red.

"Nonsense, Mamma," said Mr. Coggs rather tenderly and patted her arm. "They won't mind. I lengthened it myself," he replied to Kelly. "Though you needn't tell the telephone company. Seems like nobody ever calls me up except when I'm taking a bath."

With the arrival of Addision Alby, Assistant District Attorney, and Joe Harrod, special investigator assigned to the District Attorney's office, the inquiry lost its nightmarish quality and took on speed and direction.

No one would guess from looking at Alby that he had prepared some of the most brilliant and successful criminal prosecutions on record, or that he had remarkable powers as a detective. Middling tall, middle-aged, and mild-looking, there was nothing extraordinary about his appearance except perhaps the shape of his head. It was rather like a large acorn, the forehead and dome bulging over a narrow lower face. His horn-rimmed glasses exaggerated the width of his brow and made his shrewd eyes seem gentle. His manner was quiet and dry and usually courteous. No greater contrast to Higgins could have been found.

Sheridan, listening from the dining-room, was surprised at the competent and succinct statement which Higgins gave to Alby.

"Homicide Squad's done its stuff, I suppose?" Alby asked.

"Yeah. I sent the photographer back to develop the pictures. He took 'em from all angles."

"Find any fingerprints?"

"The dead girl's prints were on that pitcher. She'd evidently stuck the roses in herself. The table surface here, everything in the bathroom, and all the door-knobs had been wiped clean except in the kitchen. We got a few there and in the bedroom. Probably the Coggs'. Not any of Oswald, the janitor."

CHAPTER 4.

INSPECTOR HIGGINS then related Oswald's report of Sheridan's comment about the blonde with lavender eyes and a short upper lip, who stopped laughing in the middle.

"Dinard? Sheridan Dinard?" queried Alby.

At this Sheridan left the group in the dining-room and came forward. "I had the pleasure of meeting you once, Alby," he said, "at Mr. Philo Vance's, with Mr. Markham."

"Yes, I remember," said Alby courteously, yet making no effort to conceal his hard scrutiny of Sheridan.

"I'm not even an amateur sleuth," said Sheridan, "but if there's anything I can do to help before next Saturday——"

"Why the time limit?"

"Miss Sayre and I are getting married on that day and sailing for Europe. I dare-say I could leave a signed statement about the interrupted laugh? That's all the evidence I have to offer."

For a moment Alby did not answer, but his silence was without rudeness.

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Sheridan continued: "I've made a few notes," and he was about to hand Alby the small loose-leaf notebook he carried even in his evening clothes. But on second thought he said, "Wait, I'll make you a clear copy."

"I'll take that one." Alby held out his hand. "Especially," he added, "as you wish to omit something you have written."

Sheridan flushed. "Only this." He checked the last item. "It's certain to be irrelevant, and I don't want to involve an outsider. I don't know what made me put it down.

Alby looked over the notes. These were brief and consisted mostly of questions:

Stabbed in mid-laugh? Then girl had no fear of murderer or others—if any— in apartment.

Roses. New variety. Seniors. Won first prize at flower show. Only recently on market. Only best florists would carry them. Florist might remember buyer.

Where are their wrappings? Not in basket with stems. Why not?

Where are the girl's street clothes. Or did she arrive in costume? Probably not. No coat, hat, or handbag found.

Is Oswald more scared than circumstances warrant?

Why the long telephone wire? (After this entry Sheridan had written the word "Explained.")

What about the door-knocker?

Why did Wilcox get into our taxi? Why was he flustered?

Alby, having studied the list, looked through narrowed eyes at Sheridan. Then he turned to Higgins. "Had time to make a thorough search?"

"Yeah. Also of the basement and the empty apartment upstairs. Didn't find a thing."

"Detective Higgins will leave somebody here with you for the night," Alby said, turning to the Coggses.

"Here!" exclaimed Mrs. Coggs.

"Here," Alby's tone, though quiet, silenced opposition. "But first we'll look round a bit."

He went through the apartment slowly, his eyes searching, appraising. In the bedroom he picked up the telephone and carried it into the bathroom. The cord was just long enough. Not an inch wasted.

In one corner of the kitchen he found a broom handle into one end of which a rather heavy hook had been screwed.

"What's this?" he asked.

Mr. Coggs, who had been limping after him, explained. "To open windows from the top. Living on the first floor——"

"Well, your hook won't wear out," said Alby. "Make it yourself?"

"Yes. Got any objections?" Coggs asked belligerently.

"None." Alby's voice remained courteous.

He went back through the dining room into the living room. The body of the girl had been removed. And Joe Harrod had sent the reporters away with the laconic statement that the police had the matter well in hand.

Joe Harrod, short, with shiny dark hair, snapping eyes and a buttoned-up mouth, had started his career as a police stenographer, but his capacity for observation and deduction had advanced him and for several years now he had been working closely with Assistant District Attorney Alby, as a special investigator.

As Alby came back into the living room, Harrod said, "Look at this peephole, A.A. That door knocker was just a blind. The hole's been closed up with putty. And here are some wire marks."

Alby looked. Coggs, limping close behind him, demanded, "Let me see. It's my house!" And, as Alby stepped aside, Coggs stood on tiptoe to examine the hole. "The very idea!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"I suppose you want to see, too, Dinard," Alby said.

"Very much," Sherry replied. "For, with the aid of putty and wire, the Museum statuette could have been made into a door knocker—at least a temporary door knocker."

"The man who drilled that hole must have been about your height," said Harrod, as Sheridan, with only the slightest inclination of his head, scrutinised the hole.

"Just about." Sheridan frowned, sorry again that he had entered the query about Wilcox on the list. For Wilcox was only a bit shorter than he. And it was absurd to suspect Wilcox.

It hadn't occurred to him to think he himself might be under suspicion. And when, a moment later, Inspector Higgins called to Leary, "Bring your kit in here, and get these fingerprints. Begin with Dinard," Sheridan started in amazement.

"Oh, no!" Adelaide cried, hurrying to his side.

But Sheridan realised at once that the finger-printing of everyone even remotely connected with the scene of the crime was a matter of routine. He smiled reassuringly at her, and held out his long, competent hands.

And while the finger-printing was going on—for not only the willing Sheridan, but a rather frightened Adelaide and two vociferously protesting Coggses had to submit to the process—Alby and Higgins consulted aside.

At length Alby said, "Now we'll leave the Coggses to themselves. Except for Leary, who'll spend the night on the premises. But I want you all to come to my office tomorrow—or rather this afternoon—at two-thirty."

"How about him?" Higgins nodded darkly at Sheridan.

"Mr. Dinard won't run away. By the way, Dinard, meet me at the museum about ten, will you?"

"Certainly." Then Sheridan turned to Adelaide. "You must be dead, poor thing."

Adelaide replied with a wan smile, "Some coffee would help. It's now nearly five o'clock to-morrow morning. Why not come upstairs and have breakfast before you go?"

"That's a heartening suggestion."

They went up the creaking stairs to Adelaide's apartment on the top floor. Adelaide turned on the light in the hall. This hall was scarcely more than a framework for seven doors, including the one through which they had entered. Of the other six, three stood open—one leading into Adelaide's studio (she was an illustrator), one into her bedroom, and one into the kitchen. (The bath was off a little hall beyond the kitchen.) The three closed doors were closet doors. To get to her aunt's rooms, one could go either through the kitchen or one could enter independently from the outside hall, for the floor had originally been planned for two small apartments, but Adelaide and her aunt had had an opening cut between the two.

Adelaide went through the hall into the living-room. She turned on the light, walked to the couch, and dropped her evening coat upon it, and then stood suddenly still.

"What is it, dear?" Sheridan asked.

"It's ridiculous," she said. "I'm just jittery. You don't suppose—I know it's silly, but you don't suppose anybody could be in this apartment?"

"No, but we'll make sure. There's hardly a hiding-place in this room," he said.

But Adelaide kept close to him as he searched under the beds, in both Adelaide's quarters and her aunt's, in the closets and cupboards, and behind the larger pieces of furniture.

"Well, I'm glad it was only silliness," she said at last. They went into the kitchen. Adelaide reached for the coffee pot.

"In that lovely dress?" Sherry said.

"Get me a smock out of the cupboard," she replied.

He opened the cupboard door, looked at the tidy shelves, and drew forth a folded smock. "This red and white one looks cheery, considering——"

He stopped.

"Considering what? Here, hand it to me, slow-poke."

He drew forth the smock, and as he did so the four others on the shelf fell to the floor.

"You're a bit nervous yourself, Sherry. That was unlike your steady hand."

He put the smocks back on the shelf. "And I was hoping," he said in a bantering tone, "that I could conceal from you till after our marriage that I wasn't a superman!"

She laughed, a bit wanly, he thought.

They got the breakfast together and ate it in tired silence.

When they had finished, he rose. "I'll run along now, so that you can get some sleep. Unless—why, child! I believe you're still frightened."

"No, no," she protested.

"Darling little liar. Of course, with your aunt away. You go to bed, and I'll perch on your couch and see that nobody disturbs you."

"Nonsense, Sherry. It's not fright. Something else. But let's let it go till tomorrow."

"I think I'll stay."

"Imagine the shock that would give the respectable Coggses! Anyhow, it's almost daylight. So run along and get some sleep yourself."

"All right, dear. If you really mean it."

He took her in his arms, but she turned her mouth away from his kiss.

With both hands on her shoulders, he held her away from him, and looked searchingly into her eyes. "I guess we'll have this out now," he said quietly. "What is it, dear?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I was just silly. Here, kiss me. I know I'm an idiot, but——"

"Come in here and sit down." He drew her back into the studio. "Now tell me what it is," he said with grave kindliness.

"Sherry, who is the girl?"

CHAPTER 5

"ADELAIDE!"

"No, no. I know you didn't do it. But you did know her. I could feel it."

"Darling, I have no more idea who she is than you have."

"You could trust me, Sherry. I—I love you so much—I would somehow understand anything. Even if it were the worst—"

He was silent, looking at her, almost angrily. At last he said, "Because I guessed her coloring from her laugh—"

"No. Somehow I can believe that. Somehow I can believe even that you'd know she had a short upper lip, and that her eyes were that strange color—lavender . . . But it was the way you looked at her."

"Listen, darling," he replied slowly. "I'm as puzzled as you are. To the best of my knowledge and belief, as they say when they swear oaths, I've never seen her in my life. And yet when I looked at her there was something familiar about her. I must sometime have seen her without consciously knowing I saw her—in a crowd, perhaps. I may have heard her laugh, perhaps—though I don't see how I could, without turning to look. Darling, why are you looking at me like that?"

"You really and truly don't know, then?"

"No. I don't. But I'll tell you another thing. I knew she would look almost like that, apart from her coloring. I knew her cheekbones would be like that. The funny part, her whole face was almost familiar to me except her mouth—"

"But you said a short upper lip—"

"I know it. But even so her mouth was quite unlike what I expected, though I can't say what I did expect. Darling," he went on, "you must believe me. Why, it—it's unthinkable that you shouldn't!"

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"I do believe you, except—"

"Except what?" he asked, his face haggard.

"It wasn't even that she looked as you described her. It was the way you looked—"

"But, dear, you must admit anyone would be astonished——"

"Oh, the astonishment," she dismissed it. "It wasn't that. It—well, if I must tell you, it was something else. Look at me, Sherry. I'm not what you'd call a jealous person, am I?"

"Of course not!"

"As you stared at that poor girl, even while I was shocked and torn with pity for her, I could sense some—some **personal** feeling in you—for her. And I looked at you suddenly, and—well—"

She stopped a moment and then finished with a rush of words, as if by their very speed she could push away their implication. "I felt a horrible pang of jealousy. Because you looked at her the way I've never seen you look at anyone but me. As if—as if you had a great **affection** for her." And Adelaide burst into sobs.

But she did not resist him now when he took her in his arms. "Dearest darling," he said. "Now that you've said it you must know it's ridiculous. Don't you?"

"Yes."

"There, that's better. There now."

Adelaide pulled herself together. "Don't mind me, Sherry, dear. I promise not to be a hysterical wife. Now, go on home and get some rest yourself. Funny, how just putting a fear into words will teach you how absurd it is. Now hurry home, and we'll talk everything over to-morrow. Will you call for me, to go to Mr. Alby's office?"

"Of course, but I think I'll stay now——"

"No, you won't. Just kiss me good morning and then go."

Adelaide bolted the door after Sheridan had gone, and quickly prepared for bed. No, she wasn't afraid to stay alone. She had often done so. But she still felt edgy and nervous. "A hot bath will fix that," she told herself, and went through the kitchen into the hall which led to the bath.

A skylight provided the kitchen with air, and, by day, with light. As she walked through it now she looked up, rather hoping to discover that the day had dawned. No, not yet.

Suddenly a tremor of fear shook her. There was nothing to be seen through the skylight. And yet she felt as if someone were there, looking in.

But presently she reminded herself that a short while before she had felt as if someone were in the apartment, and Sherry had proved her fears absurd. So she forced herself to go into the bathroom.

The hot water had its relaxing effect. She got into bed, shortly, and fell asleep at once.

She did not hear the creaking of the hall stairs as stealthy feet descended them.

* * *

A strange uneasiness troubled Sheridan as he left the house on Twelfth Street. Something more than puzzlement. An archaeologist was used to puzzlement. A bit of broken metal, a shaped rock, a fragment of pottery, and the thousands of other scraps of things found in buried cities were parts of puzzles. But by now archaeologists had the key to many of these. These scraps of human mystery, however—well, perhaps a detective like Alby could make sense of them. Upon himself they had a distressing effect.

Especially disturbing had been a discovery he had made in Adelaide's kitchen. When he reached into the cupboard for her smock, his hand, touching the wood at the back, had encountered a roughness. On impulse he had tumbled the smocks out. He replaced them swiftly to conceal **a long, scratch, newly made with some sharp point.**

He had once seen Moralda, the colored maid, who came in by the day, carry a pile of magazines in one arm while she removed a tray of glasses with her other. Perhaps Moralda had been putting the carving-knife and the smocks away at the same time. Rather far-fetched, but possible.

The second explanation was more disconcerting. Suppose the murderer had got into the apartment and had hidden the weapon in the cupboard. Suppose Higgins' men had found it there? Adelaide's fright when they had entered the apartment a little while ago may not have been so baseless as he had tried to make her believe. Adelaide was a level-headed girl.

Maybe he shouldn't have left Adelaide. . . . Yet, somehow, he felt sure Adelaide was quite safe. . . . Was it himself, then, that he feared for?

Sheridan was young enough to share the delusion that there is something shameful in fear. Angrily he straightened his shoulders. He had reached the Lexington Avenue subway station. But on impulse he decided to walk home. Exercise might clear his brain of this nonsense.

He walked briskly along, but by the time he reached Thirty-Sixth Street, in which he lived, the puzzle was thicker rather than clearer. Why the fancy dress? Why the door knocker? Why the Coggs' apartment? Why that fleeting sense of familiarity about the room? But especially how could he have known what the girl would look like?

And who was she?

Half a block from the apartment house in which he lived a man sidled out of a doorway. "Gimme a dime, mister? I been walkin' the streets all night."

"Hard luck." Sheridan, his mind occupied with the image of a blonde with lavender eyes, scarcely glanced at the man. He drew forth a handful of change from his pocket.

Then the beggar's fist flashed upward.

Sheridan was faintly conscious of the sound of coins hitting the sidewalk, of a shot, and a shrill whistle. He came to in a sea of brass buttons. The doorman of his apartment house and a policeman were bending over him.

"He's O.K. The shot must have missed," the policeman was saying.

"You O.K., Mr. Dinard?" the doorman inquired.

Sheridan managed to sit up, but couldn't answer at once.

"You had a lucky break, Mr. Dinard," the doorman continued. "If a detective hadn't happened to be within half a block, and the policeman on the beat hadn't heard the whistle—"

"Wait a minute." Sheridan was remembering now. "That beggar—"

"What did he look like?" the policeman demanded.

"Why, he was—" Sheridan stopped. Was he losing his mind? He could remember that there had been a beggar, but not what he looked like. "Wait a minute." He felt the top of his head. No, it wasn't sore. And certainly a blow to the jaw ought not to have played such tricks with his mind.

"All I remember," he said, "is a turned-up collar and a slouch hat. And his fist. It had brownish hair growing just above his knuckles."

"Would you know him if you saw him?" asked the policeman.

"Oh, yes. I'm sure I must have noticed more about him than I can now remember. . . . I should have said he was middle height—and yet—by the way, did he limp?"

"I didn't see him, buddy," said the policeman.

The detective appeared at this moment. "He got away," he growled.

It was six o'clock when Sheridan reached his room. His head ached. But the confusion in his mind was worse than the ache.

The confusion had acquired a new and freakish element: Why had he asked the policeman if the beggar had limped? Why, when he had come to, had there been an image of Mr. Coggs in his mind—an image of Mr. Coggs spreading out his hands to be fingerprinted—smooth hands, square hands with not a spear of hair growing above the knuckles?

The more he tried to marshal his thoughts the more painful the confusion became. He gave it up, and set his alarm clock for nine. That would give him nearly three hours' sleep. Perhaps when he met Alby at ten his mind would have cleared.

He was drifting into sleep when a sudden thought—a conviction, rather—wakened him:

Somehow he knew that the best clue to the murder was the thing Adelaide had guessed, and which he had denied.

He had said truthfully that he did not know who the murdered girl was. Yet Adelaide had been right. Something more than shock and pity had seized him as he looked at her. Even now, remembering her as she lay on the floor of that mean parlor, her beauty emptied of life, her strange lavender eyes, and the lips still parted, their silence mocking the laughter in which she had perished, even now a flood of tenderness and affection and personal loss surged over him.

Yet Adelaide needn't have been jealous. This was different. It had nothing to do with Adelaide. . . . Nor, surely, with that strange sense of danger which still hung over him. . . . But now he would really go to sleep. . . . Thank heaven for Adelaide . . . And damn that beggar, who most certainly was not Mr Coggs. . . .

CHAPTER 6

SHERIDAN, who had the gift of needing little sleep, wakened long before his alarm went off. He felt fresh and alert, though his chin was sore and discolored, and though the harassing sense of puzzlement had increased rather than lifted.

He resisted the impulse to telephone Adelaide. He hoped she would sleep until noon.

As he shaved, he tried to let his mind poke about, undirected, in the thickets of the mystery. That method of apparently haphazard wondering had often served him in solving obscure problems in his profession.

Perhaps it was his sore chin which made him think first of the beggar who had attacked him. Funny that he should have thought of Mr. Coggs the moment he regained consciousness. . . . And why had he asked if the man limped? The man had just appeared. Sheridan had not seen him take a step. . . . It was probably because he had been thinking of the unattractive old couple at the moment of the attack.

He didn't like the Coggses. Something toad-like about them both. Funny couple, though. She with her obsession about the stained rug; and he with his "shut-up, Mamma," in varying tones of petulance. Yet once—when was it? Oh, yes, about the long telephone wire—he had spoken rather tenderly to her.

That door-knocker. . . . It couldn't have been the little statuette. . . . And what was it Marlin had said to Higgins over the telephone? Some funny business about a cabinet. . . .

He had forgotten all about Marlin. He must hurry up to the museum. Marlin would surely be back. . . . Strange, Marlin's outburst of temper. . . . Of course being roused in the middle of the night. . . .

Perhaps he ought to get in touch with Dr. Coe. Perhaps Dr. Coe should be there when Alby arrived. Sheridan looked at his watch. Only eight. Too early. Dr. Coe slept late Sundays. And he had been unusually tired yesterday when Sheridan had gone with him to the station. They had discussed the details of the coming expedition until five minutes before train time. No, he would let Dr. Coe sleep, until after he had seen Alby. . . . Dr. Coe would be disturbed about that copy of the statuette.

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Sheridan's mind hopped back to the conversation with Wilcox in the taxi. Wilcox was something of a practical joker. It would have been possible for Wilcox to get the door-knocker—(Good heavens, here he was himself referring to the statuette as a door-knocker!). It was within the realm of possibility that Wilcox, for a joke, might have taken the little figure, drilled some holes in the door, stuck the figure into it, leaving it there till Sheridan had gone upstairs; and then ducked back into the hall and taken it away. . . . No, too fantastic. Besides, Wilcox didn't like him well enough to play a practical joke on him. . . . Usually Wilcox avoided him, except in their official capacities. Not that there was enmity between them. Something much milder; but definite enough to make it strange for Wilcox to have got into his taxi last night. . . . Moreover, Wilcox would never have taken the statuette from his desk. Wilcox, though something of a playboy in private life, took his work seriously. . . . His getting into the taxi doubtless had some simple explanation.

And the attack on himself last night, was that, too, unconnected with it? Probably. Yet there was something queer about that hold-up. Why did the man fire? Was he an amateur who got scared? What had scared him? Maybe he wasn't an amateur. Maybe he had seen and recognised the detective. Maybe he had fired at the detective.

Here Sheridan stopped. Before his mind had time to formulate a question as to how a detective happened to be so near, the answer was distinct; that detective had been following him. Of course! And he had, almost unconsciously, given Alby credit for knowing that he had nothing to do with the crime! . . . Why, perhaps Alby had one outside his door this minute. . . .

He'd find out. . . . The Sunday paper would be there, at any rate. He opened the door. Thick black headlines pulled his eyes down:

MYSTERY GIRL MURDERED IN FANCY DRESS

DINARD, ARCHAEOLOGIST, SAYS GIRL DIED LAUGHING

DENIES KNOWLEDGE OF IDENTITY

SHERIDAN took the paper into his apartment, and read the account in fury. Though carefully worded with an eye to libel laws, it featured him all through, and the implication was clear and ugly. . . . "Dinard maintains the description of the murdered girl, overheard by the janitor, was pure guesswork . . ." "Knew from laugh that she had lavender eyes, golden hair, and a short upper lip . . ." Those words, "lavender eyes, golden hair, and a short upper lip," were repeated in nearly every paragraph. One heading read, "Laugh-Reader Engaged to Brunette." Yes, and here was Adelaide's name . . . "daughter of the late Heyward Steele Sayre . . ."

Sheridan read on. "Mr. Dinard has figured frequently in rotogravure sections in connection with important archaeological finds. . . . Connected with Dr. Willard Coe's well-known private museum. . . . Is about to head an expedition for which Dr. Coe has collected two hundred thousand dollars . . ."

Angrily Sheridan threw down the paper. How Dr. Coe would hate all this! He'd better call him up at once. He fumed impatiently while the operator tried to get Dr. Coe's country house. At last Dr. Coe's butler, Murdock, answered.

"Why, Mr. Dinard, didn't you know? Dr. Coe didn't come. He telephoned about half-past one to say he'd be staying in town last night."

Sheridan took a taxi to the museum. He couldn't understand Dr. Coe's change of plan. He had accompanied him to the very train gate. There Dr. Coe had said, "One-thirty. Seven minutes to spare. But I'll go in and get a seat."

Doubtless there was some simple explanation of his sudden decision to stay in town. Yet it was unlike Dr. Coe. . . . And if he had decided not to go to the country, wouldn't he have slept at home? Well, perhaps not, with Mrs. Coe and the children and the servants away.

The taxi stopped in front of the museum, which was really just a large private house only occasionally opened to the public. The two lower floors had been converted into exhibition rooms and offices for the staff. The servants' rooms, too, were in this part. Murdock's, off the kitchen, and Babette's just above, on the second floor.

The two upper floors provided the living quarters for Dr. Coe's family, except during the summer months and on week-ends in the other seasons. At such times the menage moved to a Connecticut country home, near Stamford, and Marlin occupied Murdock's room and performed a few of Murdock's duties, answering the door, taking telephone messages, and keeping the furnace going if a fire was needed.

To-day not Marlin, but a policeman opened the door. "You Dinard?" he demanded. "O.K. They're waiting for you."

In his office Sheridan found Alby and Harrod, and Inspector Higgins and a new fingerprint man named Jenker. Higgins scowled suspiciously at him. Harrod grunted non-committally, but Alby said good morning in a gravely courteous tone.

"I didn't expect you until ten." Sheridan concealed his annoyance with difficulty.

"We've been making rather free with your museum," said Alby. "Of course, you see the necessity of that."

"I wish you had waited for Dr. Coe's return."

"Just when will that be?"

"He usually comes in the nine o'clock train Sunday night."

"But you're not sure of him to-night," Alby asserted rather than asked.

Sheridan studied Alby's face. He had liked him from the start. True, this morning he had been angry at the discovery that he was being watched. But now he realised that such surveillance must be a routine matter. He himself, in Alby's place, would have let no one, even remotely concerned, out of sight.

"Well?" Alby prompted him.

"I don't know." And Sheridan told of his conversation with Murdock, and how he had himself taken Dr. Coe to the train.

"Is this a murder?" growled Higgins, "or a series of disappearing acts? A girl gets rubbed out down on Twelfth Street, and the caretaker and the head of a museum on Sixty-Third Street suddenly vanish."

Sheridan ignored Higgins. "You don't think anything could have happened to Dr Coe?" he inquired in some alarm of Alby.

Alby shrugged. "Did he seem distraught, or unlike his usual self yesterday?"

Sheridan's brow furrowed. "A little worried. But not more than usual of late. The last weeks before an expedition starts are trying, and this time especially, as I shan't be here to attend to certain of the last minute details. Perhaps——" A sudden thought struck him. "If you'll just wait, I'll go upstairs. He might possibly have come back ill——"

"No one who could have committed the gone through the house. Still, it might be a good plan to repeat the excursion with you. You'll be able to throw light on several matters. Come along, Harrod."

Harrod, pencil, and notebook in hand, followed them, saying nothing but taking down every word.

Sheridan led the way out of his office into Dr. Coe's and Wilcox's, and then through a large exhibition room, the walls of which were lined with display cabinets. Suddenly he stopped.

The door of one cabinet stood slightly ajar. A jewelled Florentine dagger which should have hung against the velvet backing of the top shelf was gone.

CHAPTER 7.

"THEN there is some connection!" Sheridan exclaimed.

"Between the murder and the museum? But surely you expected as much?" was Alby's reply.

Sheridan shook his head. "No. Though I was puzzled. Even now I can't believe it. Though the dagger is gone."

"The dagger was in its place when we arrived."

The relief that lighted Sheridan's face was brief. For Alby continued, "The cabinet door was ajar as it is now."

"But if the dagger was there——"

"It was the only object in the cabinet not slightly coated with dust."

"You've taken it then?"

"It is now undergoing a microscopic laboratory examination.

"What a wretched business," Sheridan muttered. "Do you mind if I lock this?"

He drew some keys from his pocket and turned the lock.

"Who else," asked Alby, "has access to the cabinet?"

"No one who could have committed the murder, I'm sure of that."

"Their names, please."

"Dr. Coe and Mr. Wilcox."

"Hm. And Marlin?"

"No. Only once a month when he gets the keys from one of us, to dust."

"And the last time he dusted?"

"Let's see. A little over a month ago."

Alby said nothing. Sheridan stood a moment staring at the place where the Florentine dagger should have hung. Yes, he was convinced it had been the weapon used. Mmm. A Florentine dagger . . . a fancy dress costume. It hung together, somehow.

"Theatrical, isn't it?" Alby's voice was dry.

"You have an uncanny way of reading one's thoughts," Sheridan replied, leading the way into the hall, from which a gracious staircase ascended to Dr. Coe's living quarters.

Upstairs and down, they found nothing. Dr. Coe's bed had not been slept in. Only one room in the house was disturbed—Murdock's, which Marlin had occupied. Here the bedding was tumbled.

"What do you make of the odor in this room?" asked Alby.

"Snuff," Sheridan explained. "It's Marlin's one vice. He always smells of it. He chews it."

"Shouldn't think he'd be a pleasant creature to have around."

"It's not so noticeable in the museum part of the house. The ceilings are high, and there's an air conditioning system. Not that we like it. But Marlin's valuable enough in other ways for us to put up with it."

"Not short-tempered or touchy?"

"No. That's why his outbreak over the telephone last night was so strange. Of course, he's a little grumpy sometimes."

"And he was on good terms with you?"

"Excellent. All three of us have always found him most considerate and obliging. He'll be all right in a day or two, I'm sure. I'll run over and smooth him out as soon as we're through here."

"You know where he lives?"

"No, but it's in the files, of course."

They had got back to the door of Sheridan's office by now.

"You'll be interested in his letter of resignation," said Alby.

"Resignation? Oh, surely he'd not——"

But Alby had walked to the typewriter desk, and, lifting the black leatherette cover from the typewriter, indicated a letter still in the machine.

"It's all right to take it out now," said Jenker. "I powdered it for prints. Nothing there."

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"Hm." Alby drew it out and handed it to Sheridan. It read as follows:

Mr. Dinard,—Nobody ever accused me of stealing before. What would I do with a door-knocker. You could have slipped it into your pocket yourself, or Mr. Wilcox could, or Dr. Coe when he came back. He didn't think I saw him, but I did so goodby and to bad if you killed sumbody but I don't want to be mixed in any murders besides I dont like the way you let Dr. Coe think it was me had the cabinet key which I didn't but I hope you didn't do the Murder because you was always real nice.

yours truly P. Marlin.

"What do you make of it?" Alby asked.

"Nothing. How long was it between the time Higgins telephoned and the time the police got here? I dare say we could find out?"

"Eight minutes," said Alby.

"Not time enough for a man to have dressed and have written this note—a man as unused to typing as Marlin apparently was."

"And your conclusion?" asked Alby.

"One needs more evidence to draw conclusions. . . . What do you make of it? After all, you're the detective, not I."

"I imagine we draw the same conclusions. Marlin was dressed when the telephone call came; or else he expected the call, and wrote the note in advance; or else," Alby added with slow emphasis, "someone else wrote it, as a plant."

"You suspect Marlin, then?"

"Surely you've read enough detective stories," Alby said dryly, "to know it's our business to suspect everyone."

"That reminds me," Sheridan replied. "You had a man following me last night."

"Fortunately for you. His whistle summoned the police. Otherwise you might have been killed."

"Hardly," said Sheridan. "But you doubtless saved me some money and my fiancee's wedding ring. As it is, he got nothing."

"You're sure it was a hold-up?"

"What else could it be? Of course, the fellow must have been an amateur, to lose his nerve and shoot."

"Is there anyone who would want you dead?"

Sheridan smiled. "Not to my knowledge."

"No one who would profit by your death?"

"No one. I have almost no money—oh, enough to marry on, but not enough to get killed for."

"Who's your nearest relative?"

"An invalid great-aunt, aged seventy. Practically my only relative."

"Her name?"

"Mrs. Anne Hartley. She lives with her sister-in-law at the Brunswick in Boston."

"You have no cousins?"

"Not in this country. A few distant ones scattered about France, and maybe one or two in England."

"Your first name sounds like an English surname."

"It is. My maternal great-great-grandfather was one James Sheridan. His daughter eloped with a French student, named Dinard. You now behold the last fruit of that romance—to date."

"Could you give me the addresses of some of the other fruit?"

"No. I don't know any of them. My great-aunt might, but really you're on the wrong track. If they ever knew of my existence, they've forgotten it. And they'd have nothing to gain by my death."

Inspector Higgins, who had been out of the room, came back. "We've reached Wilcox at last," he said. "He'll be right over."

Sheridan frowned uneasily. "I hope you'll pay no attention to that query on my list. Wilcox had nothing to do with the murder."

Higgins said, "Ready yet to tell us the name of the girl with lavender eyes?"

Sheridan turned scornfully away from Higgins. "Were there no identifying marks on her clothing?" he asked Alby.

"None."

"Then you've no clues at all?"

"We have the dagger, the statuette——"

"Then you found the statuette?"

"The statuette with some manuscript binding wire, like that in Dr. Coe's library, and traces of putty. Not to mention some fingerprints——"

"Yeah, and the absence of fingerprints," interpolated Higgins. "Your friend Marlin took time to wipe off every print in the smelly bedroom."

"Wait a minute," said Sheridan. This was a nightmare. His brain refused to believe the implications of the accumulating bits of evidence. Just as, doubtless, there was an explanation of his knowing how the dead girl would look. . . . If only he could find it. . . . It was all too crazy and impossible. . . . Why, maybe the attack on himself had some connection with the matter!

As if he had been following Sheridan's thoughts, Alby now said, "To return to your hold-up man last night. You mentioned that the man limped."

"No. I asked whether he limped. But that was just a freak impression. For I didn't see him take a step. I had been thinking about Mr. Coggs, and I suppose when I came to, the image of Coggs got mixed in with the hold-up. Because the only impression I retain of the man is Coggs-y. Which is absurd."

Alby nodded. "Coggs didn't leave his house last night."

Higgins, who had been glaring sceptically at Sheridan, said, "Too bad about Dinard's memory. Can't remember blondes with lavender eyes and short upper lips, and can't remember the looks of a man who gives him the count."

Sheridan's anger against Higgins rose again. But there was nothing he could say.

CHAPTER 8.

APPARENTLY it had been agreed between Higgins and Alby that the latter should manage these interviews. Alby returned to the subject of Marlin. "Do you know anything about him," he asked Sheridan, "before his employment by Dr. Coe?"

"Yes. As a preliminary to our first Egyptian expedition Dr. Coe took Mr. Wilcox and me to visit an English Egyptologist, Dr. Wellington, in London. The four of us went over our plans, and spent much time with Dr. Wellington. Marlin was his caretaker then."

"When was that?"

"In 1928. Dr. Wellington had a collection of urns, one of which was much like one Dr. Coe had had, which had been broken by his caretaker. Dr. Wellington spoke praisingly of his own caretaker—his museum steward, he called him. The next year Dr. Coe received a letter from Dr. Wellington. I'll show it to you."

Sheridan went to the files and got two letters. The first was addressed to Dr. Coe:

"Adelphi Terrace, London.

"My Dear Dr. Coe:

"On your last visit you spoke of wanting a caretaker. Because of heavy taxes and general losses, I have accepted an offer for my entire collection, and am closing my little museum and going out to Cairo. Peter Marlin, my man here for years, is emigrating to the States. I have taken the liberty of suggesting that he call on you, thinking that even if you are at present suited, you might know of a post for him. Don't let his unprepossessing appearance discourage you. The scar on his neck was won in the war, and the hairy mole behind his ear you really won't mind after a bit. He is absolutely honest and dependable.

"I shall be in Egypt all winter. The British Consul in Cairo will always be able to tell you my whereabouts, should you come over on another expedition.

"Sincerely yours,

"George Gates Wellington."

The second letter was merely a reference:

"To Whom it may Concern:

"Peter Marlin has been in my service for twelve years, during which time he has been entrusted with the care and handling of all the valuable objects in my museum. I assure his next employer that he can be depended upon for honesty, carefulness, and general trustworthiness.

"Dr. G. G. Wellington."

Alby read both letters and passed them first to Higgins and then to Harrod. Higgins merely sniffed. Harrod asked, "Shall I take them along?" Alby nodded.

"As soon as we've seen Wilcox," he said, "Dinard and I will go after Marlin. You can get back to Centre Street. I'll see you there later."

Harrod put the letters in his pocket.

Almost immediately Wilcox arrived.

"Hello, Dinard," he said, ignoring Alby for the moment. "What's this putrid mess? Didn't I tell you that door knocker would get into the papers? All the same, I'll bet Dr. Coe burst wide open when he saw it. What's the inside story?"

"Mr. Wilcox, I believe?" said Alby. "It's your inside story that's wanted now. We've been trying to get you since eight this morning."

Wilcox grinned. "I've a patent way of warding off phone calls on Sunday mornings. Two bits of cardboard between the bells, and I can't hear a sound. What can I do for you?"

"You can tell me when you last saw Dr. Coe."

"Dr. Coe? Surely nothing has happened to him!" Wilcox was serious now.

"Do you know where he is?"

"At his country place, I presume—Oh, I say!" Wilcox stopped suddenly.

"Well, say it."

Instead of answering Alby, Wilcox turned to Sheridan. "Dinard, didn't I hear you say 'I'll go along to the station with you' yesterday when Dr. Coe was leaving here?"

"Yes."

Wilcox whistled. "Well, he didn't go to Stamford. Or, if he did, he came back. Because I saw him yesterday afternoon."

"When and where?" demanded Alby.

"I can tell you exactly when and where. It was at the corner of Twelfth and Fifth Avenue. Just a minute before I saw you," he turned to Sheridan, "and Miss Sayre in the taxi. In fact, just as I hopped in with you."

"But you didn't mention it to Mr. Dinard at the time?"

"No."

"You didn't think it strange?"

"Dr. Coe doesn't take me into his confidence," Wilcox replied stiffly. "It's nothing to me what he does with his Saturday afternoons."

Alby looked at his watch. "We'll resume this interesting conversation later. Meanwhile, let Mr. Jenker here take your fingerprints."

Wilcox exclaimed, "Finger-prints! You don't suspect me—"

"The whole museum staff, except Marlin," Sheridan explained, "seems to have been a few inches, or feet, or yards from the crime at the moment it was being committed."

With a shrug, Wilcox let Jenker ink his hands.

"And please be at my office this afternoon—" Alby began.

"Sorry, but I've another engagement."

"That's just too bad," said Higgins. But Alby merely repeated, "At my office, at two-thirty."

Sheridan and Alby started down to the door. Just before they reached the bottom step Alby said "Stop," and motioned a policeman who was standing near it to step back.

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There was the sound of a key in the outer door. It opened, and Dr. Coe stepped in—Dr. Coe, hatless, his white hair unkempt, his eyes bloodshot and haggard.

He did not raise his eyes to where Sheridan and Alby were standing. But he did see the policeman.

"What are you doing in my house?" he demanded in a shaking voice.

"There's been a murder," said the policeman.

"Murder! . . ." Dr. Coe seemed to be focussing his mind with difficulty. "Mur—not Marlin!" he exclaimed, and fell in a crumpled heap on the floor.

An hour later, when they left together to seek Marlin, Sheridan's feelings towards Alby were mixed. He had been pleased to find Alby a human, rather gentle person, not in the least like the district attorneys or detectives of fiction. When Dr. Coe collapsed exhausted on the floor, Sheridan remembered third degree stories of men kept awake for days to wring forth a confession. Higgins was apparently ready for some such procedure.

But Alby asked no questions. He helped get Dr. Coe up to his room, had a man telephone for a physician connected with his department, and waited for anything Dr. Coe might say when he came to.

Dr. Coe asked one question: "Who killed Marlin?" and at the news that Marlin wasn't the victim, he sighed with relief and closed his eyes, murmuring, "Leave me alone now." But when Sheridan said, "Hadn't I better telephone Mrs. Coe?" he sat up suddenly. "Not on any account!" And then, more feebly, "I'm all right."

Mr. Alby's doctor arrived shortly and confirmed this statement. "Ordinary exhaustion," he said. "Otherwise O.K."

"Well enough to give testimony at—say—four this afternoon?" Alby queried.

"Sure."

"Testimony?" Dr. Coe asked wearily. "What has all this to do with me?"

Alby left the explanation to Sheridan.

He knew that Alby was listening not only to his story but to the very words he chose, to his every intonation, and even, as it were, to the items he omitted. He knew, too, that Alby missed no flicker of expression that passed over Dr. Coe's face.

When Sheridan finished, Alby merely said quietly, "We'll telephone when we need you this afternoon. I'll question the other witnesses first. Meanwhile I am leaving some men here."

As Sheridan pulled on his own glove, Alby asked, "Where did you get that scratch on your hand?"

Sheridan started, and then laughed shortly. "Not from the Florentine dagger," he said. "It's odd," he continued, "how guilty an innocent man can feel when a district attorney asks him a sudden question. We suddenly see a possible misinterpretation of some slight detail, like this scratch. Which, to answer your question, I got on a loose prong in a ring which Miss Sayre wore the night before last. I should think," Sheridan continued, "that this incorrect reaction of guilt, this very feel of guilt, in almost any innocent person who knows he's being watched and studied, would lead you detectives astray."

"It does—sometimes," Alby replied. "Not often."

They were silent the rest of the short distance to Marlin's address—an old-fashioned brick apartment house in a shabby block between Second and Third Avenues.

Marlin's name was not in the hall. They rang the superintendent's bell.

"You mean that Englishman? He moved out long ago. 'Round Thanksgiving. No, I don't know where. Mrs. Brown, though, or her daughter, might know. He roomed in their flat."

Mrs. Brown lived on the first floor, front. She showed them into what she called the parlor bedroom, which contained a brass bed, a piano, some plush chairs, and countless knicknacks, photographs, and d'oyleys.

"You'll have to excuse this parlor being a bedroom," she said. "We used to have the whole floor when Mr. Marlin lived here, but these hard times a person's got to do what they can, especially with my daughter out of work, and——"

Alby stopped the flow of speech, or rather directed it into the pertinent channel.

"No," she said, when questioned, "I don't know where Mr. Marlin moved to, and I can't say as I care. If I knew, my daughter, Susie, wouldn't let me have no peace. Though what she could see in an old man like Mr. Marlin—not that he was really old, but forty if he was a day. But for a girl nineteen—and for him to invite her to Coney Island, and get their picture taken together, well, it keeps the young men away. Right now, thank goodness, she's going steady with a nice young fella. I always told her 'Mr. Marlin isn't a marrying man'."

CHAPTER 9.

"DID Marlin take her out often?" Alby asked.

"Not as often as she'd of liked," said Mrs. Brown. "He was always saying he had to spend his week-ends at the museum, and maybe he did, but be careful what you believe that any man says, I told her. But she wouldn't hear a word against him. My land, when he had their pictures took together at Coney Island, well, Susie she thought he must be gone on her. And then he moved, and not a word out of him."

"Have you the picture?"

Mrs. Brown took it from among many on a wire rack. "There. Though it don't do her justice. Nor him neither. But that lump back of his ear is plain. So plain you can almost smell him."

"Smell him?" Alby prompted.

"Now, whatever made me say that! Of course, he did have a smell to him. Not real bad, but sort of tobacco-y, only not quite. Not that he wasn't a clean man. Tidy as a cat. But he did smell. Why, I told Susie for a week after he left that I could smell him every time I went into this room."

"Why did he leave?"

"Just lost his temper, sudden, and no need, either. He forgot to pay his rent two weeks running, and I reminded him. Now wouldn't anybody? He never answered a word, but next morning there, on his pillow, was the money, and a note."

"Have you the note?"

"No, I haven't. But it said nobody ever accused him of wanting to get out of paying his rent before. Susie kept after me till I wrote him a letter to the Metropolitan Museum apologising, but it came back, marked unknown at this address.

"Where is Susie?"

"She'll be back any minute now. She goes to see her grandma Sunday mornings."

"I'll see her later. Meanwhile, I'll borrow this photograph," said Alby.

"Well, my land, I don't know what Susie'll say. Gracious, Mr. Marlin ain't wanted for something, is he?"

"Did he seem the sort of man who would be wanted?"

"But he was honest as daylight," she added. "I never thought he meant to do me out of the rent. Why, like I wrote him in my letter, that came back, I'd no more accuse him of cheating than of murder." She stopped short. "My land," she narrowed her eyes at Sheridan. "Your pitcher was in the paper this morning, about that murder of the girl that died laughing! And you——"

"From the District Attorney's office," Alby told her. "Just when was this picture taken?"

"Two weeks to the day before he left. I remember on account of when she bought the new hat. But a murder! And Mr. Marlin being asked for! Just wait till I tell Susie."

Susie entered at that moment, young and slim, and smart despite the cheapness of her clothes.

"Susie! Mr. Marlin's been connected with a murder!" her mother exclaimed. "And these gentlemen——"

"With a murder!" Susie's thin eyebrows went up. "I don't believe it."

"The one in this morning's paper. The girl who died laughing."

"He never did it!" Susie cried passionately. "I don't believe he did it!"

"There you go, jumping to conclusions, like always," said her mother. "I never said he done it. I said he was connected with it. These gentlemen come to borrow his picture. They're from the police. At least, that one is."

"The other one isn't. I know who he is," said Susie. "He works at Mr. Marlin's museum, one of the two Mr. Marlin said butter wouldn't melt in their mouths."

"Are you sure he said that?" Sheridan demanded.

Susie nodded.

"What else did he say?" Alby demanded.

"Nothing. Except that people in museums in England were different."

"But I told you a hundred times," said her mother, "that Mr. Marlin never worked at the museum. The letter came back. You saw it with your own eyes."

Susie shrugged.

"Did Mr. Marlin tell you he worked at the Metropolitan Museum?" Alby asked.

"I don't remember," said Susie sullenly. "Maybe I just thought it was the Meterpolitan."

"And it didn't seem strange to you that he hadn't told you which museum he worked at?"

"He was English. English people are different. Not—not familiar, like Americans."

"Close-mouthed, you mean," said her mother. "Though really, except for that about the museum, he wasn't what I'd call a close-mouthed man. Liked to talk, when he was in the mood. My land!" Her voice changed. "My roast! Excuse me," she continued, dashing to the door.

The moment she had gone, Alby turned upon Susie. "You were in love with him."

"No!" But as Alby made no answer, just waited, she added, "I'm engaged to marry somebody else. At least when times get better——"

"And you were never engaged to Marlin?"

"No—he couldn't ask me. He—he had a wife in England."

"But he took you places, and made love to you—"

"He was a perfect gentleman. He told me from the beginning he couldn't marry me—not as long as his wife was alive. She's been in an insane asylum for eight years in London. He can't get a divorce."

"And so?" Alby prompted.

"So nothing," she retorted. "He said he mustn't stand in my way. So, unless I could feel he was like a father to me, we wouldn't go out together any more. So I said all right, and after that he never once——"

"Never once what?"

"He never once made love to me. Never once even kissed me. He may just of been a caretaker, but he was a perfect gentleman, I tell you!"

"Was the picture taken before or after he told you about his wife?"

"He told me about his wife being in the insane asylum the third time he took me out, two years ago. But he told me how you couldn't get a divorce for insanity the same day we had the picture taken."

Mrs. Brown breezed back into the room and began talking almost before she entered the doorway.

"Was he a hot-tempered man?" Alby interrupted.

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"My land, no! That's why I never could understand him going off in a huff when I reminded him about the rent."

"That," said Susie angrily, "is why. I know Mother must have said something insulting to him."

"Susie Brown, I never! I've told you a dozen times exactly what I said. And he never answered a word. And the next morning there was the note on his pillow—"

"It must have been the way you said it then," Susie insisted. "He was very—very honorable. And he'd naturally be insulted if anybody thought he was trying to cheat them out of the rent."

"But I tell you I was as polite as milk. I just said, 'Mr. Marlin,' I said, 'I think something's slipped your mind. I know you'd remember it in a day or two, but my own rent's due this week——'"

"Well, thank you very much," Alby said. "I'll return the picture in a few days."

"You ain't going to put Susie's picture in the papers!" Mrs. Brown exclaimed.

"No." Alby got up to leave.

"And tell him I never meant to incinerate that he was trying to get out of paying the rent, if you find him."

"When you find him," Susie insisted and looked darkly from Alby to Sheridan, as they departed.

At the corner drug store Alby went into a telephone booth. Sheridan took advantage of this first moment of leisure to slip into another and to call Adelaide.

"Sherry, darling!" she exclaimed. "I've been trying to get you at your house and the museum—I've been so worried——"

"I'll collect you for lunch in a little while. I'm with Mr. Alby. He's coming down to have another look at the Coggs' apartment. It won't be long——"

"Just a minute, Sherry. Someone's at the door."

Sheridan held the wire. It was rather a long minute. At last she returned to the telephone. "Please hurry, Sherry."

"Dear! Is something wrong? What is it?"

"No, nothing. That is—it's only that they've been asking me questions——"

"Who?"

"Some more police inspectors. And they've searched the house."

"The brutes. But don't worry, dear. It's just a routine they've got to go through. If you were a policeman, wouldn't you do the same? They weren't unpleasant about it, were they?"

"No—but——"

"But what, darling? I can tell that you're worried."

"Sherry, they found something!"

CHAPTER 10.

DINARD and Alby hardly spoke as the taxi hurried them down to Twelfth Street. But at the entrance to the house, Sheridan said. "You won't want me further? I'm worried about Miss Sayre."

"Miss Sayre can wait a few minutes. Seeing the Coggs' apartment again, even without the lavender-eyed girl, may prod your memory."

Sheridan shrugged.

Mrs. Coggs opened the door. Her face, by daylight, seemed to Sheridan more toad-like and greedy than ever.

"Well, I'm glad you came, Mr. Alby. And now I'd thank you to clear your police out of my house. They won't let me scrub the place on my rug. All the while it'll get deeper and deeper in."

"Mamma, stop jawin' about that rug." Mr. Coggs limped close behind her. "Well, Mr. Alby, got the murderer yet?"

"Not yet."

"Nor found out who the girl is——"

"Not yet. We'd like another look around, please. The person who did it was apparently familiar with your apartment, and your week-end habits. Perhaps some relative?"

"We haven't any relatives," snapped Mrs. Coggs.

"No children?"

"No," said Mr. Coggs. But Mrs. Coggs began to cry. Her face wrinkled up and became incredibly ugly. "There, there, Mamma," her husband said, and patted her arm while he explained to Alby, "She's never got over the loss. Right after the fire in San Francisco, it was. Now, now, Mamma, shut up. And maybe Mr. Alby'll find out who murdered the girl on your rug."

Alby led the way into the living-room. Sheridan was once more assailed by the room's eerie familiarity—a different sort of familiarity, however, from that which the dead girl aroused. Yet he was sure that until last night he had never seen it or any room just like it. The single difference in it now was a pipe on the mantel, and the faint odor of pipe smoke in the house.

Alby picked up the pipe. "It's a nice one," he said. "New?"

"Yes," snapped Coggs.

"And much more expensive than it shoulda been," Mrs. Coggs grumbled. "He could just as well have used his old one and cleaned it out oftener."

Alby cut short the bickering by walking into the dining room, then the bedroom, the bathroom, and finally the kitchen. It was only in the last that he paused long, looking into the cupboards, the bread box and even lifting the lid of a pot on the stove. He looked at his watch. "I'll see you this afternoon. The District Attorney's office on Centre Street. You, too, Dinard."

As they reached the outer door, Mr. Coggs peered close into Sheridan's face. "I certainly met you some place," he said darkly.

"And you, Dinard," said Alby, "do you remember Mr. Coggs?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't."

"Judging from the papers," Mrs. Coggs said tartly, "Mr. Dinard's memory is better for people he never saw before, like that girl that got herself murdered on my rug. With two empty apartments in the house, why she had to take mine—"

"Two empty apartments?" asked Alby sharply. "I understood there was only one."

"There's only one not rented—the one just above. But the people on the third floor, the Conleys, they're away for a month, but they're paying their rent," said Mr. Coggs. "Your men went through their apartment last night."

"I think I'll have a look through those apartments," Alby said. "Don't wait, Dinard."

Coggs delayed Sheridan for a moment. "While you're here, Mr. Dinard—I asked Miss Sayre this morning about whether her aunt was thinking about renting her apartment again next year. Or if you and Miss Sayre, when you come back——"

"March is too early to talk about plans for the fall," Sheridan replied rather curtly.

Sheridan mounted the steps to Adelaide's apartment two at a time. In a moment he had her in his arms.

"Oh, darling!" she cried. "I thought you'd never get here! Hold me close, Sherry, I'm frightened!"

"Dearest," he kissed her again. "You should have let me stay last night."

"Oh, it's not **me** I'm frightened about. Sherry, the papers this morning—"

"Yes, they were ugly about me. I don't pretend to like it. But there's nothing more than annoyance to fear. Detective stories to the contrary notwithstanding, there's no danger of an innocent young man's being involved in a murder he didn't commit. Come, get your things on. It's after one. We'll have a bite of lunch while you tell me what happened."

"All right, I'll be glad to get out. I feel as if the walls had ears. When I opened the door to take in the paper this morning, there was a policeman there. He said he was just waiting till I got up, before they searched the place."

A few minutes later they were lunching at a nearby restaurant, and so deep in conversation that neither of them noticed an inconspicuous man who had taken a nearby table.

Adelaide described the searching of her apartment. "And they found a scratch on the back of the inside of the linen cabinet—on the shelf—"

"Where you keep your clean smocks. I saw it last night."

"Oh, then, there was someone watching from the skylight!"

"The skylight? What on earth—"

"Sherry, after you left, as I went through the kitchen to the bathroom, I noticed a shadow, or, rather, I felt as if it were a shadow. But I told myself it was just imagination. And even this morning, when they found the scratch, I didn't connect it with—"

"With my apparent clumsiness in spilling the smocks on the floor? I was wondering if the implement that had made the scratch was hidden there."

"But you never said a thing!"

"The scratch might have had no connection with the murder. I didn't want to frighten you needlessly. I thought, somehow, you or Moralda might have had a knife in hand as you put the smocks away. It's still possible."

"It's possible Moralda did. It would be like her. But I didn't. On the other hand the murderer **might** have got into the apartment and have hidden the knife there. They asked me a million questions as to what work I did and just which minutes I had been away from the house yesterday."

"Well, until we've talked to Moralda, let's forget that scratch. They didn't find any other clues, did they?"

"No, they didn't, Sherry. But I did—a **baggage check**. It was in among the papers on my desk. I don't see how they missed it."

"You took it down to them, of course."

"No, I didn't."

"Why on earth—here, give it to me."

"I—I haven't got it."

"Lets go back for it—"

Adelaide shook her head. "I know I shouldn't have done it," she said. "I tore it up in tiny pieces and threw it down the toilet."

"But, darling! Why, that might have been the one real clue! We'll have to tell Alby—"

"Oh, no, Sherry, please don't! It will get me into trouble—both of us. Because they'll ask why, and I can't tell them."

"You can tell me."

She shook her head. "Please don't be cross, Sherry. My nerves are all on edge."

"I'm not cross, dear. But it's so unlike you—and it may make trouble."

"Not if you don't say anything about it. Why, just think, they might have found it!"

"But they **should** have found it!"

She looked away and swallowed, before replying, "Right on my desk, Sherry?"

Sherry laid down the fork and leaned back. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "You don't think!"

"No, I don't! I won't let myself think. I'm sure you have some good reason for keeping anything from me that you like. I don't doubt you for a minute, Sherry, not a minute."

"Yet, because I went upstairs to get your letter from that desk—"

"**I** didn't say it—"

"You **thought** it."

"I don't think it now, Sherry. It was just a new attack of jealousy. I remembered the way you looked at that girl. And suddenly I **felt** that it was her baggage check. And then my feelings got all mixed up. They had been questioning me about that scratch in the linen cabinet. And whether you had been in the apartment alone at any time yesterday. And I said only for a moment when you'd gone up to get my letter—and suddenly it occurred to me, Sherry, that some one must be trying to 'frame' you—that's the right word, isn't it? Somebody who knew you knew something about that girl—"

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"But I don't!"

Adelaide ignored him. Her voice, though still very low, was excited. "And if my life depended on it, I couldn't tell you if it was jealousy, or if it was an instinct to protect you, which made me destroy that check!"

He made no answer. He just looked at her, the muscles of his face taut.

"Sherry dear!" Suddenly her voice was soft and appealing. "Please don't look at me like that."

"You can hardly expect perfect facial control," he said bitterly, "when the person dearest to you in the whole world won't believe your honest word."

"But I do!"

He laughed shortly. "Just what did the check look like?"

"It was pink, or, rather, cerise, on coarse-grained cardboard. Otherwise it was like any other baggage check."

"I don't suppose in your moment of protectiveness and jealousy you thought to keep track of the number?"

"I can't bear it when you talk to me like this, Sherry! But I do remember the number. As if it were etched on my eyeballs. If you want to know, the number was 8 dash 14 dash 663."

Without another word they left the restaurant and got a taxi headed down town.

The inconspicuous man at the next table deserted a half-eaten meal and sauntered out to a waiting car.

"I got their number," said its driver. "We'll pick 'em up at the next stop light."

CHAPTER 11

AT the District Attorney's office Joe Harrod was waiting for Alby. "Caswell replaced me at the museum right after you phoned," he reported. "I came back here and got busy on your instructions. Stevens is trailing Dinard. I cabled Scotland Yard for information about Marlin. And look at that," he added, indicating a sheaf of papers in a desk tray, weighted down with the jewelled Florentine dagger.

"Quick work at the lab.," said Alby, but postponed an examination of the tray's contents. "Any new developments at the museum?"

"No. Dr. Coe fell into a heavy sleep. They'll call us the minute he wakes. Higgins' men are on the job there."

Alby sank wearily into his desk chair, for he had had neither food nor sleep since he had been called on this case last night. Some coffee, however, picked him up, and he rattled off this morning's findings with speed, conciseness, and yet a wealth of detail. A few conversations he summarised, but most he gave verbatim, for his mind was as accurate as a dictaphone.

"Now for these," he said, and pulled the desk tray to him. "Too soon for much luck, I suppose, especially on a Sunday?"

"Three swell pieces of luck," Harrod's eyes gleamed and Alby sat forward in his chair.

"First the report on this baby." Harrod picked up the dagger. "It's the one that did the job. And what a clue-catcher! It was washed with a well-known brand of colored soap, some of which obligingly snuggled in with as much of the blood as didn't wash off, right between the rubies and emeralds. So did some particles of wool and paper. It was evidently wiped dry on one of those cleansing tissues."

"Who uses that kind of soap?"

"It's in the museum washroom. Also in Dinard's bathroom."

Alby gave a noncommittal grunt and poured another cup of coffee. "What else?"

"Plenty. The girl's English."

Alby set the cup down. "You located the florist? Good work!"

"I hitched four men to telephones. We took Dinard's tip and called only the best. Got the right one within half an hour. The clerk at Abalado's remembered an English lady. Said she said she'd just arrived from England."

"Grand. That explains her silk-and-wool underwear. Check up on ships——"

"It's being done. The Berengaria, the Majestic and the Paris all docked yesterday. Police Headquarters are trying to locate ships' officers and stewardesses, and check up her description with the passenger lists. It may take a day or two, though. But if it's the same girl, we'll be able to tell our Mr. Dinard who the lavender eyes and short upper lip belonged to, which he doesn't know maybe."

"What else?"

"What about this!" Harrod almost purred as he handed Alby some typed sheets. "Imagine finding the Quapatuck grocery store manager as well as the florist on a Sunday! And the train conductor. The Coggses' alibi is perfect."

Alby's quick eye picked out the essentials of a four-page report.

"Terrence McKinnon, store manager, remembers Coggs couple distinctly yesterday. Mrs. C. came in about twelve, right after train arrived, as usual Saturdays. Says you can't forget her marketing. Haggles about price and weight. McK. didn't remember Mr. Coggs's coming in in the morning, but his assistant, Joe Quigley, did. Also a neighbor. Both McK. and Q. remember the afternoon shopping, because Coggs himself did the buying, and he and Mrs. C. argued whether it would be round steak or kidneys. Quigley wrapped up the round steak and Mrs. C. said, 'All right, papa, but you can see for yourself it comes to two cents more than the kidneys.' (Says they filled up about 5.45. Coggs got out of car, and held hose up himself to make sure he got every drop of gas.)

"Interviewed James Cling, conductor, who happened to be on both runs. Said Coggses used last two rides of fifty-trip ticket on way down, and on return trip last night paid cash for tickets. Quarrelled about extra expense, each blaming the other for having forgotten to buy a new trip ticket."

"Water-tight, what?" Harrod said.

Alby nodded, scowling.

Harrod grinned. "Yeah, too bad. It'd be sweet to hang it on those two old toads. And you really like Dinard."

"You agree with Higgins that Dinard's the man?"

"Look at the evidence. Don't you?"

"The evidence—if you can call it evidence—if just as black against Coe, Wilcox, or for all we know, Marlin. I'm keeping an open mind till we catch both Marlin and a motive."

"We can make a hot guess at a motive."

"What's your guess? Fire away."

"O.K., boss. Let's go at it this way. An attractive young man, connected with a museum, has access to daggers. He also is familiar with the Twelfth Street house, and could easily know that the Coggses go away week-ends. Breaking into the Coggses' would be a cinch. He's engaged to be married. Suddenly—this is where the guessing begins—who turns up but this foreign fancy-dress dame, that he fell for maybe on one of those previous expeditions. She barges in just in time to stop the wedding bells. He's got to rub her out. Otherwise his latest romance and his reputation both crack up."

"A pretty long and elaborate guess."

"Not so long. At his apartment house they say he gets lots of foreign mail."

"So do we."

Harrod ignored the interruption.

"Suppose he gets a letter from the girl saying she's arriving. He cables her to come to the Coggses' straight from the boat. Gets there ahead of her, and lets her in——"

"Straight from the boat in fancy dress?"

"No. He's got the dress with him, see. Trumps up some cock and bull story about a masquerade party, and brings the dress with him—"

"Which fits perfectly," Alby put in, his lip curling.

"Which fits perfectly. Though it wouldn't matter much if it didn't. But he knew her well enough to know the right sizes. This gives him a chance to destroy her regular clothes, which might be identified."

"Go on."

"That statuette. He brings it with him. It suggests a way to hide a peephole and watch his chance of getting in and out. He's about to take it off the door, see, when the superintendent pops up into the hall."

"Go on."

"Well, maybe he starts fooling around with her, and she starts laughing, and he kills her quick to shut her up."

"He was the one to tell us about the laughing."

"Sure. Because somebody else might have heard it."

"You think a bright young man like Dinard would use a museum dagger and blaze a trail between the murder and the museum?"

"He'd figure that you would figure just that way. What do you bet his lawyer uses that line of defence when the time comes?"

"Of course, all this reasoning might apply to Coe or Wilcox as well as to Dinard."

"But not the motive. Besides, neither Coe or Wilcox went around talking about a blonde with lavender eyes and a short upper lip."

"You really believe the murderer would have deliberately described the girl he murdered to his fiancee?"

"I don't think he meant to. He's not a natural born murderer. He probably got nervous. And when he dashed up the stairs and saw Miss Sayre, he probably just babbled. I'll bet he wishes he'd bitten his tongue out before he mentioned those lavender eyes!"

"Even if he's innocent, I've no doubt he regrets them."

"All the same, boss, you can't explain them away. And then there's the fact Miss Sayre herself half suspects him. Remember that conversation Stevens picked up at the skylight last night."

"Go on with your reconstruction of what you think was the crime. He killed her, wiped the dagger off and hid it, destroyed her hat, coat, bag, street clothes all in five minutes?"

"Who says it was five or ten minutes?"

"The medical examiner——"

"No medical examiner would swear to the exact minute. A quarter of an hour leeway was all Dinard needed. He's naturally quick, and you can bet he doubled his usual speed."

"Go on, put the statuette in the museum shrubbery, and the dagger back into a case on the second floor of the museum."

"The statuette's easy. The Ballards, where they were dining, live at Park and Eighty-ninth. What more simple than to have the taxi drive past the museum, and throw the statuette into the shrubbery from the taxi."

"Rather difficult, without being noticed by either Miss Sayre or Wilcox. But not absolutely impossible. Now, I'm interested in how you're going to get the dagger where we found it."

CHAPTER 12.

I HAVEN'T got that quite figured out," Harrod replied. "Perhaps Dinard hid the dagger in Miss Sayre's cupboard when he went back to get her letter. Then maybe he took it out while she was making coffee. And slipped it to Marlin on the way home."

"With our men tailing him? Not a chance."

"Sure, there was a swell chance. If that hold-up was a hoax——"

"A hoax?"

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"Why not? Just suppose it was Marlin. Dinard's phone call tips Marlin off. He meets Dinard by pre-arrangement. Dinard slips him the dagger. Marlin fires a fake shot and knocks Dinard out, but so gently he's not much hurt. Then he loses his head, Marlin, I mean, forgets to take the money, and runs."

Alby shook his head. "Pretty good reasoning, Harrod. But not quite good enough. A bright fellow like Dinard wouldn't have taken on a confederate, especially if the danger of the old flame was a sudden danger.

"It might not have been so sudden, at that. And Marlin might have known about it in England. Where there's a fancy murder like this there's usually a past."

"Also, if Dinard were guilty he'd hardly have given us that florist tip."

"He might have thought we'd pick it up ourselves. We would have, too."

Alby considered. "Maybe," he answered grudgingly, "but it leaves too many loose edges. Dr. Coe's actions, for instance."

"We haven't even questioned him yet."

Harrod's comment was not without reproach.

"Plenty of time," said Alby. "Perhaps," he grinned at Harrod, "perhaps I've a theory of my own."

"In other words, you want me to pipe down?"

"No—keep working on it. You figured out the Hanwick murder. But keep quiet about it! Even if you're right, precipitate arrest may spoil the case."

"Anyhow, we ought to get Marlin first."

"Here's his picture," said Alby. "Have it copied and enlarged. Leave Miss Brown out of the one we'll give the newspapers."

Harrod studied the photograph. "It oughtn't to be hard to find a guy with a bulb like that behind his ear, and a bad tobacco-y smell," he said.

Alby looked at his watch. "Our friends ought to be gathering," he said. "It's past the time."

He pushed a button.

An attendant named Smith answered the bell.

"How many in the waiting room?" Alby asked.

"Six, sir. The colored janitor and Mr. and Mrs. Coggs and Mr. Wilcox; and Miss Sayre and Mr. Dinard just came."

"Hm." Alby studied his list a moment. "The janitor is rolling his eyes, scared to death. And the old couple are fighting. Mrs. Coggs said if she'd a known you would keep them waiting, she'd have stayed home and washed up the Sunday dishes so as not to attract roaches——"

"Bring the Coggses in," Alby ordered, as with a regretful grimace he bracketed their names, and after them wrote the words, "Alibi confirmed."

Mrs. Coggs came in blustering. "Of all the outrageous——" But Mr. Coggs interrupted her. "Shut up, Mamma, the roaches don't come out daytimes."

Alby looked carelessly at them and away. "You may both go home if you want," he said. "Your alibi is checked."

"Who did the murder?" Mrs. Coggs asked eagerly.

"And who's the girl?" demanded Coggs.

"We hope to learn that shortly," said Alby. "But there's no need for you to stay."

"Well, now," began Mr. Coggs, "seems to me, since the murder happened in my building, in fact in my very apartment——"

"You mean you want to stay?"

"Well, seems to me—of course you could go home, Mamma."

"Me, alone!" Mrs. Coggs was indignant. "If you stay, I'll stay. I won't go into that flat alone. And if you'd rather hang around listening to criminals——"

"Wait in the outer room." Alby dismissed them.

"Excuse me, Mr. Alby. But Mr. Stevens says he wants to see you urgent. He got here right after Mr. Dinard."

"All right."

From another door Stevens, the inconspicuous man who had sat in the restaurant within hearing distance of Sheridan and Adelaide, came in. In a low, quick voice he reported their conversation verbatim. When he got to the number of the mysterious baggage check Adelaide had found on her desk, and destroyed, Alby interrupted. "Put some one right on it, Harrod."

"Inspector Higgins has some one on it already," Stevens reported. "I met him at the door, and I told him while I waited for you. Here he is."

Higgins entered. "Stevens told you?" he asked. "We've got four men on the job. It's not a dock or steamer check, and it's not any big express company."

"Meanwhile," suggested Alby, "how about calling hotels."

Higgins nodded. "I'll start 'em on the hotels between the museum and Twelfth Street."

"Yes. Or if you want it narrowed, those within a quarter-mile radius of the museum and of Abalado's, the florist. That's where those roses came from."

Higgins whistled. "This is our lucky day. We'll have your friend Dinard sewed up before night."

"Let's not crown it," said Alby.

"Have it your way," Higgins retorted. "It won't be long now."

Higgins went out to direct the telephone job. Alby said to Harrod, "You might see what you can get out of Oswald while I interview Dinard. Stevens, put on your dark goggles and a moustache and sit over at that corner desk, and sort papers. But keep your eyes open. Now Smith, tell Dinard to come in."

* * *

After their quarrel at the restaurant, Adelaide and Sheridan sat silent in opposite corners of the taxi. But at the sound of a swallowed sob Sheridan's anger went out of him.

"Darling, I'm a brute!"

She turned her eyes to his. "Listen, Sherry. This is how sure I am of you: I'm going to tell Mr. Alby about that baggage check. Even if it gets us both into trouble."

"Good girl. Anyhow, the trouble can't last long. But it may prevent our sailing next Saturday."

"Oh, Sherry!"

"We'll get married just the same, dear, won't we? Even if we can't sail?"

"Of course. Any time you say."

"That's a risky promise. I've the marriage license right in my pocket, you know." He unfastened his coat and drew a long envelope from his inside pocket. As his fingers felt inside the envelope, his face showed surprise. He drew forth a sheet of heavy blank paper.

"Who on earth would steal a marriage license?" Adelaide exclaimed.

"Nobody. Must be one of Wilcox's sweet little practical jokes.

"Sherry, did it ever occur to you—I mean seriously—that Mr. Wilcox might have had something to do with the murder?"

"Nonsense. Wilcox is no more a murderer than I am. Though right this minute I could enjoy doing a little private near-murder on him."

"But when do you suppose he took it? Last night in the taxi? Maybe that was why he got in."

"No, I didn't have it with me then. But he could have taken it easily enough at the museum. By the way, dear, I've not told you about Marlin. He's vanished."

"Vanished!"

"Yes, but first let's arrange about getting married."

"Let's leave it as we planned, until Saturday morning. After all, we've invited some guests. Then we'll be married as per schedule whether or not we can sail on the dot. But how could Marlin have vanished?"

He told her briefly everything that had happened since they parted the night before—everything except the attack on himself. No use frightening her.

When they reached the District Attorney's office, Wilcox grinned at Sheridan. "Great bore, all this. What?"

Sheridan assented coldly. Mr. Coggs bent an intent puzzled squint upon Sheridan. Then almost immediately Mr. and Mrs. Coggs were summoned into Alby's office.

They were detained there only a brief time, and when they returned, Mr. Coggs drew a section of the Sunday paper from his pocket, opened it to a picture of Sheridan, and kept looking from the picture to Sheridan, as if he were trying to identify him.

Presently Mrs. Coe arrived, excited and frightened. Tesla Coe was a small, dainty woman, in her early thirties. When she saw Sheridan, Adelaide, and Wilcox, she went to them at once. "What has happened? Where's Dr. Coe? Has anything happened to Dr. Coe? He's not—not——?"

"He's quite safe," Sheridan and Wilcox hastened to assure her. "He'll be here later on," Wilcox added. "It's quite all right, Mrs. Coe."

Sheridan did not hear Mrs. Coe's answer, for Alby had summoned him into the inner office.

CHAPTER 13.

A MAN with dark glasses and a walrus moustache sat at a corner desk in Alby's office.

Alby greeted Sheridan casually, but Sheridan felt a sudden uneasiness. "It's my conscience," he told himself, "about the baggage check." Aloud he said, "Miss Sayre wants to tell you something, Mr. Alby."

"Presently," said Alby. "First there are a few formalities. Can you tell us exactly what you did yesterday afternoon, when you left Dr. Coe and up to the time you called for Miss Sayre?"

"Of course." But Sheridan's feeling of discomfort deepened. "I left Dr. Coe at one-thirty, had a sandwich and some coffee in the station, and then walked back to Madison and Fifty-ninth street to get Miss Sayre's wedding ring."

"The jeweller's name?"

"He's not a regular jeweller. His name is Cosgrove and he does special work for the museum—restoring, mounting and repairing. He was cutting down an old Italian ring for me."

"So you got the ring. What then?"

"I didn't get it. Apparently it was rather a trick to make it small enough and yet not spoil the design. He promised it by late afternoon."

"You got it, then?"

"Yes, and also the ring whose prong made this scratch you noticed. He had them both ready."

"How long were you there?"

"Two or three minutes."

"To return to the early afternoon. What did you do after your first visit to Cosgrove?"

"I went to my tailor's, and then to the public library, where I worked till time to go home and dress."

"What time was that?"

"I say, Alby, isn't this rather a footless inquiry? After all, I've not pretended an alibi for the time of the murder. I was almost present."

"It's not a question of your alibi. We happen to want all the data about everybody's afternoon, yesterday. So if you've no objection——"

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"It was then five-thirty. I went home, bathed, dressed, and walked down to Miss Sayre's on Twelfth Street, arriving there at six-forty, as you know."

"What time did you leave your apartment?"

"I didn't notice. Probably at six-twenty. It usually takes me about twenty minutes."

The telephone interrupted. Alby sat suddenly forward on the edge of his chair, his eyes gleaming behind his big glasses. His mild manner vanished, in a volley of sharp questions and orders. "At exactly what time?" and "What name?" and then, "Get that bell hop here at once, and the desk clerk, too. Can't help it. Lock up the hotel if necessary, or put a policeman in charge—get them here at once. And bring the hotel register—at last last night's page. And hurry."

He hung up the receiver, pressed a button, and lifted it again. "Harrod? Come in when you're through there."

"Have you found something?" Sheridan asked, eagerly.

"It's too soon to know," Alby replied. "Now what time was it when you left the Ballards after dinner?"

"About eleven, finally."

"Finally?"

"Yes. A curious thing happened. Shortly after dinner I was called to the telephone. An Englishman named Howard Swithin, an anthropologist, said he had called at the museum for Dr. Coe, who was away; and that Marlin, the caretaker, had known where I'd be dining and had given him the Ballards' number. Said he had just landed off a liner, and was leaving at midnight for Washington. He had some document for him from Dr. Wellington. He wondered if he could leave it with me, and offered to bring it anywhere I might mention before his train left. He said he was staying at the Waldorf. So I excused myself for a few minutes, and took a taxi down to the Waldorf——"

"How long were you away from the Ballards?"

"About an hour. For when I reached the Waldorf, he wasn't there. He wasn't registered, and though I had him paged he couldn't be found."

"You think it was a sell?"

"No. Because I telephoned Marlin at the museum. He said Mr. Swithin had called about four-thirty. Then again, later—about seven—to say he hadn't been able to reach Dr. Coe at Stamford. Marlin knew who he was. He had seen him when he worked for Dr. Wellington."

"Had you met him?"

"No. But we had a long correspondence about some recent findings of the Royal Anthropological Society. We would surely have discovered each other at the Waldorf, if he'd been trying to meet me. I waited a while. Then I gave it up and went back to the Ballards."

Harrod had come in during this recital. Sheridan finished and Alby asked him to send Miss Sayre in.

As Sheridan left Harrod said, "What's up?"

"Plenty."

But Adelaide entered before Alby had time to elaborate.

Alby rose and placed a chair for her. Then, before she had time to say a word, he demanded sharply, "Why do you think Mr. Dinard is involved in this murder?"

"I don't! He isn't!"

"Yet you destroy an important piece of evidence—"

"He told you about the baggage check! Oh, I knew I shouldn't have told him!"

"But why, if you believed him innocent, if you weren't frightened, did you destroy the check?"

"I am sure. But I'm also frightened."

"Why? If he's innocent there's nothing to be afraid of."

"He is innocent. But there's such a thing as framing!"

"It's much less frequent than the public believes. Who are Mr. Dinard's enemies?"

"I don't know. I should have said he had none. But all this—" She stopped to wink back sudden tears.

"And the murdered girl?" Alby continued. "You don't know who she is?"

"No. Neither does he. Truly he doesn't!"

"You really believe it?"

"Yes, I believe it."

Alby shook his head. "You are trying to believe it. But you can't quite succeed. You do believe he is innocent."

"He is innocent," she said quietly. "And I believe he doesn't know who she is. I think, as he told you last night, that he saw her some place, and heard her laugh, but that was all. I believe he never spoke to her, and never even thought of her afterwards, and that he imagined he was making up that description out of his fancy."

"You sound as if you were repeating the catechism. How do you explain the baggage check?"

"I don't."

"You didn't leave your apartment this morning?"

"No — unless you count going into my aunt's part of it. But I didn't go through the outer hall."

"Just when did you go into your aunt's rooms?"

"Once right after breakfast."

"What for?"

"To water her plants and feed her goldfish. Moralda, the maid, doesn't come Sundays."

"And you went in again later?"

"Yes. Right after Mr. Dinard telephoned." She told him her conversation with Sheridan, and how Coggs had interrupted it.

"Did Mr. Coggs come in?"

"No. I talked to him at the door."

"What did you do in your aunt's apartment when he had gone?"

"I turned on the radio and tried to listen to some music. That was when I found the baggage check. And all of a sudden a silly panic came over me. I know I shouldn't have destroyed it."

Alby looked at her a while in silence. "How long was Mr. Dinard absent from the Ballards last night?" he asked at length.

"I didn't notice exactly. Perhaps three-quarters of an hour. Why, Mr. Alby?"

He ignored her question. "And Wilcox?"

"He didn't go with Mr. Dinard. But he left early. I didn't notice the time. Shortly before Sherry—Mr. Dinard—got back."

"That will be all for the present, Miss Sayre."

When she had gone into the next room Harrod demanded, "What's up?"

Alby lounged back in his chair and enjoyed a brief moment of relaxation while he explained.

"Last night, about eight-fifteen, an expressman brought a trunk with a cerise baggage check number 8 dash 14 dash 603 to the Hotel Astrakan, on East Forty-eighth Street. A little later a man named Dennis Swift registered, asked whether the trunk had come, and had it put in a room. A few minutes later the bell hop brought him some ice water, knocked and entered just as the man was closing the lid, a package of letters in his hand. A few minutes later the man left the hotel. He's not returned."

Harrod whistled.

"The man," Alby went on, "hadn't taken off his overcoat. But the bell hop noticed that he wore a dinner coat under it."

Harrod's snapping eyes glittered. "Oh, boy, oh boy, oh boy!"

Alby sat forward again, giving orders. "Get Coe down here. But don't take him into the waiting-room. Take him into your office and let me know when he gets here. Any handwriting men on tap? Rankin? Good. Have him make out a handwriting test, using the letter sequences in the name 'Dennis Swift.' A pledge of co-operation and secrecy will do. Tell Higgins I'm planning to get the whole crowd in here for an ensemble act; but ask him, no matter what happens, not to make any arrests till I give the word. Remind him that the D.A. has to try the case. I want something more jury-proof than circumstantial evidence. Now see what they're getting out of Oswald, and send Wilcox to me."

Wilcox entered with quick impatient step. "I'm glad you've got round to me. Your chairs are damned uncomfortable."

"The State has one in reserve even more so. Meanwhile you might sit here," said Alby, drily.

"I say, Alby, you don't think for a minute that I—"

"We'll save time if you answer questions. What were you doing in Twelfth Street when you saw Dr. Coe?"

"I was about to cross Fifth Avenue to get a taxi uptown—"

"Yes, yes, when you saw Dinard and Miss Sayre. But where were you coming from, and how long had you been there?"

"I was coming from a tea at the Tidewells. I had been there about an hour and a half."

"The Tidewells? What are their first names? What do they do?"

"Sam and Sarah. They live right across from the Coggs. They do nothing just now. When they have jobs they're on the stage."

"What other guests were at the tea?"

Wilcox hesitated. "Some people named Harrison. A few others. I don't remember. The Tidewells are careless about introductions."

"Did you go there alone?"

"Yes." But he had hesitated a fraction of a second before he answered.

Alby was impatient. "We'll save time if you tell the truth. Who was with you?"

Wilcox was silent. Alby tapped a pencil against his desk. Finally Wilcox said, "A lady, whose name I refuse to give. She had no connection with any of this."

Alby pushed a button and Smith entered. Then, without taking his eyes off Wilcox, he said, "Get the Tidewells—Sam and Sarah—who live across from the Coggses at number —"

He turned questioningly to Wilcox, who reluctantly gave the address and telephone number. "Have them come immediately," Alby ordered. Then he continued, "We'll leave the Tidewells for a moment. What about Dr. Coe?"

CHAPTER 14.

"WELL, what about Dr. Coe?" Wilcox countered.

"Why did you get into Dinard's taxi?"

"Why not? We were all going to the same place—the Ballards."

"How long have you been with Dr. Coe?"

"Seven years."

"And Dinard?"

"About six."

"Who is Dr. Coe's first assistant?"

"Dinard. What of it?"

"And you and Dinard are friends?"

"We're not enemies, certainly. If you mean because Dr. Coe chose to promote him over me—well, that's his privilege."

"Why didn't you speak to Dr. Coe when you saw him on Twelfth Street?"

"You heard me explain that to Dinard. Dr. Coe had said he was leaving town. I assumed he did not wish to be seen."

"And you yourself, perhaps, did not wish to be seen?"

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"You're partly right. I had told Dr. Coe I was going to play golf. And I was. But at the last minute I changed my mind. No reason in the world why I shouldn't."

Alby lighted a cigarette, leaned back in his chair. Then, as an afterthought, he offered Wilcox one, saying rather wearily:

"The truth would save a lot of time, Wilcox. However, let's get on to the Ballards. What time did you leave that party?"

"Does that matter? You've fixed the time of the murder, haven't you?"

Alby did not answer, but his silence had the same effect as a repeated question.

"About nine," Wilcox said, sullenly. "I had explained to the Ballards that I'd have to leave early because of a previous invitation to another party."

"You went direct to the next party?"

"No. I called for my cousin, Virginia Wilcox, who lives at Riverside and 155th. I left there with her, and it was nearly twelve when we got back downtown to the next party, which was given by some people named Barrymore, also connected with the stage. You may have heard of them. Anything else you'd like to know?"

Alby noted the truculent tone, but kept his own mild and even. "Yes," he said. "Wasn't nine needlessly early to leave the Ballards, for a midnight party?"

"I happened to be bored."

"And yesterday afternoon. Will you kindly tell me exactly what time you left the museum, and where you spent the afternoon?"

"I will not!" Wilcox was angry.

Alby shrugged. "It puts you in rather a bad light."

"Nonsense. I happen to have been in very good company all day yesterday up to within ten minutes of your murder—which could be proved if necessary. I shall not involve anyone else. That's final."

"Who's the murdered girl, Wilcox?"

"Damn you, Alby, I never saw the girl in my life."

"Yet you went to the morgue to see her this morning."

Wilcox's manner changed slightly. "So you've had me followed! I tell you I haven't the least idea who she could be. I went to the morgue out of curiosity. Natural, wasn't it? With the museum involved?"

Harrod returned to the room. Alby said to Wilcox, "Wait out there with the others." And, when Wilcox had gone, he turned to Harrod.

"Coe's on the way down," Harrod reported. "The florist's clerk is here. It's the same girl, all right. And everything's set for the handwriting test, whenever you're ready to spring it. Meanwhile, Higgins is having no luck with our dark friend, Oswald. He knows something he won't tell. Scared purple. Want to try him yourself?"

"Yes. I'll see him alone."

HARROD had not exaggerated Oswald's fear. His knees were shaking. "Please, boss, don't you give me none of them third degrees. I ain't done nothin', nothin', a tall. I done tole every last thing I knowed bouten that murder. So please, boss——"

"Sit down, Oswald. Nobody's going to give you any third degree. This thing you don't want to tell—you're sure it has nothing to do with the murder?"

"Sure as I'm livin', boss. I done tole everything——"

"All right; I'll take your word for it. But I want to know what this other thing is that has no connection with the murder. Or maybe——" he continued, "you'd prefer to tell it to Mr. Coggs, your employer. I'll call Mr. Coggs."

"No, Mr. Alby, please don't do that! I'd lose my job sure nuff."

"Very well, then." Alby's manner had become sharp again, "tell it to me."

"It wasn't nothin' wrong, boss. Only Moralda—she's the maid that works for Miss Sayre, and for Mis' Coggs—she and me done got married.

"And why don't you want Mr. Coggs to know that?"

"I was working there when Mr. Coggs bought the building off Mr. Wells. Mr. Coggs, he says, 'Is you married?' and I says, 'No'; and he says, 'All right, you can keep the job, but if you marries out you go.' But a man ain't got no right to keep you from gettin' married. Marryin' is a man's entitlement."

"All the same, you want to keep it dark?"

"That's it, boss. And we didn't mean for to marry till we got enough money saved up if I was out of a job. But Wednesday Miss Sayre give Moralda some ole clothes hardly wore at all, so we thought, well, let's get married, secret."

"So you got married Wednesday?"

"No, sir, not till Friday. We ain't had no time before then. In fac'," Oswald added gloomily, "it don't do much good anyhow, with Moralda living way up in Harlem, and me havin' to keep on the job nearly every minute——"

"Mmm. I see." Alby suddenly guessed the cause of Oswald's terror. "So, when you knew the Coggses were going to be away for the week-end you thought you and Moralda might move in."

"Oh, no, boss! Nothin' like that! We jes' wanted some place we could sit and talk over what we better do."

"What was the matter with your own room in the basement?"

"A cot next to the furnace, and six hooks and a telephone's the onliest room I got. And that telephone—Lordy it done run me ragged all this week."

"Hmm. So after the Coggses left on Saturday you and your wife took the key and went in."

Oswald had brightened at the word wife, but only for a moment.

"No, sir; on account of the key."

"Key?"

"It wasn't there." Oswald was trembling. "I mean there was another one instead."

"I don't understand."

"Mr. Coggs always leaves the key on a certain nail that just him and me know where it is. Yesterday, when Moralda come down after cleanin' for Miss Sayre, we thought we'd go in, like I said. But, when we snuk up with the key, it never fit the keyhole."

"And then?"

"Then we got scared. Because we thought maybe Mr. Coggs suspicioned——"

Alby nodded.

"But he never. Because the murderer done put the wrong keys there." Oswald's voice went up an octave in a new accession of terror. "He musta been in there while me and Moralda was tryin' the wrong key."

"What makes you think that?"

Alby's quiet voice somewhat diminished Oswald's terror. "Because," he explained, "when Mis' Coggs telephoned I should turn off the icebox, I didn't rightly know what to say. I kinda didn't want her to know I done tried the key already. So I says all right. An' I thought, I'll go upstairs oncet more and try it, and then I'll telephone it ain't the right key, and there's no way they can figure the expense of telephoning wasn't necessary."

"And then?"

"Then, Mist' Alby, it done turned out to be the right key! That there murderer musta been down in my basement and changed the key back again!"

"Who else knew about that key?"

"Nobody, boss. Not even Moralda. Because Mr. Coggs he had me change the place for it Tuesday. The gas inspector come when I was out, and Mr. Coggs he went down with him in the basement, and he says to me that night that the gas inspector kinda looked at the nail where the key hung, though there wasn't no key on it then."

"H-m. When did Mr. Coggs give you the key?"

"Yesterday mornin', boss, right afore he left, only he never rightly give it to me, he jest hung it on the nail."

"What time was it when you and Moralda tried to get in?"

"Jest a hint after half-past two. Right after Moralda done finish Miss Sayre's lunch dishes."

"And you didn't try the key again till Mrs. Coggs telephoned?"

"No, siree, boss! And even if I wanted to, they wasn't a minute I could. Because the hydrant broke in Miss Sayre's kitchen, and she telephoned down to me to fix it."

"What time was that?"

"Jest a mite after Moralda went home. I didn't rightly notice the clock. And then I kep' getting calls from seventy-nine——"

"What's seventy-nine?"

"Mr. Coggs' other house on Ninth Street. Seems like everything went wrong. The coal man done brought a ton of coal and I had to wait over there whilst he put it in, though Mr. Coggs he didn't tell me it'd come before Monday. And then it was time to fix the fires there. And then I come back to Twelfth Street to fix the fires there. And then I come up through the back hall, to see Mr. Coggs' evenin' paper come, and there was Mr. Dinard studyin' that doorknocker. And I stayed there studyin' to remember that door-knocker whilst he went upstairs and come down with Miss Sayre, and then went up again But the more I studied the more I disremembered it. And I jest finished disrememberin' it when my telephone rung, and it was from seventy-nine again, about a leak, and I run all the way, and when I got there they wasn't no leak. And when I got back I went up to look at that heathen idol door-knocker again, and it was gone. I tells you, Mr. Alby,"—Oswald's assurance was re-establishing itself—"there's somethin' abouten all this ain't right."

Alby nodded. "Tell me, Oswald, do you usually have such busy days?"

"Yes and no."

"Then to-day was nothing extra?"

"The coal was extra. Mr. Coggs he'll be mad when I tell him it come. He likes to see how much they is."

"What kind of boss is Mr. Coggs?"

Oswald hedged. "He pays my salary regular. Boss, you ain't gwine tell him about me tryin' to get in his flat, is you?"

"That depends, Oswald, on how well you co-operate with us. What kind of boss is Mr. Coggs?"

CHAPTER 15.

"I JUST done tole you Mr. Coggs pays me regular. Sometimes he gets kinda mad the way the coal burns up, but even good landlords get thataway——"

"So he's not a good landlord?"

"I never said he wasn't good. Only kinda stingy."

"And Mrs. Coggs—is she stingy, too?"

Oswald grinned. "Jest ask Moralda! Last week Mis' Coggs she had the indigestion, and didn't drink but half her cup of tea for breakfast. And when Moralda went to throw the rest out, Mis' Coggs she says, 'Leave it be, I'll heat it up for lunch.'"

"If they're so economical, how do you account for their forgetting to turn off their ice-box?"

"Lawdy, boss, it's folks like that that does forget. Yesterday's the second time since they had the ice-box put in they done forgot to turn it off."

"What do you know about the Tidewells who live across the street?"

"Don' know nothin', Mr. Alby, 'cept what their janitor says."

"What does their janitor say?"

"They done been in a bad fix. Seems like they usta be actors, but they ain't had jobs for a long time. But lately they got prosperin' again—maybe. Anyhow, their janitor says they's more orange peels in their garbage than any garbage in this block. He concludes they been giving rent parties."

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"Rent parties?"

"Maybe that ain't white folks' name for it. In Harlem, folks give rent parties when they can't scrape their own rent. And people that's invited, they give what they kin."

"So the Tidewells give rent parties?"

"Well, the janitor of that house, he don't rightly know.

"Do the Tidewells know the Coggses?"

"No, boss. They ain't the same stripe folks at all."

"Did you ever see anybody out there in the other room going into the Tidewells?"

"Yes, I seed the one you call Mr. Wilcox. He goes sometimes of a Saturday."

"Oswald," asked Alby solemnly, "who do you think did that murder?"

"It's got me beat, boss. Seems like nobody could a done it. Mr. Dinard, well, he did know what the lady looked like, but the more I meditates the more it seems like he couldn't a brung himself to a done it. And the Coggses they wasn't even here, and Miss Sayre wouldn't a done a mean thing like that, and me and Moralda wouldn't. Seems like it musta been committed by what they call persons unknown."

"All right, Oswald." Alby stood up. "We won't need you any more to-day. You might run up and tell Moralda we may see her to-morrow, on Twelfth Street."

By this time Dr. Coe, the bell-boy and the clerk from the Hotel Astrakhan had arrived. Alby spoke with the two latter for a moment, instructed them to wait in the outer room with the others, and to see if they could recognise among the persons present the Dennis Swift who had registered last night. The sheet taken from the hotel register Alby sent in to Rankin, the handwriting expert. Then he summoned Dr. Coe.

Dr. Coe, despite the tired, habitual droop of his shoulders, and the unhappy, distracted expression of the moment, looked distinguished.

Alby began the interview in a deferential tone. "I must ask you, Dr. Coe, to tell me where you were, from yesterday at one-thirty until you came home this morning."

Dr. Coe seemed to drag his thoughts back from some far-flung reach. "I'm very sorry," he replied with quiet dignity, "I have nothing to say."

"I don't think you understand, Dr. Coe. A murder has been committed."

"It has nothing to do with me. If I could help you in anyway, I should be glad to. But at present I'm very very very busy and tired. Now, I must go, if you please."

"Not just yet," Alby's manner sharpened. "You were near the scene of the murder at the time it was committed."

"I?"

"Haven't you read the papers?"

"No."

"And you know nothing about the murder of the girl on Twelfth Street?"

"Nothing."

"You were seen at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street within half an hour of the murder. Now do you understand the importance of answering questions?"

"No!" Dr. Coe's manner had become frigid.

Alby reached for the dagger, which some papers had hidden from Dr. Coe. At the sight of it, Dr. Coe demanded, "How did that get here?"

"The murder was committed with it."

"Oh—oh no! Not that, too!"

"What do you mean, 'too'?"

Dr. Coe ran his thin hand over his head, but said nothing.

"This, and several other clues lead to your museum. Now please account for your actions yesterday and last night."

"I see why you ask. I can only assure you there is no connection——"

"And you expect us to believe," Alby continued, "that you knew nothing of this murder? That you got into your house, which bristled with police, that you went to sleep and were awakened and brought down here by a detective without even asking what it was all about?"

Dr. Coe shook his head, as if to clear it. "I don't expect you to believe it. I don't care whether you believe it. It's true. I have had more important—" he paused for a word. "More important preoccupations," he concluded. "I can offer you, however, the co-operation of my small staff——"

"Every member of your small staff, including yourself, and with the exception of Marlin, who seems to have done a disappearing act, were almost present at the crime."

"The whole staff—crime—Marlin disappeared—oh, no." Dr. Coe once more shook his head, as if to shake off a nightmare. "Oh no," he concluded as if that settled it.

Alby turned to Harrod. "Get Dinard and Wilcox."

At their names, Dr. Coe's eyes clouded and the lines deepened in his forehead and about his mouth.

"Dr. Coe! Are you all right?" Sheridan inquired eagerly, the moment he entered the room. Wilcox, too, was all concern.

Dr. Coe ignored the question, ignored Wilcox, but demanded, unsmiling, of Sheridan, "What's this about Marlin?"

SHERIDAN explained briefly the circumstances of Marlin's disappearance. Dr. Coe seemed hardly to listen; in fact, he could not have taken in the gist of the matter, for when Sheridan finished he said absently, "He'll probably explain it to-morrow." And then to Alby, "Now, I'm sorry, but I must go home."

"Not just yet, Dr. Coe. You don't seem to realise that we can hold you as a suspect. Your refusal to explain your whereabouts yesterday——"

Dr Coe's mouth clamped tight shut.

"We could, in fact, lock you up," said Harrod.

"You still refuse?" Alby demanded.

The bewildered expression came back upon Dr. Coe's face, but he made no answer.

Alby, too, was silent, looking from one to another, before he said, "We'll have Mrs. Coe in. Perhaps she can persuade Dr. Coe to explain——"

Dr. Coe was startled into speech. "You've not dragged her down here!"

A moment later Mrs. Coe entered. "Willard!" she exclaimed. "Willard, you're ill!" And she ran to him, her small gloved hands grasping his arms, her tipped-up head only reaching his chin. "Tell me, what is it, dear?"

As his harassed eyes looked down at her, he seemed an old man, and the difference in their ages even greater than it was. Even his voice seemed old as he answered her coldly. "I'm in excellent health, Tesla. Barring act of God, you can't count on natural widowhood for some years."

"Willard, that's a gruesome joke. It's not like you."

"Well, well. Consistency has its drawbacks." Gently, but firmly, he detached her hands.

Alby asked everybody to sit down again. He then explained to Mrs. Coe the importance of knowing where Dr. Coe had been. "For his own sake, Mrs. Coe. He was seen at the corner of Twelfth and Fifth Avenue at about six-forty last night."

Mrs. Coe's agitation increased. She turned to her husband. "But surely, Willard, you'll explain——"

He looked steadily at her, and shook his head.

"But there can't be any reason—only—" It was as if for the first time it occurred to her to wonder about it. "Weren't you at home? Then where on earth——"

"Inconceivable, I suppose," he said to her in a tired voice, "that a husband might not wish to tell his wife where——"

"Willard! You are sick. You'd never say a thing like that, even joking——"

"I fear," Alby cut in, "that we'll have to postpone this discussion till later. Several witnesses must get back to their jobs. Harrod, you might call the others. Sit down here, Dr. Coe. And Mrs. Coe, over there next to Mr. Wilcox. Miss Sayre," he continued as Adelaide and the Coggses filed in, "here please. And Mrs. Coggs here. And Mr. Coggs there. Thank you."

"You want the florist, too?" asked Harrod. "Higgins is talking to him."

"I'll take the florist first, but have the others come in, too. And tell Higgins I'm ready."

"Florist? What florist?" asked Mrs. Coggs.

No one answered her, for a plump, apple-cheeked boy of sixteen whose name was Joe Timmott, and a drab, middle-aged man, John Steng, were being shepherded into the room by Harrod. And a moment later at another door Higgins appeared, with Arthur Hibbard, a thin, pale youth who looked as if he had been crying. Harrod indicated chairs.

CHAPTER 16.

THERE was a moment's silence. Then Alby pressed a button on his desk, and Stevens entered, in his dark glasses and walrus moustache, carrying a stack of pads and pencils.

Alby cleared his throat. "You all know," he began in a low but clear voice, "that a murder has been committed. You have all had some relation to circumstances either immediately or distantly connected with the murder. I do not say that the murderer is among you. I do say that it is within the power of each of you to contribute your co-operation in helping solve this murder."

There was a murmur as he paused.

"I have, therefore," he went on, "prepared a pledge of secrecy as to what goes on here. Mr. Harrod will dictate it slowly. You are all to write it, read carefully what you have written, and then sign it." He nodded to Stevens, who passed the tablets and pencils.

Dr. Coe said, "No, thanks. This doesn't concern me."

"You certainly can write what is dictated," Alby snapped. "You may use your own judgment as to signing it."

Dr. Coe's eyes raked him scornfully, but he took the tablet. Stevens stood on one side, his eyes on Sheridan.

"Ready?" Alby asked. "All right, Harrod."

Harrod dictated each sentence rather quickly:

"I hereby deny that I have any hidden knowledge relating to the murder under investigation. Should any such come to my attention, I shall swiftly and fully convey it to the District Attorney's office. I also promise not to divulge to individuals or to the press any information obtained in these interviews to-day."

"Now," Alby commanded, "write to-day's date, and the hour—four-thirty p.m. Got that?"

"And now read carefully what you have written, and sign your names. A refusal to sign"—he looked at Dr. Coe—"will be subject to interpretation."

The scratching of pencils ceased. Stevens collected the signed statements, handed them to Alby, who glanced at them, and returned them to Stevens. Stevens took them from the room, but returned as Alby began to question Arthur Hibbard, the florist's clerk.

"Now, Mr. Hibbard," Alby was saying, "I want you to tell us exactly what happened in your shop yesterday afternoon."

"It's not my shop," the young man replied in a frightened voice. "I just work there. But I waited on her—the lady that—that was m-murdered."

"Can you describe her?"

"She was the same—the same lady I saw at the morgue just now. Only yesterday she was dressed differently."

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"How was she dressed?"

"She had a brown tweed suit on, and a brown hat. And cotton gloves. And a little suit-case, kind of shabby. I didn't expect at all she'd buy much, but when she talked she had an English accent. And you never can tell about foreigners."

"What did she say, exactly?"

"As near as I can remember, she said, 'What a stornry variety of flowers!' That's how she pronounced extraordinary. I said, 'I guess you're English.' And she said, 'Yes, I've just arrived.' And I said, 'I hear English folks have swell gardens.' And she said, 'Yes, the lucky ones. I've lived mostly in cities, but when I was a child I once spent a summer with a great-uncle who had a garden with roses like those,' and she pointed to a basket of Senior roses. 'Not like those,' I said. "That's a new rose, that is, only just come out this year. It just got a prize last week at the flower show.' 'Oh, really?' she says. 'Well, I probably remember wrong. I was only five at the time, and just getting over measles. The roses were taller than I, and a little cousin lifted me up to smell them——' "

Young Mr. Hibbard stopped and blew his nose. The room was silent.

"Then I said, 'Lots of people wouldn't know the difference between a new rose and an old one.' And then she said, 'How much are these?' And I said, 'Six dollars a dozen, because the stems are so long.' But I told her I had others just as beautiful for much less, only with shorter stems. And she says 'no, she'd take two dozen of these, please.' And she had trouble figuring it out, on account of the money not being English. And she said, 'I'll take them right along.' So I put them in a box and went out to the curb and hailed a taxi for her. And she gave me a dime and a real nice smile. And she told the taxi some number on Twelfth Street. I sure never would of guessed she could afford roses like them and a tip——"

"What time did she leave your shop?"

"A little after five. She seemed all of a sudden in a hurry, like she had an appointment."

"That will be all, thank you. You needn't wait," said Alby. "Now, Mr. Steng."

John Steng, the middle-aged clerk of the Hotel Astrakan, sat forward in his chair and began to speak before he was questioned. "All I know is, about half-past seven a man calls up and says did a trunk come. He gave the check to an expressman, who said it would be right over, and I said no. And he said if it comes, please have it put in his room, and did I have a room that was quiet. And I says yes. And he says how much, and I says three dollars with bath and two-fifty without. And he says without bath, and his name was Dennis Swift, and he'd be there soon. And about eight o'clock the expressman comes—not a regular expressman, but a man with a horse and waggon. I thought it kinda funny, but this fella explained every now and then they get business from somebody wanting something delivered in a hurry, and not wanting to wait till the regular routing of the big companies. So we had the trunk put in the room, and after a while along comes this fella and he registers his name, Dennis Swift. And Joey there took him up to his room, and that's the last I noticed of him."

"You didn't see him go out?"

"I did and I didn't. I saw him, without exactly lookin' at him. He left his key at the desk, but I didn't pay no attention."

"Do you see anyone in this room who looks like Dennis Swift?" asked Alby. A murmur ran through the room.

"No, I don't. But like I said, I hardly noticed him coming or going. It ain't that I'm not willing to tell you. It's just I was thinking about my own affairs. I'd had some words with my wife, and, Joey Timmott there, he probably saw more. He's a chempeen observer."

"All right, then, we'll ask Joey Timmott. Will you tell us exactly what happened from the time Dennis Swift arrived?"

Young Joe Timmott's wide but shrewd eyes shone with the excitement and importance of being connected with a murder.

"First thing I noticed was before this Dennis Swift came," said Joey. "There was something kinda phoney about his trunk."

"Phoney?" queried Alby.

"Well, it had a ship's label on it, but the fella that owned it went out and got a special expressman because he was in a hurry. But if he was in a hurry, why didn't he bring it from the ship in a taxi? And then, even though it wasn't a wardrobe trunk, the initials on it, D.S., looked like they'd been printed for a lady."

"Just how do you mean?"

"I dunno exactly. But they was small, with a kind of extra swish on the S., as if the fella that painted it on kinda liked the person he done it for. So I says to the porter, 'Betcha a nickel that was a lady's trunk to start.' And he says, 'Then it musta changed hands fast, because there's hardly a scratch on it.' And he put it in room 315.

"Well, pretty soon a fella in a soft hat and overcoat comes in. 'I reserved a room. Dennis Swift,' he says. And Mr. Steng grunts and shoves the register at him, and hands me the key. So I take him up to 315 and turn on the lights and open the window a bit and kinda wait. But he goes and looks out the window, and no tip, see? So out I go and get some ice water, in case that'll remind him. But soon as I shut the door he turns the key. And I laugh to myself, because that room has a funny lock. It goes click when the key's turned half-way, but that doesn't lock it; but it goes cluck when the key's really turned, see?"

"I see," said Alby.

"So I go to the floor pantry for ice water, kinda bettin' against myself, will he tip me or won't he?" Joey paused a moment, and Alby repressed a smile.

"Well, I bring the ice water and knock once. But I don't wait till he says 'Come in.' Because something makes me kinda inquisitive. So I open the door. He wheels 'round fast and drops the trunk lid shut. Because he had the trunk open, see? 'Oh, you,' he says. And he comes to the door to take the water, and then he notices he's got a bunch of letters in his hand. They were tied round with blue ribbon. He tosses them on the bed, careless like. Then he goes to put his hand in his pocket, but he has his overcoat on. So he pushes it back and reaches in his pants pocket and fishes out a dime. And this time, when I go out, he turns the key till it clucks. And I think to myself, this bird ain't on the level."

Alby looked at the boy with admiration. "Just what made you think that, Joey?" he asked.

"I dunno, except I couldn't figure him out. For one thing, he had evening clothes on under his overcoat."

"So it was the dress clothes made you think he wasn't on the level?" Higgins put in.

"Not only them. In fact, maybe it wasn't the clothes at all. Just a feeling. I didn't figure it out right away, because Mr. Steng don't like to have us hang about, and I went downstairs, and somebody else come for room 423. But in the back of my mind, even while I'm busy with 423, I keep trying to figure that Swift bozo. When he let the trunk lid drop some fluffy sort of stuff stuck out, like ladies dance in on the stage. And then I remembered there were other keys attached to the one in the trunk. Not on a ring, like a man's would be, but tied together with blue ribbon. And I says to myself, 'That's a lady's trunk, and he's rummagin'. And then I think, 'Letters! Maybe she's tryin' to blackmail him. Or more likely the other way round.' "

"And then?"

"Then I hurried downstairs to tell Steng I think there's something phoney about his Dennis Swift. But there he was himself—Swift, I mean—tossing his key on the desk and walking out the hotel fast."

CHAPTER 17.

"DID you notice which way Swift went, Joey?" Alby asked Timmott.

"Yes. I run after him and said, 'Taxi, Mr. Swift?' and he gives a sort of grunt, and then a taxi drives up. And he says, 'Sixty-six East Sixty-third Street, and be quick about it.' "

"But that's our house!" exclaimed Mrs. Coe. "Willard, did you hear——the museum number?"

Dr. Coe was looking fixedly at Joey now, but he said nothing.

"Go on," Alby commanded.

"That's all there is, Mr. Alby. Except what I says to Mr. Steng."

"What was that?"

"I says, 'Listen, Mr. Steng, I bet you 315 is a bad actor.' And I tell him about the lady's stuff sticking out of the trunk and the letters. And I says, 'Another funny thing, Mr. Steng, the way he wore his hat down over his eyes.' "

"And that was all the conversation you had with Mr. Steng?"

"Yes, sir; until to-day when I come on duty. Then Mr. Steng says to me, 'Maybe you're right, Joey, about 315. His bed wasn't slep' in last night.' And before I could answer, zizz-ting went the 'phone, and somebody was askin' about that trunk check. And when Mr. Steng told me I says, 'I bet it's murder.' Only I didn't think it had anything to do with the girl that died laughing."

"And now you think it has?" asked Alby.

"Well, here I am, and here's all these folks, and the address Dennis Swift gave on Sixty-third Street, like this lady said——" Joey nodded at Mrs. Coe.

"How long was it from the time Dennis Swift entered the hotel till he left?" Alby asked.

"About ten minutes. Not more'n fifteen anyhow——"

Alby cleared his throat. "Joey," he said very slowly, "I want you to tell us if there is anyone in this room who looks like Dennis Swift."

Joey, who had been talking fluently and easily up to this time, hesitated. "Well," he said after a pause, "yes; there is."

Every one leaned forward eagerly except Dr. Coe.

"Which one is it, Joey?" Alby demanded.

Joey shook his head. "But it ain't him. There's someone here might be his twin brother, except for two things."

"Which one is it?" Alby repeated.

"Only it isn't," Joey insisted. "His height ain't right, and then the scratch on his hand——"

"His hand!" exclaimed Mr. Coggs, rising to his feet and wheeling about so that he faced Sheridan. "You! You!" His voice was almost a scream. "Now I've got it! Now I know where I saw you! That gas inspector, Tuesday. I knew there was something queer about him. You're the gas inspector——"

All eyes were now on Sheridan, standing pale and astonished. But his voice was steady. "You are mistaken," he said gravely.

"No, no, I swear it! The minute I saw you last night I knew I'd seen you before. Mamma, you saw him. Look at him! He was dressed different, and there wasn't a scratch on his hand then, and his hands were dirty. But look at the shape of his hands——"

Mrs. Coggs, who had been peering up at Sheridan's face, and then down at his hands, and then up at his face again, turned to her husband and moved her head slowly up and down in agreement.

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After a painful silence, Sheridan spoke: "We must find the man who's been impersonating me." He turned to Mr. Coggs. "That gas inspector? Exactly what did he look like, and exactly what did he say?"

Mr. Coggs, his excitement only slightly abated, turned angrily to Alby. "First time I ever heard of a murderer allowed to do the cross-questioning."

"We've not found the murderer yet," said Alby. "Only a resemblance in the shape of what may be two pairs of hands. Sit down, everybody."

"It's not only the hands," Coggs insisted. "They just put me on the right track. It's the rest of him, too. Because the gas inspector—I mean him when he was acting as gas inspector—had soiled workingman's clothes on, and smudges on his face. And his hands were dirty—black under the nails, and on the knuckles. I never thought of his hands till that boy there——" Mr. Coggs broke off and looked from Alby to Joey and back to Sheridan. "Funny," he said to Alby, "I **thought** there was something queer about the gas inspector at the time."

"What was queer about him?" Alby asked.

"Well, I've owned houses for years in New York, and no inspector before ever had to go through all the apartments."

"And you are willing to swear in court that Mr. Dinard here was the gas inspector?" demanded Alby.

"I'd stake my life on it."

Adelaide dashed across to Sheridan. She trembled as she clung to him. He said to her, in a low voice, "It will come out all right, darling."

"Yes," Coggs repeated. "That's him. I'd stake my life on it."

"Well, I wouldn't," Joey Timmott spoke up warmly. "In fact, I'll bet you ten to one it wasn't. My dime to your dollar."

Alby said severely, "This is no time for clowning, Joey."

"You **said** it!" Joey continued. "He ain't finding it funny." He pointed to Sheridan. "But if I was him I'd not worry about that gas inspector, if it's the same fella came round our hotel last night. Because Mr. Dinard ain't Dennis Swift."

Adelaide said, half sobbing, "You're right, Joey, it couldn't have been Mr. Dinard. Even if it wasn't crazy to consider the possibility at all, it couldn't have been. Because your Dennis Swift didn't have a scratch, and I happen to know Mr. Dinard scratched his hand night before last—"

"The young man," Coggs sneered, "may not be such a champion observer as he's cracked up to be. He might not have noticed the scratch."

"Oh, mightn't I!" Joey boasted. "I **did** see the scratch—"

"But you said there was no scratch."

"I never. I said Dennis Swift might have been his twin-brother if it wasn't for two things—he wasn't the right height and the scratch on his hand . . . and I'll double the bet right now —"

"Stop betting," Alby ordered sharply. "Explain exactly what you mean."

"O.K., Mr. Alby. I wasn't getting fresh, honest. This Dennis Swift looked the spittin' image of Mr. Dinard—what you could see of him with his hat on. Come to think of it, this Swift fella musta been trying not to show his eyes. By the way he walked and the way he stood, and the way he held his head, and even his voice—they were all just about exactly like Mr. Dinard's. I can't say about the shape of his hands, because when you looked at his right hand, the scar took your eye. It was exactly like Mr. Dinard's scar. And no twin-brothers would be likely to have the same kind of a scar. And then Dennis Swift wasn't so tall."

"You mean this Swift looked exactly like Dinard except for his height?"

"Well, I never got a good look at his eyes, like I told you. But it don't matter. **It wasn't him. Because Dennis Swift was a good two inches shorter."**

An uneasy pause followed. "Two inches," thought Sheridan, "two inches between me and the electric chair. But will they **believe** him?" . . .

Mr. Cogg's flat voice broke the silence. "I suppose you measured him?" he growled at Joey.

"Didn't have to. Best thing I do," boasted Joey, "is guessing folks' heights. I betcha —my dollar to your dime—I mean if Mr. Alby didn't think I was gettin' fresh, I'd bet I could guess within half an inch how tall everybody in this room is."

"This is the time we let you bet," said Alby grimly. "Dollar to dollar. Here's mine. Let's see yours, Joey."

Higgins grunted. "What is this, anyhow?"

"Call it testing the reliability of a witness, if you like," said Alby.

Joey was looking at the change he had pulled from his pocket. "I only got sixty cents. But it don't matter, because I always win."

"Then sixty cents is the wager. Never bet on margin."

"O.K. But don't say I didn't warn you you'd lose, Mr. Alby."

"All right, begin. You want us to stand up, I suppose."

"No only one of you. I'll begin with Mr. Dinard. Five feet eleven and three-quarters is his. Then this man," he indicated Wilcox, "looks taller on account of his shoulders being higher, but he's nearly an inch shorter, five eleven. And the man who's writing all these things down —"

"Mr. Harrod," Alby supplied the name.

"Mr. Harrod, he's five feet nine. And the perfessor here," Joey nodded at Dr. Coe, "is one inch taller, five ten. And you, Mr. Alby, are exactly the height of Dennis Swift, which is nothing against you—five nine and a half. Now, you," Joey turned to Mr. Coggs. "Would you mind standing up against that door —"

"Why should he stand up against a door!" Mrs. Coggs asked indignantly.

Joey explained. "The only time I got fooled was on a man that limped. He threw his weight on one leg while I guessed and on the other while I measured —"

Harrod grinned. The others waited as Coggs limped to the door. Joey reached up and made a mark. But before standing back to look at it he said, "Five feet seven. And now," said Joey, "for the ladies."

"That'll be enough," Alby decided.

"Here's my tape measure," Joey fished one out of his pocket. "I'll make all the marks on the door, and you'll see they'll fit under them."

Alby drew a folding rule from his drawer. "This is simpler," he said, "though I must say you seem prepared for such wagers."

"I make more money betting on people's heights than on tips," said Joey.

There was a tense silence in the room as the measurements were made. Harrod entered them against Joey's guesses. At the end he handed the list to Alby.

"M'm. Pretty good. Though you're a half-inch off on Coe, and a quarter off on Coggs," said Alby. "But you made your wager. Here's the sixty cents. How do you do it?"

CHAPTER 18.

"IT'S a gift," Joey explained. "First job I had, the head bell-hop says short men tip better'n tall men. So we took to guessin' how much we'd get, according to height."

"How can you be sure," asked Higgins, "that Dennis Swift didn't scrunch down to look short?"

"Two inches!" Joey's voice was scornful. "He would have **looked** scrunched if he did. But this Dennis Swift was as straight as Mr. Dinard there."

Alby turned to Coggs. "And this gas inspector, how did his height compare with Dinard's?"

Coggs looked Sheridan up and down. "I'm no bell-hop, but I'll swear it was the same fella."

"We'll check up on him," said Alby, standing up. "And now, except for Dr. Coe and Mrs. Coe, you may all go home for the present."

"You mean," Coggs' voice was shrill, "that you're letting Dinard get away—that after all the evidence——"

"No one is getting away," said Alby. "But I'd be interested to hear just what you mean by all the evidence."

"I mean him being the gas inspector on Tuesday afternoon and snooping. And I mean him being Dennis Swift in spite of a bell-hop's guessing game, and I mean that door-knocker he attached to my door, and knowing just what the girl looked like —lavender eyes, he said, and blond and a short upper lip—and I mean——" Coggs stopped.

"Go on," Alby encouraged him.

"Well, that's enough, ain't it?"

"Until the gas company fails to produce an inspector who looks like Mr. Dinard, we can hardly take steps on that score."

Adelaide could not stifle a murmur of gratitude. And Sheridan said quietly, "By all means get the gas inspector. But as for Tuesday afternoon," he continued in a relieved voice, "I have a perfect alibi."

"I don't believe it. It's a faked alibi!" exclaimed Mr. Coggs.

Sheridan ignored him. "I spent the whole afternoon working out a new catalogue system for Dr. Coe's library. Marlin worked with me."

"Yeah, and where's Marlin now?" Higgins demanded.

"If he doesn't turn up of his own accord, it shouldn't be hard to trace a man with a scar, a wen, a strong smell of snuff and a thick English accent.

"But apart from Marlin, Dr. Coe here can tell you that we discussed the recataloguing project for the first time at lunch on Tuesday; and that on Tuesday evening, at six o'clock, he found two alternative schemes on his desk, with full notes on each. And he will tell you that that work could not possibly have been done in less than five hours."

He turned to Dr. Coe, confidently expecting confirmation. Dr. Coe looked at him, silent.

"Well, Dr. Coe?" Alby demanded.

Dr. Coe closed his eyes as if in pain. "No," he said wearily, "I found no such notes."

Sheridan stared, open-mouthed, at Dr. Coe. Something must have happened to those cataloging plans between the moment he had put them on Dr. Coe's desk and five minutes later, when he was leaving the museum and met Dr. Coe coming in. . . . Unless Dr. Coe . . . Oh, no, it was still unthinkable that Dr. Coe could be lying! And Wilcox had been away all that afternoon seeing to the expedition's new excavating sifters. . . . And Marlin. . . . But of course **Marlin** could have removed the papers. . . Marlin . . . Suddenly he heard Higgins saying Marlin's name. "I'll phone H.Q. to spread an alarm for Marlin," Higgins was saying.

But Joey's voice more effectively roused him to the present. "Sure you won't need me any more, Mr. Alby? I'd like to help you and Mr. Dinard out. I once read a book about how to detect crimes——"

"Run along, Joey." Alby gave him an affectionate shove, and Joey left reluctantly. "And now the rest of you will please step into the next room, excepting——"

The telephone interrupted him. They all listened. "The Tidewells? Send them in. Just a minute," he continued to the group before him.

Sam Tidewell looked what he was—an out-of-a-job actor with a hangover. Sarah Tidewell was pretty, young and smart, despite dark circles under her mascara-lashed eyes.

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Wilcox greeted them rather effusively. "Good old Sam and Sarah! Let me introduce you. Mrs. Coe, Miss Sayre, Dr. Coe. Mr. Dinard. And these people, Mr. and Mrs. Coggs, are your neighbors, I believe."

"Now," Alby addressed the Tidewells. "I want you to tell me which of these people you have seen before."

Sam Tidewell shrugged. "They don't mean anything to me. Never saw 'em before."

Sarah Tidewell said, flippantly, "Oh, Sam never remembers anybody till he knows them well enough to borrow money from them. But I've seen that couple, Mr. and Mrs. Coggs. And Mr. Dinard and Miss Sayre, though I've never met them before."

"And Dr. Coe?"

"Never saw him in my life."

"And Mrs. Coe?" Alby persisted.

Sarah Tidewell looked at Mrs. Coe steadily for a moment or two. "No," she said.

"Very well. Now Dr. Coe, Mrs. Coe, and Mr. Dinard, please wait in the next room. The rest of you may go."

Adelaide went over to Alby. "Let me wait, too, Mr. Alby. I'm not going home. I'm not going to leave Mr. Dinard a minute till this terrible thing is settled. Not a **minute!** I'm frightened about him. Her eyes filled with tears. "There's some horrid plot against him. Mr. Alby," she turned beseechingly to him, "where can we get married right now, to-night, Sunday, without a licence?"

Alby said nothing, just continued to look at her.

"Listen, Mr. Alby," she continued, "somebody stole the wedding licence. Sherry just discovered it in the taxi coming down here. He thought someone was playing a joke on him. But now I see it wasn't a joke. It was part of a plot. But wedding licence or no, we're going to get married to-night——"

A shrill laugh from Mr. Coggs interrupted her. "So you're in on this, too!" he cried. "And you always seemed a nice young lady!"

Alby watched Coggs through half-shut lids.

"And wouldn't it be convenient," Coggs continued sarcastically, "getting married! A wife don't have to testify against her husband! You two got it all fixed up, haven't you?"

"I think you'd better not marry him today," Alby said slowly.

"I will, I will! You can't stop me!"

"It would be simple to prevent your marriage. But you are too intelligent to make that necessary, Miss Sayre. If you still believe your finance to be innocent——"

"He is! I'll wait outside if you won't let me wait here. And I'm not going to stay alone in my apartment to-night. He's going to stay with me."

"All right, Miss Sayre. If he does, we'll supply a proper chaperon. Meanwhile both of you go into the next room. Dr. and Mrs. Coe, too. As for you," he turned first to Wilcox and then to the Coggs, "there'll be no need to wait further. Though I'll probably call on all of you for further—shall we say co-operation?"

After the door in the hall closed behind the Coggses their voices were audible for some moments. "If you ask me," his wife was saying, "he don't want to marry her at all. The way he looks at her when she's not looking——"

"Oh, shut up, Mamma. Why'd he kill the other girl if he didn't want to marry this one?"

Their voices trailed off. But the trouble in Adelaide's eyes deepened as they went into the outer room.

Alby's interview with the Tidewells was brief. They didn't remember the girl Wilcox had brought.

"And you don't even remember the names of your own friends?" Alby laughed scornfully.

Sarah Tidewell's manner was airy. "Oh, yes, we remember. But we're not going to get them mixed up in a murder case. If we **have** to tell their names we'll consult a lawyer first."

"All right; consult him. Consult him about those rent parties of yours while you're at it. What's the price of admission?"

Sam Tidewell turned pale. "Say, what do you think we are——"

"Cut it, Sam. He's found out about our parties. Well, what of it? We're a sort of club. Some of our friends who're lucky enough to have jobs remember the time we used to lend them money. They come down, have a cup of tea, if they want it, and a pleasant time."

"You don't sell liquor, or anything like that?"

"Certainly not. Not that we wouldn't like to. But we couldn't afford to run a speak."

"Just how do you operate your joint? Hurry up—don't stall."

Sarah Tidewell looked shrewdly at Alby. "Well, you seem white; I'll tell you the truth. People come and have all the refreshments they want **free**. Yes, cocktails as well as tea. They can sit around and play cards or talk, but they have a good time, and come again."

"What's the price of admission?"

"There isn't any. People put what they want into a glass jar **'to defray expenses.'** Come yourself next Saturday and see. It's **a club.** No strangers. It's a way we can take help and have some fun without losing our pride!

"And just how much do you make over and above your fun and your pride each week?"

Sarah replied, "We've made exactly enough to pay the rent and not quite enough to pay for food. We're glad to keep the roof over our head, and to keep the gas company from turning off the gas. We might need it as an exit cue, if our starving act gets monotonous.' Her voice trembled. "You do believe me don't you?" She paused a moment. "You know I'm telling the truth."

"Yes," Alby nodded slowly, "I do believe you. Though you've told me one lie."

She started to deny it, but shrugged her shoulders.

"All right," said Alby; "we'll not make trouble for you. But," he added sternly, "if I need to call you into court to give evidence in this murder trial I expect the truth, loyalty or no loyalty, do you hear?"

"You'll get it, Mr. Alby."

When the Tidewells left Alby slumped in his chair. "Well, maybe the trunk would tell some tales. And Rankin ought to be ready with those handwriting tests."

CHAPTER 19.

HIGGINS came in growling. "I suppose you still want me to leave the boy friend lay, huh? Unless Rankin finds some stuff?"

"What's lost by waiting?" was Alby's reply. "Find Marlin first, anyhow."

"I phoned headquarters. All the police cars will have his description by now, and the boys in the stations will be on the lookout. No outgoing steamers sailing tonight. We'll keep 'em covered. Other cities will be on the lookout, too. But, of course, he may have slunk into the country."

Rankin, the handwriting expert, entered and spread the tablets out on Alby's desk. Harrod and Higgins drew close. "Can't be sure," said Rankin. "Two words, **Dennis Swift,** aren't much to go by. Besides, they're written by someone who was disguising his handwriting. I'd say if Sheridan Dinard didn't sign that register, Dennis Swift was a first-class counterfeiter of disguised handwriting. On the other hand, look at this '4.30 p.m.' That 'p.m.' is almost the same as the initials of Peter Marlin on this." He unfolded Marlin's typed note.

"Would you say the same man signed that note, too?"

"Might have. It's hard to be certain of a single signature. And as for initials, well, what's two letters? If Dennis Swift left any other writing, it'd be different. Some forgeries, you know, can't be proved."

"Anything in these two," Alby selected Wilcox's and Coe's, "to indicate one of them might have forged Dennis Swift's name to make it look as if Dinard had done it?"

"Nope. This one—Coggs's—he wrote with his right hand, but it has the look of left-hand writing."

"Coggs has a water-tight alibi for last night," Harrod contributed. "So we can leave him out."

"Well, then, all I've got to say is that Dinard probably's your man, though I'd hate to see him fry on this test alone. Funny thing, how often men use their own initials on their pseudonyms. D.S. and S.D. . . . Well, maybe."

Rankin left. Higgins yawned.

"Go home and get some sleep, why don't you?" Alby suggested. "Everybody's covered and nobody's going to be arrested to-night."

Higgins hesitated. "It'd eat me up if anybody else made the collar in this case."

"No collars are likely. By the way, what about the museum?"

"The boys are still hunting Marlin's fingerprints. Funny thing, all they've been able to find so far match up with Dinard's, Wilcox's, the Coes' and their servants. He seems to have wiped away every trace. Even the furnace door. If he wasn't in on the murder, he sure is guilty of something else. Well, if you promise not to find the murderer before to-morrow, guess I'll shove off. Who's to tail Dinard to-night?"

"I'm taking him with me to the hotel, later. Then we'll put Stevens on again. He can do his police matron transformation and chaperon Miss Sayre's apartment for the night. Don't worry, Dinard won't bolt. Who's assigned to cover the squeal to-night?"

"Burt and Hackett go on at ten. Any orders you'd like left for them?"

Alby considered. "Yes," he concluded. "Burt drives, doesn't he? Well, give him a taxi and tell him to keep cruising and parking on the Coggses' block. I'm going down there later."

As Higgins left, Alby turned to Harrod. "These next interviews—get it from the other side of that panel, will you? I imagine they'll talk better tete-a-tete. Come in if I buzz."

Harrod left by one door, and Alby went to the other, which opened into the waiting-room. Sheridan and Adelaide were sitting close together on a bench. Dr. Coe was staring dejectedly at the floor. Mrs. Coe turned anxious eyes from his face to Alby's. She said at once, "Won't you please let my husband go home, Mr. Alby? You can see he's ill."

"I'll not detain either of you long. Come in, Mrs. Coe."

As soon as she got into his office, Alby said, "Mrs. Coe, I want to know the exact relationship between you and Wilcox."

"Me and Wilcox!" she exclaimed, shocked. "Oh, no! There's **nothing!**"

Alby didn't answer. He leaned back and waited.

"Truly," she said, at length.

Still he waited, silently.

"Nothing, only the most casual friendship. Why, can't you see that I love my husband?"

"And yet you sneak off with Wilcox, letting your husband think you were in the country."

"I didn't 'sneak off' with Mr. Wilcox!"

"Wilcox refuses to divulge the name of the lady who went with him to the Tidewells'."

"I went with him to the Tidewells'. There was no sneaking about it!"

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"Would your husband believe it was, shall we say, quite straightforward?"

"Certainly. He wouldn't like it exactly, but he'd know that what I told you was true."

"How do you explain yesterday?"

She hesitated. "All this horrid business makes the most innocent thing seem wrong. But the explanation is simple. I'm writing a play. Mr. Wilcox has friends in the theatrical world. I wanted to meet some of them before they all went off on their next expedition——"

"Who all?"

"My husband and Mr. Wilcox and Sherry Dinard."

"Go on."

"I thought an acquaintance with stage folks might help me sell the play this summer."

"Your husband knows about this play?"

"Oh, no. He'd laugh at me for trying it. Not unpleasantly. But somehow it would keep me from finishing it."

"Did anybody else know you were going to the Tidewells'?"

"I made no secret of it. We first spoke of it one day two weeks ago."

"Who all were present?"

"No one unless you count Marlin."

"Go on."

"I asked Mr. Wilcox how I could meet some stage people. He invited me to go with him to the Tidewells', saying I'd meet a raft of actors. I said, 'Any producers?' He wasn't sure. Then I told him I was writing a play."

"So you planned to go yesterday."

"No. Mr. Wilcox intended to play golf. And I was about to drive out with Murdock and Babette and the children to Stamford. I stopped to ask my husband which train he wanted us to meet, and he said the one-thirty. Then Marlin called me, saying Mr. Wilcox wanted me to wait a minute. Mr. Wilcox, it seems, had just had a message from the Tidewells. It seems he had told them about my wanting to meet a producer, and they had telephoned and left word that a Mr. Harris was coming. He said, 'Marlin didn't ask which Harris, but the woods are full of producers by that name. Would you like to go this afternoon?' So I had Murdock go on with the children, and told him to meet Dr. Coe on the one-thirty train, and that I'd be out later. Then Mr. Wilcox suggested a matinee first, since the Tidewells' parties didn't begin till late. We considered several plays, and he said he'd see what tickets he could get. So I decided to do some shopping, and telephone back to him later to find out what theatre to meet him at."

"You said nothing to Dr. Coe of the change of plans?"

"No. He was busy with Mr. Dinard. Besides, I was afraid he'd decide to stay in and work if I told him I wasn't going out. And he did so need a rest. Then again, it might have bothered him—my going with Mr. Wilcox. Though he wouldn't have said so."

"And then?"

"Then I shopped, had lunch down town, and telephoned back to the museum to find out where to meet Mr. Wilcox. He had left word with Marlin for me to meet him at the Guild Theatre. After the matinee we went on to the Tidewells'. Then I caught the six-fifteen train."

"Mr. Wilcox took you to the six-fifteen train?" Alby asked in surprise.

"No. He had a dinner appointment at seven, and I knew he'd have half an hour to kill if I let him take me to the train, so I slipped out a little before six——"

"Do you remember the exact time?"

"Yes. I looked at my watch when I got into the taxi. It was seven minutes to six."

"H'm. Seven minutes to six. Yes, at least half an hour to kill," Alby said, as if to himself.

"Oh, if you're thinking of that murder——"

"It was a very theatrical murder. And Mr. Wilcox's interests——"

"It's silly to think Mr. Wilcox would do it!"

"Or Mr. Dinard?"

"That's even sillier."

"What kind of person is Marlin?"

"Dr. Coe swears by him."

"But you don't like him?"

"I don't exactly dislike him. It's just—well, maybe I do dislike him. I've nothing against him but his looks—and his smell of tobacco. He has certainly taken a load off Dr. Coe's mind. He's never broken or misplaced anything, and he's clever at repairing small things that don't need an expert."

Alby stood up. "That will be all just now."

"Please don't bother my husband with more questions," she urged. "I know he's not had any proper food to-day——"

"I'll keep him only a few minutes."

He walked with her into the outer room. "Now, Dr. Coe," he said.

But Mrs. Coe spoke to her husband first. "It will be all right, dear. In a few minutes we can go home."

Dr. Coe looked at her with cold, weary eyes. "Don't wait," he said tonelessly; "I'm not coming home."

Mrs. Coe gasped, and staggered back a step. Then she rushed to her husband. "For God's sake, Willard, tell me, what is it! Tell me!" Once more her small hands clung to him.

Alby led Mrs. Coe to the outer door. "Go home, Mrs. Coe," he told her. "It will do you no good to stay." And when she refused, he said, "It would embarrass you to have a police escort."

When she had gone he did not renew his inquiries about Dr. Coe's whereabouts of the previous night. Instead, he began questioning him about his employees.

"You are sure there were no notes on your desk Tuesday night after the re-cataloging of your library?"

"Quite."

"And you asked no questions about their failure to appear?"

"I hadn't expected them at any special time. It was one of several projects Dinard was to have done before we leave on our expedition. The exact time didn't matter."

"Do you know anything about Dinard, or has there ever been anything in your long connections with him to make you believe him capable of this murder?"

"No." But Dr. Coe shrugged his shoulders as he replied.

And Wilcox?"

The same answer and the same gesture. "And now for Marlin," Alby began.

CHAPTER 20.

DR. COE'S tired detachment gave way to irritability. "Marlin, Marlin!" he exclaimed crossly. "Marlin has worked for me for five years. I have never had any least cause to mistrust him." He closed his eyes. "And now even Marlin——"

Alby said, "And now even Marlin may have committed this murder."

Dr. Coe laughed, for the first time, a half hysterical laugh. "This murder? . . . Oh, yes, there's been a murder. . . ." He got up from his chair, and began to walk up and down. . . . "Who knows. . . . Even Marlin. . . . What do I know about Marlin? . . . . What do I know about anybody . . . . What do I know about myself? And now, will you please have done with this torturesome questioning and let me go——"

"Home?" Dr. Coe winced as Alby finished the sentence for him. "You seem to forget that you've refused to explain your strange conduct last night. An unsympathetic questioner might say you were trying to fake amnesia—a preparation for an insanity plea, in case you were tried for murder . . ."

Again Coe laughed in a hysteria of bitterness. "Murder," he repeated. "The very thing. . . . Yes, that would settle it all neatly. . . . Arrest me for the murder of your young lady. That will clear the way for everything. . . . Good. I hereby confess. . . . Let's see, why did I do it? Why does anyone commit murder? . . . . Jealousy. . . . Maybe I was in love with the girl. . . . No matter. . . . If I confess, that's the end. . . . It's all ready for me . . . . The museum, the dagger, everything."

His hysteria began to ebb. His tone now was merely bitter. "To throw oneself beneath a rushing subway train. . . . It sounds easy, doesn't it? . . . . Or to jump off a bridge? . . . . But the blood recoils."

He stopped suddenly, and dropped to the chair. "I feel ill!" he gasped.

"The next step, Dr. Coe," said Alby, "is to let me see the letter that started you off on yesterday's wild goose chase."

Alby's demand had a startling effect. "What do you mean?" Dr. Coe demanded sharply.

"You received a letter. Let me have it."

"I—I tore it up."

"Quite so. You read it, it outraged you, you tore it up. But the pieces are in your vest pocket. Your hand has made unconscious motions towards that pocket ever since you arrived. Hand them over at once."

But Dr. Coe seemed not to hear the command. "You mean, then," he asked with a pathetic eagerness, "that it may not be true—what the letter says—that it may really have been a wild goose chase?"

"The letter, please."

Dr. Coe drew the crumpled pieces from his pocket. He was trembling.

Alby spread them out and quickly sorted and arranged them, until the typed message was legible:

"Whose wife is above suspicion? Where was yours Thursday afternoon? Where was your second assistant? How about last Saturday? What was your first assistant doing Tuesday? Is he really planning to get married? How about your caretaker? Is he in on it? Watch a certain apartment on Twelfth Street between Fifth and Sixth. Venetian blinds. Middle of the block. Saturday afternoon.

"Think of your children. Don't be a fool. Don't be clumsy either. Rapier-like delicacy. The truth will make you free.

"A Well-Wisher."

"When did you get this?" Alby asked.

"Day before yesterday—Friday—the last mail."

"Who do you think wrote it?"

"I can't imagine. Someone who knew my organisation, of course. But Mr. Alby, you said a wild goose chase. . . . You mean you think——"

Without replying, Alby reached for the letter which Marlin—supposedly Marlin—had left for Sheridan Dinard. He placed it beside Dr. Coe's crumpled scraps. No expert reader of typing was needed to see that both letters had been written on the same machine. The dot of the i was a bit off centre; the tail of the a had been worn down.

Alby reread Marlin's note. Curious. Here were two utterly different letters, one apparently straightforward, though illiterate, the other the work of an educated and subtle person. Yet Alby sensed a resemblance.

"Could Marlin be the well-wisher?" he asked.

"Oh, no. Marlin can barely read and write."

"Here is his farewell note to Mr. Dinard."

"Farewell note? Then——"

"Read it and tell me if you think Marlin really wrote it."

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Dr. Coe began to read. "Yes, this sounds like Marlin. But I say! I didn't go back to the museum yesterday! And this bit about the key. Dinard never mentioned Marlin's having it. Unless I've forgotten——"

"Dr. Coe, are you sure Marlin wrote that letter?"

"Oh, yes. That is——" Dr. Coe stopped. "You mean that someone else——" Dr. Coe ran his hand over his head again.

"Is that his signature?"

Dr. Coe seemed to be searching his brain for something. "Odd," he said at last, "but I don't remember ever seeing any of Marlin's writing. After all, his duties didn't include clerical work. But, Mr. Alby," he continued slowly, "if Marlin didn't write that letter, why . . . . it brings a whole new train of possibilities. . . . Something may have happened to Marlin . . . . Maybe he, too, has been done away with. . . . Maybe——"

"Maybe," Alby interrupted, "maybe you did it yourself. Maybe you wrote both letters. Maybe you murdered the girl. Maybe you sprinkled false clues about. Maybe you got your wife and Wilcox and Dinard down on Twelfth Street. Maybe Marlin was your confederate. Maybe——"

"Are you mad?" Dr. Coe gasped.

"Or who knows. Maybe Mrs. Coe, jealous of the English girl, contrived to kill her. With the aid, of course, of one of your assistants. Maybe——"

"Stop it!" shouted Dr. Coe. "You know that's nonsense."

"I know only that you refuse to give an account of yourself; that you throw a fit of hysterics and make a confession; that you are within half an inch of the height of the man who registered as Dennis Swift——" Alby paused. "Well, come now," his voice was peremptory, "give an account of yourself from one-thirty yesterday afternoon until you staggered home this morning."

Dr. Coe swallowed. "All right." He spoke with difficulty. "Only get it out of your head that Mrs. Coe had anything to do with it—the murder, I mean. I—I followed her."

"Because of the letter?"

"No. I was going to—to try to ignore the letter. But just before I left for the train, there was a telephone call. And somehow, when Dinard left me at the train, I turned back and followed the advice of the person who telephoned."

"And that person?"

"I don't know. The voice was unfamiliar. He said 'You'll always regret it if you do not watch the house with Venetian blinds this afternoon from five o'clock on.' I said, 'Who are you?' And he said, 'Well-wisher,' and hung up."

"And when you left the train?"

"I telephoned my house in Stamford to say I wouldn't be home. Then Murdock said Mrs. Coe hadn't gone with them this morning."

"And then?"

"I kept walking. I tried not to go down to Twelfth Street. And then there I was. And I saw them—Mrs. Coe and Wilcox They were talking and laughing. And they went into the apartment house with the Venetian blinds in the first floor window."

Dr. Coe's haggard face was beaded with perspiration. He closed his eyes.

"And then?"

"Next thing I remember I was in another apartment house diagonally across the street. It was as if somebody else was doing it. I was asking to see an apartment. And the superintendent showed me to one on the third floor. I said I'd have to consider whether the noises in the street would bother me. I asked if I could stay a while. He said 'yes,' and brought a chair for me."

"And then?"

"Then I tried to think what I ought to do. But I couldn't think. I just sat watching the house across the street. After a long while, she came out. Alone. And she walked along a bit, quickly, with a way she has when she's happy or excited. And then a taxi stopped and she got in."

He paused again and then continued. "Then the superintendent came back and asked, 'Is it quiet enough for you?' I said I'd let him know. Then I went out. And then I saw Wilcox. Maybe he saw me. I don't know. Anyhow he had a queer look—a guilty look. And then he disappeared into a taxi. And I remembered he had said he was going to play golf." He stopped. "I don't remember any more."

"Surely you remember what you did with the night!"

"No. Only snatches. I was on a bridge. . . . But there was a policeman. One couldn't jump off. . . . Anyhow, I didn't. . . . And then the subway. I—I think I spent the night riding in subways. I tried—I couldn't make myself do it—I tried to throw myself in front of one. . . . The next thing I was walking up the steps of my house. This morning, was it? . . . A policeman opened the door. . . . It's all part of the nightmare. . . . Until you said wild goose chase. But even so, she **did** go with him. . . . And she lied to me. . . And he lied. . . ."

He ran his thin long hand over his head, and let it drop. He closed his eyes, and slumped in his chair.

Alby leaned forward. No, the man hadn't fainted. Alby lighted a cigarette, and watched the smoke as he thought back through the interview. Was the whole thing a cock and bull story?

Dr. Coe opened his eyes, with a long sigh. Alby repressed a laugh at the impulse which seized him. Lucky that Higgins had gone! He could just hear Higgins' sardonic sneer—"Just a boy scout!"

"What you are to do now," Alby made his voice harsh, "is to go home and tell Mrs. Coe I said she was to repeat to you everything she told me. It's not a request. It's an order. I'm sending a guardian along. He'll be within reach, until I decide to arrest you for that murder you've confessed."

"But——"

"That'll be all," said Alby, pressing a button.

CHAPTER 21.

WHEN Dr. Coe had gone, Alby opened the door into the waiting-room. Adelaide and Sheridan were sitting close together in tense silence. Dinard was looking away, into space, his eyebrows drawn tight.

"After all, Dinard," Alby said, "I won't want you now. I'll call later this evening at Miss Sayre's."

Adelaide sighed with relief. But Sheridan shattered the plan. "I can tell you now who the girl is," he said huskily.

"Sherry!" Adelaide cried. "Oh, Sherry, why didn't you tell us!"

Alby said simply, "Get in there, both of you," and stood back to let them pass into his office. Then he strode to his desk and pushed a button. Almost immediately Harrod appeared, notebook in hand.

"Mr. Dinard," Alby told him, "has at last decided to confide in us. Well, what's her name?"

"I remember only her first name. It's **Daisy.** She is—was—a distant cousin of mine."

"Quit stalling!" Alby exclaimed. "What's the girl's name?"

"I don't remember. I've been trying to recall it since the florist said——"

"So you didn't remember she was your cousin till the florist said something! A blond cousin, with lavender eyes and a short upper lip! Do you think you can go on making fools of us——"

"I saw her just once in my life." Sheridan's manner was gravely quiet. "I was the little boy who held her up to smell the roses. In that English garden."

Alby's anger abated. He studied Sheridan appraisingly, and lighted a cigarette. Then, with his usual politeness, he gave the familiar command, "Go on."

"I've been racking my brain for the rest. Not only the name, but the whole episode. There was a garden and a sundial in the middle of a bed of lavender. My mother said, 'This is your little cousin Daisy.' Daisy took my hand and showed me the garden. I remember lifting her up to smell the tall roses, and she laughed— a funny, gleeful laugh. Like the one I heard yesterday, but, of course, a child's. Don't you see that explains how I knew what she would look like?"

"When was this? How old were you?"

"Eight or nine. She was younger. It's still hazy. Or rather, **patchy.** It comes back in bits. Some of them very clear."

"But her name—don't the initials D.S. on the trunk suggest that her last name might be the same as your first?"

"No. Or I think I should have remembered it."

"And this English garden of hers, just where was it?"

"I don't remember. But I think it wasn't her's. I think she was a visitor, too. I remember being disappointed because some other cousins who should have been there, weren't. My mother said, 'It's too bad the little boys who belong in this garden are away.' "

"Go on."

"Then there was an old man. At least he seemed old to me. I think his last name was Sheridan. But I was told to call him Cousin Something—I can't remember what."

"Your memory is rather erratic."

"Isn't that natural, Mr. Alby? Try to remember one of many tea-parties to which you were dragged at the age of nine. Even what I do remember may be inaccurate. Even Daisy I don't remember quite right. I remember liking her. And I remember the color of her eyes because they just matched the lavender where the sundial was. And her taffy-colored hair. But her mouth. Remember, Adelaide, I told you last night that her mouth wasn't what I expected? Daisy, I believe, had crowded, uneven teeth. Of course, they could have been straightened."

Alby interrupted to say to Harrod, "When we're through here, get a report from the medical inspector on her teeth." Then, to Sheridan, "This morning you spoke of your great-aunt, Mrs. Hartley. Would she know the names of your English relatives?"

"Possibly. Though she's not connected with the English side of the family."

"Tell me that rigmarole about your family tree again."

Sheridan smiled. "My only direct English ancestor was a great-grandmother, named Phyllis Sheridan. She married a Frenchman, Auguste Dinard. Their son, my grandfather, came to America and married an American girl of Dutch extraction. Their son, my father, married my mother, Isabel Hartley. My Boston great-aunt is a Hartley. So she may not have been interested in our English relations."

"She might. We'll telephone her."

"All right," said Sheridan. "I do telephone her now and then, so it won't frighten her."

Sheridan was about to pick up the receiver, but Alby said to Harrod, "Get it on the extension. Mrs. Anne Hartley, Hotel Brunswick, Boston."

Sheridan nodded. As Harrod waited for the connection, Adelaide murmured to Sheridan, "That explains everything, my dear—why you looked at her so—so lovingly."

Harrod, at the telephone extension, took down the conversation with Mrs. Hartley. She began by deprecating Sherry's extravagance, but when he told her the call was costing nothing, she settled down for a long talk. "By the way, Aunt Anne," Sherry said, "do you know the names of any of my English relatives?"

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"Of course! And, Sherry, you must send them wedding announcements. There was Asbury Sheridan. He lived near Clovelly, but out in the country. If you address it just Clovelly it will reach him."

"Asbury—was that the cousin I was taken to visit as a child?"

"Yes, and he had two sons, Percy and Harold. There were other Sheridans, too, but I believe your parents didn't visit them."

"How about a little girl named Daisy?"

"Imagine your remembering **her**! Yes, her mother was a distant relation of your cousin Asbury's wife. What did you say her last name was?"

"I didn't. That's the thing I wanted to know."

"Well, you'd better not tell your Adelaide that! Because your mother said you took a shine to Daisy. Let's see. . . . Satterly, that was it. Daisy Satterly. Her people lived in Birmingham. They were just visiting the Sheridans."

"Thanks," said Sherry. "And now tell me, how's the sciatica?"

"Much better, dear. But I don't think I'll have the strength to come down to the wedding. I did think I might manage it——"

"Oh, no, you mustn't. Adelaide and I will visit **you** as soon as we get back. How's Aunt Constance?"

"Always well. If only I had her iron constitution!"

"Let me say a word to Aunt Constance, if she's there."

"Here she is. Good-bye, dear. If I don't speak to you again before the wedding, you know my good wishes."

"Of course I do, darling. . . . Hello, Aunt Constance. How are you?"

"Fine, Sherry, how are you?"

"Fine," said Sherry. "Aunt Constance, I want you to do something for me. Don't let Aunt Anne guess what we're talking about, and keep your end of the conversation gay, will you? There's some bad news—a horrid mix-up. That Daisy Satterly I was asking her about—wait a minute, let her hear you laugh. . . Thanks. . . . You're sure she can't hear me? That Daisy Satterly is dead . . . murdered. And there's some connection between the museum and the murder. . . . Has the flower show been held in Boston yet? Tell Aunt Anne it was lovely here. . . . Aunt Constance, my name is mixed up in the murder——"

"But you didn't——"

"No, of course I didn't."

"Aunt Anne is saying, 'Didn't what?' "

"Didn't ever see as lovely a flower show as that one we saw together in Boston last year. . . Aunt Constance, this murder is bound to be cleared up presently. But keep the New York papers out of her way, will you? It would give her such a needless shock . . . You're a brick!"

"Wait a minute," said Aunt Constance, "Anne wants to talk to you again."

"Sherry," said Aunt Anne, "be **sure** to look up those English relatives. I just remembered something your mother told me. About you and Daisy Satterly. About a year after your visit, old Asbury Sheridan's solicitors sent some paper to your parents. Your mother just laughed about it. But you never can tell. I don't recall the details, but your mother said—I remember her very words—'If eighteen million persons more or less should die,' she said, 'including little Daisy and all her future offspring, why our Sherry will come into a whopping big English fortune.' "

As a full realisation of his aunt's words came to Sheridan, his color drained away. But only for a moment.

Alby, his eyes never wavering from Sherry's face, said to Harrod, "Read me that conversation."

Harrod tried to repress his own excitement as he read. But the very air of the room seemed ominous when he reached the final speech. "**If eighteen million persons, more or less, should die, including little Daisy and all her future offspring, our Sherry will come into a whopping big English fortune.**"

A dead silence fell.

Adelaide broke it. "Oh, Sherry!" But she could say nothing more.

Sherry looked steadily at Alby. "Nothing, apparently, has been overlooked. I am even provided with a motive." His voice was dry. Then he turned to Adelaide. "Darling" he said gently, "I think you'd better stay with a friend to-night. Or at an hotel."

But Adelaide had pulled herself together. Though her fine dark eyes shone with tears, her voice was steady.

"Remember, Sherry, in the taxi when we were joking? You said, 'It's no trick at all to reconstruct a girl from her laugh. Not if your business is archaeology. Why, we reconstruct whole civilisations from scraps of bronze!' Remember?"

"Of course, dear, but what——"

"This is what. You **did** reconstruct that poor girl from her laugh. Now you have much more than a laugh and a scrap of bronze. Somehow I know you—you and Mr. Alby—will be able to reconstruct this murder. Mr. Alby, in spite of everything, I can't believe you really suspect Sherry." She held her head very high and returned his steady scrutiny.

"And you aren't worried," Alby inquired at length, "as to what may happen to Mr. Dinard?"

"Worried, yes. But I've stopped being frightened. Because I think you're a clever detective. And because I **know** Sherry didn't kill Daisy Satterly."

Alby studied her through half-closed eyes. Then he turned to Harrod. "Take this cable to Scotland Yard:

" 'Get all information Asbury Sheridan. Lived near Clovelly about eighteen years ago. Who and where are heirs, and all other relatives? Sons' names Percy and Harold. Wish full information about distant relation, Daisy Satterly, probably the girl murdered here yesterday. Possibly from Birmingham. Was she or others in family, immediate or distant, connected with stage? Any connection with Marlin, mentioned in previous cable?' "

Alby asked Harrod to have the message coded and sent at once. While Harrod was out of the room, Alby looked at his watch, and then at Adelaide and Sherry. "The County of New York," he said, "is about to treat you to dinner. No need to jump. At a restaurant, this time. From dinner we'll go to the Astrakan, and unpack a trunk."

CHAPTER 22.

BEFORE starting for the Hotel Astrakan to examine the trunk delivered to Dennis Swift, Alby asked Dinard if he thought Marlin could be connected with the crime.

"I doubt it," Sherry replied. "What possible connection could he have had with Daisy Satterly? And you saw his references. The circumstances of his disappearance are suspicious, but the same person or persons who have blazed all these trails to me may have done the same by him. Because he is English, perhaps."

At the Astrakan, one of the many undistinguished small hotels in the Forties, Joey Timmott, the bellboy, greeted them as old friends. Their arrival in Room 315 seemed to relieve Detective Garson of a painful boredom. "Want the trunk opened?" he asked.

Alby studied it a while. Comparatively new, but an old-fashioned tray-trunk. Solid, but inexpensive. Those initials, D. S. . . .

"Any fingerprints?" Alby asked.

"Not a one, except the maid's."

Garson had the trunk opened in a minute. He stepped back, and Alby lifted the lid.

The top tray seemed full of costume hats. These were stuffed loosely and carelessly with soft underwear and various scarves. Most of the scarves were old, cheap and sleazy—evidently bought for their colors. But there was a new one, a Liberty scarf, in which the most subtle mixture of delicate pastel shades melted into a general effect of warm grey.

Swiftly but carefully Alby lifted out each hat, unrolled and rerolled each garment, searching for a name or mark. He found none. He then repacked the tray, lifted it out and set it on the floor. The tray beneath was filled with three frothy ballet costumes—one of bright blue, one of lavender, and one of white.

"The white one, that's what I saw sticking out," said Joey, "I **knew** it was a lady's trunk."

Alby shook out the dresses and replaced them. Then he stepped back towards the door. From the door one could not see the tray of hats on the floor beyond. Alby returned, and started to lift the tray of dresses, but quickly drew his hand back, as if he had hurt it. "Dinard," he said, "would you please lift the tray out?"

"Certainly." Sherry stepped forward and had just taken hold of it when Alby cried suddenly, "Drop it! Quick! Close the trunk!"

Automatically Sheridan obeyed, and then wheeled about to see Alby standing in the doorway studying him. "That will do," he said. "Now, Joey, do you think you can imitate the way Dennis Swift did that same job when you intruded last night?"

"I don't know. But it didn't look like **that**," said Joey. "Besides, Dennis Swift had the letters in his hand. Here, I'll do it with this," and Joey picked up a Gideon Bible. "Wait a minute. Got a pencil?" He drew a long scar on the cushion of his left thumb. "Like Dennis Swift and Mr. Dinnard," he explained. "Now clap your hand when you're ready." And he opened the trunk and bent over.

At Alby's handclap he dropped the lid, straightened up, wheeled about, and exclaimed, in a voice startingly like Sheridan's, "Oh, **you**!" Then he walked to the door, put out his hands as if he were about to take a tray, looked down at the Bible, tossed it to the bed, pushed back an imaginary overcoat to reach his right hand in his pocket, took out a dime, transferred it to his left hand, and turned the hand palm up so that the scar showed plainly. He waited a moment and then went through the motions of taking the tray.

Joey had performed the pantomime with spirit until he came to the point of transferring the dime from right hand to left. He paused there, and finished, rather slowly.

"Was he as slow as that at the last?" asked Alby.

"No," Joey scowled, puzzled. "But I just now noticed something Dennis Swift did last night. I mean, I must have **seen** it last night, only it didn't sink in, see? Dennis Swift shut the trunk with his right hand. And it was his right hand he put in his pocket for the dime. Well, that's OK. But why did he switch that dime to his left hand when he could just as well hand it to me with his right? Why, don't you **see**, Mr. Alby, it was the same sort of a trick as when he gave the address to the taxi man so loud—like he **meant** the scar to be noticed. And if it had 'a' been Mr. Dinard here, which of course it couldn't on account of the height, he sure wouldn't have shown off that scar."

"Oh, Joey!" There was gratitude and affection in Adelaide's voice.

Alby proceeded with his examination of the trunk. Under the tray of ballet costumes it contained ordinary clothing. Three summer dresses of cotton, an old tweed suit, two blue sweaters, several pairs of shoes—street shoes, overshoes, and ballet slippers to match the ballet dresses—and at the bottom, several boxes.

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These last Alby lifted out carefully, taking hold at the corners to avoid spoiling any fingerprints. "Powder these," he said to Garson, who spread the fingerprint powder on the first box. It went on evenly. "Not a chance!" he grumbled. "It's been wiped off."

So, too, with the other boxes. As Garson finished with each Alby opened it. The first contained beads and other cheap costume jewellery. Another contained two small, pretty perfume bottles, a tiny toy silver slipper, some shoe buckles, odd bits of ribbon. The third was filled with photographs, mostly of girls in ballet costumes, girls about the age of Daisy Satterly. Several of these were cheaply framed.

Alby removed the frames, and looked at the backs of the pictures. Suddenly his face lighted up. He handed Harrod one photograph—a girl in street clothes, though two pictures of her in ballet costumes were among the collection.

Harrod turned the photograph over and whistled, as he read to himself:

"Though you've acted queer of late, dear Daisy, I can't believe you will let your superstition or your coming good luck spoil our long, long friendship. Anyhow, take my picture along on that journey you're so mysterious about. Love, Gertrude."

Alby picked up the last and largest box. This, too, contained photographs, dozens of photographs, and every one a picture of the murdered girl. Some were six or eight years old, judging from the styles. Most of them, however, were in ballet costume. Across the corner of several of these a date and the words, "Yours sincerely, Daisy Satterly," were splashed in large handwriting.

At the bottom of the box was a large envelope containing still more photographs of the same girl—new ones. And across their corners the same splashy hand had inscribed another name: DIANTHA SHERIDAN.

Alby studied it in silence. Then he showed it to Harrod, and handed it to Sherry. The others crowded close, trying to look over Sherry's shoulder. Joey edged nearest.

"What do you make of it, Dinard?" Alby asked.

Sherry, studying the picture, did not answer immediately. But Joey spoke up.

"Not so good," said Joey. "She's pretty—anybody can see that—but she's got the big head—conceited."

"Poor girl!" Adelaide said gently. "She didn't look like a conceited person last night."

"Last night! Gee!" Joey's voice dropped almost to a whisper. "Is that—is that the girl—that died laughing?"

Alby nodded.

Sheridan said, "May I see the picture you took out of the frame and showed to Mr. Harrod?"

Alby nodded again. "Her best friend apparently," and Harrod handed the picture to Sheridan.

Sheridan glanced at the face, turned the picture over and read and re-read the inscription. Then he turned it back and studied the face again. They all waited for him to speak. After a full minute he murmured, "It's something to go on, anyhow." Then, turning to Alby, "You'll cable Scotland Yard to find Gertrude, of course?"

"Naturally."

"But certain facts are obvious now. Look here. These old pictures. Wait, I'll arrange them."

He spread them out on the bed, noting the dates, and placing them in chronological order. "Now see," he said to Alby. "She hasn't always been conceited . . . These first pictures look as if she were trying to keep a stiff upper lip, don't they?"

"That's right," Joey piped up. "Something must a happened to give that girl the big head. Just lately, too. At least beginning here." And Joey pointed a finger at a photograph dated September, 1932.

"Yes," said Sheridan. "But something happened before that. Look, up to here, 1928, there's that whistling-in-the-dark look. And then it's different. Not confident. More as if she was expecting something nice to happen. Remember the florist said something like that, too. But the photographs are just as cheaply printed and finished. But these last smirking ones with the new name are high-priced photography."

"Would you say," Harrod asked ironically, "that Daisy Satterly had recently come into a whopping big English fortune?"

From the moment of seeing the photographs until this inquiry, Sheridan's attitude had been that of detached scientific examination of data. At Harrod's question his detachment snapped. He stared at Harrod.

"No," he replied coldly, addressing Alby, not Harrod. "Her financial status has improved, however. Since she doubtless needed photographs for professional purposes, she probably always got the best she could afford. Until recently they were rather poor. Now she is suddenly able to afford very good ones. Also she is able to afford a trip to America, and twelve dollars for two dozen roses. But even so her trunk and the contents hardly suggest wealth. Do they, Adelaide?"

"No," said Adelaide. "The first thing almost any woman would do on coming into a fortune would be to throw away her old clothes. Some of hers are 1930 styles."

Alby nodded, and Sheridan went on. "Daisy's friend, Gertrude, speaks of superstition and a mysterious journey. Daisy's latest photographs are signed with a new name. That suggests numerology to me. . . . Many actresses, and others less famously superstitious, have had their names changed by numerologists. Suppose a fortune-teller, a crooked fortune-teller, suggested that she change her name. Suppose she had been told to keep secret the journey she was about to take. Suppose she had been lured to this country on the promise, say, of a ballet stardom here. In fact, she may even have had the actual offer of a job. That might explain the conceited look, mightn't it? Just a member of the ballet chorus for years, and suddenly a chance to be a star?"

"A lot of supposing," said Harrod.

"And more to come," Sheridan continued. "Suppose someone wanted her out of the way. She might have been married to a scapegrace husband. He might have wanted her money, if she had any. Or he might have wanted to marry someone else. . . . It must have been someone who knew the family affairs intimately, who knew of my distant relationship to her. . . . So they picked me to throw suspicion on. . . . They planted clues so thick that they choke one another. Sheer stupidity!"

Alby made no reply. While Garson repacked the trunk he dictated to Harrod another cable to Scotland Yard.

CHAPTER 23.

ALBY'S cable to Scotland Yard read:

"Identity of murdered girl established as Daisy Satterly, also called Diantha Sheridan, English, arrived New York yesterday. Obviously ballet dancer. Kindly trace her friend, also dancer, first name Gertrude, photographed by Hanford, Birmingham, 1932."

(Here he gave a description of Gertrude's picture. Then followed the dates of Daisy's photographs and the photographer's names.)

"Ask Gertrude about possible visits of Daisy to fortune-tellers. Also marital status, and children. Also friends and relations there, and in United States. Check possible connection with Peter Marlin."

Alby finished as Garson was lifting the top tray into the trunk. "You and Smith had better hang round," Alby said, "just on a chance of Swift's coming back. The rest of us can move on."

"Now what?" asked Adelaide, bracing herself for the worst.

"Now perhaps Mr. Dinard would like us to stop with him at his apartment while he collects what he'll need for the night——"

"You're not—not arresting him!" Adelaide cried.

"Not to-night. We made another plan, didn't we? I'll conduct you both to your house, where a suitable chaperon should be waiting. No need of your staying, Harrod. Just send that cable, and phone H.Q. to feature Marlin in everything they give the Press. Now, Joey, call us a taxi."

Joey held the taxi door while Sheridan, Adelaide, and Alby got in, but did not close it at once. "Please, Mr. Alby," the bellboy begged in his quick young voice, "let me come along. Please!"

Alby shook his head, but he smiled at the youngster. "I'll let you know when I need you."

"Listen, Mr. Alby," Joey persisted. "I want to be a detective. You won't have to pay me. The worst my old man could do to me for throwing up my job here would be to wallop me. But if you tell him you need me to help solve a murder——"

"Hang on to your job, Joey," said Alby. But, as the boy's face fell, he added, "there's nothing to prevent your thinking about the case. If you have any further observations to contribute, just let me know."

Disconsolate, Joey watched the taxi move off. Life was suddenly dull. "If you have any further observations to contribute," Alby had said. . . Funny, how he had seen but not noticed till afterwards that Dennis Swift had turned his hand upward to show that scar, made to look like Dinard's scar. If he could only think of something else like that . . .

He couldn't. And it burned him up. Here he was, almost in on a murder, and letting it slip away. How could a fellow contribute further observations, when he had to stick round a slow second-class hotel!

Mr. Astrakan's manner was the last straw. "Well!" said the hotel proprietor, sarcastically. "So you decided to come in? I thought maybe you were going along to solve the murder for the police."

Joey had an inspiration. I couldn't go off duty in my uniform, could I?" he replied righteously.

"What do you mean, go off duty? You've another hour yet."

"I'll make it up, Mr. Astrakan. This is important. And if my old man calls up before I get home!" Joey concluded loftily, "tell him I'm working with the police on the case of the girl that died laughing. In my spare time, see?"

* * *

It was midnight when Adelaide, Sheridan, and Alby reached Twelfth Street. They found a wiry old woman waiting on the steps. Alby introduced her. "Mrs. Galloway, a veteran police matron, will chaperon you to your landlord's satisfaction. Dinard, you might help her move the chaise lounge into the dining-room. She will make herself comfortable there with a book." Upon which Alby took his leave.

Alby did not go far, however—only to a delicatessen on Sixth Avenue. There he bought some rolls, butter, sliced ham, Stilton cheese, and several bottles of beer. Then he returned and rang the Coggses' bell.

Mr. Coggs came to the door in his night shirt, Mrs. Coggs in a flannelette kimono close behind him.

"My land, are we to have no peace!" Mrs. Coggs scolded "Here we were in bed——"

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"Sorry," Alby apologised. "But you gave me a valuable lead this afternoon, and there are several aspects of the case I thought we would discuss. May I come in? I brought a snack with me. We might have a little supper as we talk."

"Well, my land, I didn't mean to keep you standing in the door." Mrs. Coggs' crossness vanished at the mention of food. "Papa, put on your bathrobe. You were sneezing only this evening."

"And meanwhile," said Alby, "Mrs. Coggs and I will unwrap these things in the kitchen."

"I'll set the table in the dining-room," Mrs. Coggs offered.

"Let's stay in the kitchen. It's cosier."

"Fancy you——" Mrs. Coggs broke off to sniff the Stilton cheese. "Fancy you being one to like cosiness!"

"And I'd never have fancied you could be so friendly," Alby replied. "That cheese does look good, doesn't it? Here have some beer."

"Who's this Marlin they were talking about that didn't show up?" Mr. Coggs asked as he limped into the kitchen.

"Marlin is one man I especially want to talk to you about," said Alby. "He worked at the museum. Did you ever see him?"

"Nope. But I did see that snooping gas man that looked like Dinard. And mamma did. You just wait. I'm as sure what the gas company will say as I am that I'm drinking beer."

"Come to think, papa," Mrs. Coggs put her glass down for a minute. "Remember that man with a package for Miss Sayre two weeks ago Saturday, when she wasn't home? Just before we went off to the country?"

"Why, yes! Of course I do. With a grey hat and coat. Now, I wonder, could that have been Marlin?"

"Did he have a growth on his neck?"

"I didn't notice. Did you, mamma?"

"You couldn't see. He wore a muffler—black and white striped it was."

"Did you notice anything strange about his actions?"

"Can't say as I did. Did you, ma?"

"No. He did kind of look round a bit. But no more than anybody would in a strange house."

"What makes you think that he came from the museum?"

"Well, I don't know that he did. I just thought he might. Because after a bit Miss Sayre come downstairs, and she asked was there a package for her? And she said her bell must be out of order, because somebody had telephoned her that nobody answered her bell, and she was there all the time. So we looked to see, and sure enough her bell was out of order."

"Maybe Marlin and Dinard did the murder together," said Mrs. Coggs.

"Shut up, mamma. A smart fella like Dinard wouldn't take anybody else in with him on a murder."

"Well, papa, you don't know. Couldn't you find out maybe where Marlin lived, Mr. Alby, and ask his landlady what kind of man he was?"

"He moved away and left no address," said Alby.

"Well, that's suspicious, ain't it?" she persisted.

"Yes, but there's no evidence to connect Dinard and Marlin. Or Marlin and the girl who was murdered. A little more cheese, Mrs. Coggs?"

"Mamma, you be careful. Last time you ate too much cheese you got indigestion."

"It wasn't the cheese did it." Mrs. Coggs helped herself generously. "But this Marlin now, did his landlady give him a good character?"

"Yes. Not only the landlady, but the landlady's attractive young daughter. Especially the daughter. I'm sorry you can't tell me more about Marlin. But the fact that he has been in this apartment may prove helpful. And I want your opinion as to why the murderer—whoever it was—chose your apartment for the job."

"That's just what papa and me can't figure out," said Mrs. Coggs. "It don't seem sensible."

"Of course, Miss Sayre'd be likely to know we go away week-ends, and she might have mentioned it to Dinard," said Mr. Coggs. "But unless there was some connection between him and that girl that died, and Miss Sayre was in on it, it don't seem likely that he'd have brought her to the same house with Miss Sayre to kill her."

"You haven't any theory, then?"

"No, we haven't," said Mrs. Coggs. "How did he know where our key was hid in the first place?"

"Well, that'd be easy, mamma. He could have guessed we'd leave it where Oswald could get it. That's probably why he came snooping round as the gas man—so's to be able to figure out where the key would be hid, and get the lay of the land. And that's why he went into all the apartments. Sounds reasonable, don't it, Mr. Alby?"

"Worth considering, at any rate," Alby replied.

"Still, papa, say what you like, that Mr. Dinard looks too smart to go and kill a girl right in the same building with his sweetheart waiting upstairs for him to take her out to dinner."

"Yes unless he figured it'd be the last place anybody'd expect him to do it."

"Then there's the door knocker," Alby continued. "And it has been definitely learned that a museum dagger was used."

"There! What'd I tell you! He did it," Mr. Coggs exclaimed.

"All the same, papa, why wouldn't he of used a kitchen knife or an ice pick, instead of a dagger? And why'd he have given himself away with a door knocker?"

"Maybe he'd figure he could wipe off the dagger and put it back and nobody any the wiser. The door knocker, though, that's got me stumped. Unless, no, I got it! Maybe he got here early, before the girl came, and drilled the hole so's he could look out afterwards and make his getaway, and took the door knocker along to cover up the hole."

"H'm." Alby made a non-committal sound. "And you're sure you never let any friends or relatives use your apartment?"

"No. We told you we didn't have any relatives."

"Yes, yes. So you did. Your son died, I believe, in the San Francisco fire."

"Yes. Now, now, mamma!" Mr. Coggs' voice was half way between tenderness and irritation, for Mrs. Coggs had begun to cry. "There she is, at it again," he complained to Alby. "I tell her it's unnatural, after all these years."

"Men," said Mrs. Coggs bitterly, swallowing her tears and a large mouthful of bread and cheese, "men don't know what it means to a woman. He was such a nice baby, and just the image of my poor father."

"That's too bad, Mrs. Coggs. Have you a picture of him?"

"No, that was lost along with everything else. Our home, our baby, our business," said Mr. Coggs. "There, now, mamma, do shut up. And after Mr. Alby brought us this nice supper!" Mr. Coggs poured another glass of beer for himself and one for his wife.

"Tell me," said Alby, "have you any theory about the murdered girl's fancy dress?" Without waiting for an answer, he added slowly, "The queer thing is that apparently some one has also been masquerading as you, Mr. Coggs."

CHAPTER 24.

"WHAT!" Coggs set down his glass of beer and his hands grasped the corners of his chair. "Me!"

"Him!" exclaimed Mrs. Coggs, with a sudden hiccough.

"However, it wasn't a good enough take-off to be convincing," Alby continued.

Alby filled Mrs. Coggs' glass. She drank it defiantly, almost at one gulp.

"Who's been masquerading as me?" demanded Mr. Coggs menacingly. "If I get my hands on him——"

Alby shrugged. "Whoever it was tried last night to kill Mr. Dinnard!"

"No!" Mrs. Coggs stared, her heavy-lipped mouth almost wide open. "Well!" she exclaimed at last, "it wasn't papa. He never left this house——"

"Quite true. The policeman on duty here provides him with an alibi."

"But just how——" Mr. Coggs seemed at a loss for words. His fingers strummed a nervous rhythm now against the rungs, now against the bottom of the seat of his chair.

Alby did not help him out. At last Mr. Coggs said, "Who saw this attack? Are you sure Dinard didn't make it up?"

"One of our men saw it. But the man got away."

"How did he look like me, did your man say?"

"My man didn't say. He wasn't near enough to see. It was Dinard who noticed the resemblance."

Coggs burst into a loud laugh. "He said it was me!"

"He didn't. In fact, he was sure it wasn't you. The fist of the man who attacked him had hairs growing above his knuckles. Your hand is almost as smooth as a woman's."

Mrs. Coggs hiccoughed again. "Nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"Well!" Coggs looked at his hands almost with pride, "real estate don't get your nails dirty."

"Real estate business!" Mrs. Coggs barked at him. "Just going round looking at places and not buying them! He calls that real estate business!"

"We're straying rather far from our murder, aren't we?" Alby suggested.

"And that reminds me," said Mrs. Coggs, "aren't you going to arrest Mr. Dinard? He might get away."

"No danger. He's safe upstairs at this moment."

"He's not really going to sleep there!" Mrs. Coggs was shocked. "We don't want this building to get a bad name!"

"They're quite respectably chaperoned by a police matron, Mrs. Coggs. You needn't worry."

"But a murderer! Well, I only hope you're not making a mistake," Mrs. Coggs sighed, "with the man who pretended to be Mr. Coggs getting away and your Mr. Marlin. By the way, what was it you told us a while back that his landlady's daughter said about him?"

"I didn't tell you. But if you care to know——"

"Well, a person's likely to be curious when a murder's been done on their own rug."

"Well, the girl had only good things to say about him. But then—here, let me fill your glass—she was in love with him."

"You don't say!"

"And, apparently, he was with her."

"That's what she says," Mr. Coggs spoke with a worldly air. "And him going off and not leaving an address! Women imagine things."

"Women! women!" Mrs. Coggs was quarrelsome again. "Women imagine things. For all you know maybe he did make love to her."

Alby smiled. "Well, apparently he was quite frank with the girl. He told her he couldn't marry her as long as his wife was alive. I'll be getting on, and letting you go back to bed."

"We'll watch the folks that come to the house," said Mr. Coggs. "Only we'd kind of like to go to the country Saturday."

"Let's hope this whole matter will be cleared up by then," said Alby. "And now, before I go, may I use your telephone? I think I'll take advantage of the extra long wire," he added, "and telephone from the bathroom—this is to be a confidential call."

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As Alby closed the bathroom door, he heard Mrs. Coggs say, "I did eat too much cheese. And I'm not sure I got the right medicine in the house—"

Alby dialed police headquarters. As soon as he got his number, the Coggses stopped talking.

"I'm knocking off for the night," he said. "But I'll take a room at the Brevoort. Wake me up there, if anything develops."

But if the Coggses were eavesdropping, the rest of his message did them little good. For he gave it in code.

* * *

When Sheridan, Adelaide and the person called Mrs. Galloway entered Adelaide's apartment, Adelaide shivered. "One thing is certain," she said to Sheridan. "We won't live in this house after Saturday."

"The Coggses wouldn't want us as tenants now," Sherry attempted a light tone. "He's convinced that I'm a murderer and you're a forward hussy." But there wasn't much zest in Sherry's banter.

"Don't! Please!" Adelaide said wanly.

"You're right. It's too grisly for this time of night."

"Besides I have a—a guest," said Adelaide. "Two, in fact."

She tried to smile as she busied herself as hostess. "Take your bag into Aunt Emily's room," she said to Sherry. "And you, Mrs. Galloway—"

"Oh, me," said Mrs. Galloway, "I better do like Mr. Alby said. That chaise lounge he said I was to put in the little room between the two apartments. But might I look round first, to get the lay of the land?"

"Of course." Adelaide led the way into her aunt's apartment. Mrs. Galloway followed them about and looked out of windows and into closets. "Seems safe enough here," she said. "Now, if I could see your part of the house, Miss."

After Mrs. Galloway had inspected it to her own satisfaction—which seemed to Adelaide the satisfaction of prying inquisitiveness rather than chaperonage—she settled comfortably on the chaise longue which Sherry moved into the dining-room, taking from her bag a grey knit shawl, a book of detective stories, and a revolver.

"These will keep me awake," she explained in an old cracked voice.

Adelaide and Sherry smiled at each other. But Adelaide said, "I don't like the revolver. It makes things seem dangerous."

"Don't worry, Miss. I'm a crack shot. There's not a woman on the force can match me. And even most of the men—" She picked up the revolver almost affectionately.

"Yes, yes. I'm willing to take your word for it," said Adelaide, and Sherry followed her back to her own apartment.

There they clung together in silence for a few moments. "You're such a brick, darling," he said.

"Rather a tired brick," she replied. "Sherry, will you sleep to-night? I have some medicine here the doctor gave me once for insomnia."

"I'll not need it," he said. "My brain's too tangled up to think. I'll just switch it off and sleep like a log. And by morning all the kinks will be smoothed out."

"Darling, it's not true what that horrid woman said, is it? That I want to marry you more than you want to marry me?"

"Dear idiot, you know better than that!"

"Yes, but I want to hear you say it."

"All right, listen. I want to marry you a thousand million times more than you want to marry me. There."

She laughed. "Yes, I am an idiot. But let's go to bed now."

"How about you? Will you need that sleeping medicine?"

"Oh, no. I'm even too dead to take a bath. I'm going to peel off my clothes, brush a tooth and fall into bed."

"Good girl."

Adelaide was in bed within a few minutes. But she lacked Sherry's gift of switching off her mind. Although she did fall asleep, it was a tortured, nightmare-ridden sleep. One nightmare kept repeating itself. "Pretty bad if the minutes drag before we're married," she was saying to Sherry, but instead of Sherry, it was Mrs. Coggs who replied, "He doesn't want to marry her at all. Lost the licence, did he? That's good, that is. . . ." And she would try in the dream to prove it wasn't true. But words wouldn't come. And Sherry stood there, looking at the dead girl, Daisy, with affection in his eyes, forgetting her, Adelaide. She tore herself awake, but the horrid feeling of the dream piled itself upon the long misery of the hours since they had found the girl with lavender eyes. Her head ached, her body was weary to the bone, and she could get no relief, awake or asleep.

And then came an awakening that was different. Almost before she knew she was awake, she was out of bed. . . . Surely there was someone on the roof. . . . Her heart was hammering. The room was flooded with moonlight and shadows . . . Terrifying. . . .

Of course this fright was ridiculous! Not a sound on the roof. Well, now that she was up she'd take a hot bath, and some of that sleeping medicine. How absurd she had been to hesitate for fear of startling Mrs. Galloway. She was probably awake. A hot bath would feel good. The room was chilly. . . . She would pull up the covers on her bed, so it would be nice and warm to get into. There.

She started for the door. But suddenly suddenly something made her turn round and look at the bed. Funny, the way the corner of the dresser cast a shadow on her pillow. Why, it looked as if she were still in the bed.

Her heart started pounding again. How idiotic—and then she knew it wasn't the shadow on the bed which was scaring her. A shadow had suddenly been cast upon herself. Instantly, without taking thought, she crouched to the floor, behind the chair on which lay her clothes. Her eyes were glued to the window. A foot had come down below the shade—a foot and then a leg. The foot was groping for the window sill. And now half the figure of a man, blackly silhouetted against the outer moonlight. And now a head—a masked face—a gloved fist—something that gleamed——

She tried to scream. It must be part of a dream, for she could not scream. The fist drew back and darted forward. There was a dull thud somewhere. The arm, the body, the foot vanished. And then a slipper fell swiftly across the vacant space of the window.

Adelaide turned to the bed. Nightmare, that's what it was. That dark shadow in the bed was herself. But something was gleaming. Then it was true! A dagger. Sticking up in the middle of the dark shadow that might have been her head.

And then Adelaide was a crumpled heap upon the floor.

CHAPTER 25.

DESPITE the debonair message he had left for his "old man," Joey Timmott looked up and down the street before scooting out of the Hotel Astrakan. His father had a way of cruising in his taxi along by the hotel if he didn't have a fare at this hour and waiting round to take Joey home. And Joey knew his father.

But luck was with Joey. No sight or sound of the bus. He made for the subway, and reached Twelfth Street in time to see Alby part from Sheridan and Adelaide. Joey dodged behind a parked car, watched Alby turn the corner into Sixth Avenue, then walked along the opposite side of the street, hunting a hiding place from which to do his observing.

It wasn't so easy. Down the block a way an iron railing enclosed the dooryard entrance to the basement of a house, and a row of small potted evergreen trees provided a refuge. A little farther from the scene of the crime than Joey liked—about two hundred feet.

He had just slipped behind the prickly evergreens when he saw Alby return, his arms laden with packages, and go into the building. Presently a light came on in the first-floor apartment. So Mr. Alby was talking with the Coggses.

But what to detect? Nothing was happening over there. Except that the lights on the top floor were being put out. Two windows went dark at once—that would be Miss Sayre's parlor. And then the shade of the third window was pulled up, and there was Miss Sayre herself in a kimono opening the bedroom window as wide as it would go. Then the bedroom light, too, went out. Now, except for the Coggs', the whole house was in darkness. . . .

Time dragged. Private cars and taxis drove through the street. Look at that Packard. Gosh, what a bus! The engine barely even purred. His old man would like a taxi like that. He noticed its licence plate. Then he began noting all the licence numbers and playing a game of roadside poker against himself. It helped keep you awake. Gee, here was that Packard again! . . . Joey began to wonder about it.

Presently Alby emerged, looked up and down the street, and crossed over. He refused two taxis. Then the Packard slid to a stop right in front of Joey. "Taxi, sir?" said the driver.

"Hello, Burt," said Alby, opening the door. "Take me to the Brevoort. Hackett on tap?"

Joey did not hear the reply for they drove off. But five minutes later the car was back in the block. This time, instead of going on, it slid to a stop directly in front of Joey, and the driver lighted a cigarette, and slouched comfortably into the corner.

Joey now had to twist and stretch to see past the car. But there was nothing to see. Nothing happened. . . .

Joey decided that sleuthing had been overrated. He was chilly, sleepy, and cramped. The night stretched endlessly ahead. . . . Hours and hours. . . . Or so it seemed. Pretty soft, Mr. Burt, sitting in a swell car to do your detecting! All modern improvements! Joey's teeth wanted to chatter. He clenched them tight. If only something would happen. . . .

Then Joey had a stroke of luck. Mr. Burt got out of the taxi, lifted the hood of the engine and looked in. At the same time, another taxi swung round the corner from Sixth Avenue with a grinding of gears, roared through the block in second speed, and vanished into Fifth Avenue as noisily as it had appeared. As Burt looked after it in disgust, Joey slipped out of his cramped ambush, opened the rear door of the Packard, closed it with silent caution and crouched down upon the floor—a floor luxuriously soft and comfortable after hard stone.

A thrill of fright. . . . The engine hood was being lowered. But Burt got back into the front seat. . . . This was something like! . . . Getting into a make-believe taxi belonging to the police department!

The only trouble was, he couldn't see the front door of the house from the taxi without getting up on his knees. Too risky. Burt might feel him there. . . .

But, looking up from the floor through the side window, he could see the top two stories of the house—the empty apartment beneath Miss Sayre's apartment and Miss Sayre's windows, and the roof. In fact, he could make himself quite comfortable and lean back against the further door as he watched with an easy conscience. Who knows, something might happen up there when Burt's eyes happened to be examining the front door. . . .

As if to confirm his wish, the full moon at this moment came out from behind a fleeting white cloud and glinted on the windows of the top story. He'd watch these windows thoroughly.

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And so he did for what seemed a million hours. Because his eyelids kept coming down. . . . Even as Joey swelled with day dreams: A great detective, that's what he'd be. . . . Headlines. . . . Joey Timmott, 16-year-old sleuth, solves baffling murder mystery. . . .

Then Joey discovered a new talent. . . . He could see with his eyes closed!. . . . And he could see just as well with his eyes closed! . . . . The bright light on the windows. . . .

Joey was sound asleep.

Two hours later, he failed to observe a stealthy figure hugging the shadow of the chimney on the roof, slipping an agile foot over the roof coping, groping confidently for the top of the projecting stone canopy of a window. He did not see the ominous figure reach the sill with the silent grace of a black cat, draw back an arm, and hurl a dagger at Adelaide Sayre's pillow. He did not see the criminal pull himself swiftly back to the roof, towards the shadows cast by the row of chimneys.

Joey slept soundly through all this.

But he opened his eyes as a black slipper fell through the air, and a black leg and foot were vanishing, and a figure rolling back from the edge of the roof into shadow.

With a shrill cry he was up and out of the taxi, and into the arms of Burt. For Burt, too, had seen the falling slipper —though not the figure on the roof—and had been dashing to get it.

Burt's revolver was sticking against Joey's ribs. But Joey didn't notice it. "The roof," he cried. "Quick! He'll get away!" Joey tried in vain to wrench himself out of Burt's hold. Burt was blowing his whistle.

"That thing he dropped!" cried Joey. And then, "Damn you, Burt, he'll get away!"

It seemed ages—it was only seconds. . . Three policemen and another plainclothes man had sprung up from nowhere. "Here, take a handkerchief to that!" ordered Burt to a policeman who was picking up the slipper. "Get in and up to the roof!" he ordered another. "Hold on to this insect," he said to a third, "and keep watch out here. Shoot anyone who tries to make a getaway."

The insect struggled with squirms and words for freedom. "Take me in with you, Mr. Burt. It's all right! I'm helping Mr. Alby! Honest! Please!"

But Burt was gone. And an ordinary policeman was marching him ignominiously up and down before the house. Now Joey sought desperately for something which might have escaped the others. But in vain. He had missed his chance. Muffed it, like a dope. Any number of other people were going freely into the house! More policemen. . . . More detectives. . . . A man with a camera now appeared on the roof. . . . Flashlights. . . . Photographing footprints, likely. If only he were up there!

He begged the policeman to let go of him. "No danger of me beating it, officer!" But the officer only tightened his hold. Then familiar sounds smote him. A taxi, rounding the corner, could be only one taxi. The suck of the tires on the pavement, the skipped beat in the engine. . . . Joey had reached his all-time low, as his father appeared. "So here you are!" said Mr. Timmott. "And your mother half crazy. Get into the bus."

"I'm working on a murder case for Mr. Alby, the assistant District Attorney," he said with forced blitheness.

"Oh, yeah? Well, I spent two hours tracking him down, and I been talking to him, see? Get in!"

"So that's the dope!" The police officer grunted. "Well, big boy, I guess you gotta hang around a while. My orders is to keep hold of this inseck."

"All right, hold fast," said Mr. Timmott, "while I go telephone a buddy to get word to his mother. But don't squash the inseck." Mr. Timmott turned back to say, "I'm saving that up for myself."

By which Joey knew that he had nothing to fear. His old man never wasted words when really mad. . . . And Mr. Alby must have told him about the height guessing. . . . The old man wasn't so bad. . .

His soaring spirits stimulated his mind. Gee, he ought to be able to dope out something about that man on the housetop. Let's see. . . .

As the officer walked him up and down, Joey pretended to himself that he was sitting in the bottom of the taxi and looking up at the window. He closed his eyes. Yes, it was just as plain—he could see everything he had seen in the split seconds between the time when the falling slipper wakened him, and the time he was out of the taxi and in Burt's arms. The leg that had disappeared, he hadn't seen all of it, only from the knee down. But he could remember the exact angle at which the knee was bent, and the exact angle of the foot, and the size and shape of the shadow they cast on the window shade. . . . That might be useful to Mr. Alby.

He opened his eyes at the sound of another car. Here was the assistant District Attorney himself. "Mr. Alby!" Joey cried, "I been observing. Please take me in with you. I saw the man's leg as it went over ——"

"Young man," said Alby severely, "your father woke me up out of a sound sleep!"

"Gee, that's tough, Mr. Alby. But I been observing, I tell you. Only I fell asleep on the floor of Burt's car, and I only saw the end of it. Please, Mr. Alby," Joey's voice was a cry of anguish. "Mr. Alby, you just couldn't not take me in!"

Alby looked at the boy. "Do you know how to keep your mouth shut?"

"Oh, boy! I could teach *oysters*!"

"All right, officer, I'll take him over."

The policeman let go.

"Tell my father, officer," Joey called loftily over his shoulder, "not to wait up for me. I don't know just what time I'll be home."

Inside the hall, Alby asked an officer where Burt was.

"Top floor," he replied, "or the roof. They're all up there except Hackett, who's in with the Coggses. And Odeligh and Burnett are out back, looking over fire escapes."

Upstairs they found Burt refusing the impassioned plea of Adelaide to see Sheridan. "He's O.K., miss," Burt was saying. "Nobody's been throwing knives at him."

The moment Alby entered Adelaide appealed to him. "Something is the matter, Mr. Alby. Or they'd let me see him. Please——"

"In due time," Miss Sayre. Now," he demanded of Burt, "what happened?"

"THERE wasn't a sound in the street," Detective Burt told Alby, "when plop, I heard something fall. I was out of the cab, with that kid bumping into me and crying, 'The roof! He'll get away!' And I blew my whistle, and Burns, Dixon, and McCarty came in about a minute. I left McCarty outside with the kid. Dixon went up to the roof through the hall, and Burns into this apartment. Steve—Mrs. Galloway—came to the door—the back door. And then, a second later, Dinard was there, too, barefoot, saying sharp to Mrs. Galloway, 'I'll take care of this. You see if Miss Sayre's all right.' And Mrs. Galloway went off, and I made Dinard show me the soles of his feet, but they were clean. 'Someone's been on the roof,' I said. And before I could answer, Mrs. Galloway called, 'Don't let your men spoil the footprints on the roof.' Dinard was burning up to get to Miss Sayre. I had to keep him covered with my rod while I phoned headquarters. They sent the photographer and two more men in about ten minutes. Meanwhile Mrs. Galloway had got Miss Sayre out of a faint on the floor. We left the room exactly as it was. Miss Sayre can tell you her part."

Adelaide did. "Now," she begged, "please can't I see Mr. Dinard?"

Before Alby had time to answer, Burt went on, "The mate to the slipper that was dropped from the roof was Dinard's. The bottom of it is pretty dusty."

Adelaide gave a startled cry. Joey's mouth fell open.

"Go on," Alby ordered.

"Mrs. Galloway's evidence spoils it some. Says from the time they went to bed she patrolled the two apartments. Says she propped Dinard's door open as soon as she thought he'd be asleep, every ten minutes or so she'd look in. Mrs. Galloway doesn't see how Dinard could have had time to do it and get back into bed and arrange the covers exactly as they were. She was looking at him when we knocked at the door."

"You searched through both empty apartments?"

"Sure. Nothing doing. The fire escape was being watched, and the downstairs door."

"Exactly how long between the time the slipper fell and the time you got into the hall?"

"Two minutes, maybe. Not more."

"Two minutes!"

"No, Mr. Alby. But I had to wait till Burns and the others turned up—I couldn't leave the front of the house unguarded. And that kid there delayed me a few seconds. And the hall door was solid. I rang all the bells, and was trying to break it in, when Coggs shivered out in his nightshirt."

"A man then would have had time to get down from the roof through the hall trapdoor into this, or any other apartment; in fact, even into the basement!"

"Yes, sir. But it don't look like anybody did that. Two slippers, and one of them over the front roof, and one inside the window of Dinard's room——"

"It's another plot," Adelaide cried. "You know it is, Mr. Alby!"

"Besides," Detective Burt ignored her, "it wouldn't have taken half a minute for Dinard to dash across the roof, drop to the fire escape, and get back into bed."

"Well, just what did you see, Joey?" Alby asked.

Joey told just what he had seen: a bent knee, and the lower part of the leg and foot, dark against the edge of the roof. And a bit of the bulk of the whole body as it rolled over.

"All right, do your stuff," said Alby. "How tall was the man?"

Joey winced. "If I'd waked up one second earlier I could tell you."

"A fine detective you'd made. Sleeping on your first job. I suppose you were too sleepy to tell how many inches of leg you saw?"

At this moment the doorbell rang. Burt went to the door. "It's Officer McCarty," he reported. "Says a man named Timmott wants his kid."

"Tell him to send Timmott up," said Alby. "He can take his boy home and put him to bed."

"But I've waked up since, Mr. Alby," Joey's words tripped over one another. "I've figured out a way to know how many inches of leg I saw. I know exactly what the knee and the leg and foot looked like. And where their shadow came on the shade. If you'd stuff a black stocking and let me show you on the roof just what angle it stuck out at, and—gee whiz, Mr. Alby, I just thought of something else. Which foot was it the slipper belonged to? Because I could of seen the shape of a heel, if it had been on the foot that stuck out. And anyhow," Joey went on, thinking at lightning speed, "how could he of got down from the roof to the window sill in slippers loose enough to come off like that. The window sill's narrow——"

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He heard his father's step out in the hall. "Honest, Mr. Alby, I'll stay awake the rest of my life if you'll just let me show you. . . . Only that shadow business ain't so hot, the moon has moved by now. All the same, I remember just where it came to, not the shadow, but the foot——"

"So here you are," Mr. Timmott towered threateningly over Joey.

"It's all right, Dad," Joey said. "I was just explaining to the D.A. here——"

"Go on, Joey," said Alby, his hand making a gesture of silence to Mr. Timmott.

"I said I remembered where the foot came to," said Joey. "Only it's not like remembering the way you remember the capital of Oklahoma. I can see it. Like I'd taken a pitcher of it, see? Like last night, when I remembered how Dennis Swift turned up his hand——" Joey repeated the gesture, and stopped talking.

Alby looked at Joey shrewdly, and then at his father.

"That boy," said Mr. Timmott, "is just a fresh guy, that's all."

"Wait a minute, Dad. This is important, Mr. Alby, there's something else. If we can figure out exactly how long that man's leg was from the knee down, ain't there some way of telling how tall he'd be?"

"On second thought," said Alby, "I believe I'll borrow this boy of yours for a day or two."

"Oh, boy!" Joey's grin seemed to spread his ears apart.

It was noon when Alby, with Joey in tow, reached his office. "Any word from London?" he asked Harrod at once.

"Not yet. Had a good nap?"

"Fine. Also a hearty lunch. We're set for action as soon as we get the cables."

"Better go upstairs and tell the Big Bosses. The D.A. himself and the Police Commissioner are waiting for you."

"O.K. Meanwhile, Joey can stay here."

Upstairs Alby found not only the District Attorney himself and the Police Commissioner, but Higgins and Stevens. "Even so," Stevens was insisting, "he couldn't have done it. I would have heard him."

The discussion was suspended at Alby's entrance. Higgins was glum. "Seen the morning papers?" he growled.

"Yes," Alby was unperturbed. "Those reporters know almost as much as we do. But not quite."

"If that slipper business leaks, the papers will break out in a rash against us," said the Commissioner. "What are you waiting for, anyhow, Alby?"

"The Commissioner," explained the District Attorney, "says we've got the case in our pocket, A.A. He wants us to make the arrest at once."

"What's the hurry?" said Alby. "The murder was committed only night before last. Even the newspapers would be disappointed if we cut this story short. The thing I'm waiting for, Commissioner, is some jury-proof evidence. We'll do better to wait. Any new developments this morning?"

"Two. Both honeys," said Higgins. "Number one: the gas company reports that no inspector was sent to Coggs' house Tuesday. Number two: there's no doubt that the slippers are Dinard's. The laboratory reports lint from his bedroom carpet, and also identifies the dust as from the roof. Also a bit of tar not only on the outside, but on the inside of both slippers. Oswald, the janitor, reports that he tarred up a leak last week."

Alby whistled. At which Higgins' face lit up. "How about it, A.A.?" said Higgins.

Alby looked off into space. "Tar," he murmured. "Got the slippers handy?"

The District Attorney picked up the telephone and gave an order. Then Stevens spoke. "All the same, footprints or no footprints, he couldn't have done it. I was looking right at him when the bell rang. He could not have got down off the roof, removed shoes, stockings, and all traces of roof dust, and got back into bed, in the two minutes between the falling of the slipper and the ringing of the bell."

A man had come in not only with the slippers, but with an afternoon paper. The Commissioner and the D.A. exclaimed at the scare headlines, but Alby bent his entire attention upon the slippers.

"You can put those away, Alby," said the Commissioner presently. "We've no choice now but to arrest Dinard. Read this."

Alby took the paper and read the headlines:—

MURDER OF ADELAIDE SAYRE ATTEMPTED—CLUE LINKS ATTACK TO MURDER OF GIRL WHO DIED LAUGHING—SLIPPER IDENTIFIED AS DINARD'S—NO ARREST YET.

Reading on, Alby found this paragraph:

"A red slipper found by police a few minutes after an attempt to murder Miss Adelaide Sayre proved to be the mate of another red slipper discovered near the bed of Sheridan Dinard, the archaeologist, who was sleeping in an adjoining apartment on the same floor. Stockinged footprints on the roof led from just above the fire escape upon which Dinard's room opened, to the front of the roof just above Miss Sayre's room."

"Guess there's nothing to do, A.A.," the District Attorney said, "but collar Dinard."

"What's the use of arresting one man?" Alby said quietly. "This is a two-man murder. Hold off just till we get answers to our cables to Scotland Yard."

"I don't quite get you, Alby," said the District Attorney. "What's up your sleeve?"

"In the first place," said Alby quietly, "Dinard was not the man on the roof."

"How do you know he wasn't?"

"If I needed any more proof than Joey Timmott provided last night, the tar in the slippers provides it. Oswald said the roof was tarred last week. This is March and a chilly March at that. The tar couldn't soften enough to stick to the shoe—of its own accord."

Higgins scowled.

"What's more," Alby continued, "there was a speck of tar on the inside of each slipper, as well as the outside. Look, in this one it's on the inner sole, and here's a slip—or you might say a prick—in the lining. And in this one it's in the lining above the big toe. You don't step in tar in stocking feet and then get the top lining of your slipper sticky with it. That tar was heated on purpose. Heated for the purpose of making something sticky enough to wangle those slippers from Dinard's bedside."

"Go on!" Higgins' tone was half exclamatory, half derogatory.

"The man who attacked Miss Sayre," Alby continued, "saw his chance to blame the attack on Dinard, already under a cloud. This last bit of 'evidence'," Alby's voice put the word in quotation marks, "would be sufficient, added to what we've got, to ensure his conviction of murder."

CHAPTER 27

"YOU mean," the Police Commissioner asked slowly, "that Dinard's co-murderer—shall we say?—wants the whole blame put on him? You mean that Marlin——?"

"I haven't said it was Marlin," said Alby.

"Well, whoever it was. You think he heated the tar, dipped the dagger in it, tied it to a cord, say, threw it, and picked the slippers up that way?"

Alby shrugged. "Not quite. But that's the basic idea. Send someone to examine the roof again and see what you find. Anyhow, there's Joey Timmott's evidence that he saw a stockinged foot, without a slipper. And the boy was right. No one would try such a precarious human-fly stunt with loose shoes. And no one would wear bedroom slippers with heels for roof prowling. It doesn't make sense."

The others assented. "All the same," the Police Commissioner began, but was interrupted by the entrance of Harrod with a cable from Scotland Yard. The District Attorney read it aloud:—

"Peter Marlin born Hull, 1890. Excellent record. Servant in Wellington family in Surrey from age of fourteen till 1914, when he enlisted. Wounded three times. D.S.O. 1918. Employed by Dr. Wellington, London, till latter said museum. Emigrated to U.S. on s.s. Carinthia, March 26, 1928. Father died previous year. No known connection with Daisy Satterly or Asbury Sheridan. Only living relative, great aunt, Anna Marlin, has had no word from him since emigration. No relations in America. Further cables re Satterly and Sheridan later to-day."

"Hmm. Well, that seems to let Marlin out," said the District Attorney. "But where is he, and why did he skip if he wasn't in on it?"

"Maybe he's been bumped off," said Higgins. "Dinard may have had another accomplice. Marlin may never have written that letter."

"Still," said the Commissioner, "accomplice or no accomplice, I say we get on the job and arrest the one known murderer of Daisy Satterly."

"The one known murderer of that girl is more use to us at large than in gaol," said Alby. "Give me the rest of this week and a free hand——"

"You talk like a story-book detective," the Commissioner interrupted rather irritably.

The District Attorney agreed. "You wouldn't be asking for time and a free hand unless you had some facts you haven't passed on to us, A.A."

"The facts are all there, Chief." Alby pointed to a thick file on the desk. "A little arranging, a little interpreting, and you've got the answer. But first let me send one more cable to Scotland Yard. Take it, Harrod." And Alby dictated the message:

"Send list of deaths, if any, on Carinthia, sailing March 26, 1928, for New York. Also important circumstances, and names of cabin mates of deceased."

"And now," he said, lighting a cigarette, "I'll talk."

Alby talked for half an hour. At the first sentence his hearers started, their impatience changing to incredulity, and then to slow, reluctant conviction.

"But, Alby!" Higgins exclaimed as Alby drew to a close, "even if it's true, you'd never get a jury to convict on sheer logic!"

"That's why I want time. We'll get the proofs. I'm praying for a fingerprint. And I'm hoping to cop a give-away. I think I can promise something after Wednesday's or Saturday's sailings."

The District Attorney and the Police Commissioner got up. "Go to it, A.A.," said the former. "Use anyone you like. We'll keep hands off till you give the word."

"Thanks. We'll send some fingerprint men down to see if the disappearing museum caretaker left any traces in the Coggses' house in Quapatuck. Then Higgins and I will pay a little call on Mr. Coggs, and Higgins can take him up to the museum, according to a little plan we'll work out. And I'll do some sleuthing along the road to Quapatuck. I'm taking Joey with me."

"O.K., Alby. But you hardly need the kid——"

"True. But the kid may need us. His skin is none too safe after that height-guessing stunt."

* * *

As the police car turned into Twelfth St., Alby was saying to Joey, "Keep out of sight. Wait on the floor of this car till we come out."

Alby and Higgins went to the Coggses' apartment. "We have two pieces of news for you," Alby said to Mr. Coggs. "But you must regard them as confidential. First, the gas company's report. No inspector was sent to this house last Tuesday."

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"Hmph! Call that news!" snorted Mrs. Coggs.

"And we've learned who the murdered girl is," Alby went on.

"You don't say! Who is she?" asked Mr. Coggs.

"A distant cousin to a certain young man under suspicion."

"Mr. Dinard!"

"Right. But not a word."

"And you haven't arrested him?"

"Not yet. He's under strict surveillance. We're waiting till Scotland Yard confirms the girl's identity. Sometimes arrests are delayed for a purpose."

"There's still no trace of Marlin," Higgins contributed.

"There are two theories about Marlin," Alby went on. "One, that he's an accomplice. The other, that he, too, may have been done away with. If he's alive and is an accomplice, we have reason to think he'll try to get in touch with Dinard."

"So Marlin's been murdered, too," said Mrs. Coggs.

"Some of us incline to that opinion. To speed things up, we'd like to make a test. And this is where we want your assistance, Mr. Coggs."

"Papa, don't you have nothing to do with it!" Mrs. Coggs said. "That man is a fiend. A man that would murder one girl on my new rug, and try to kill the one he's engaged to marry, and Mr. Marlin to boot! You keep out of his way, Papa!"

"Shut up, Mama. What you want me to do?" Coggs asked Alby.

"Ostensibly, I want you to go to the museum with Higgins and have another look at Dinard's hands. But really I want you to sit at the desk where Marlin sat with a hat and coat and muffler on, so that Dinard may be suddenly brought not face to face, but face to back with you. In other words, we want to test his reaction as he sees you sitting in Marlin's chair——"

Mrs. Coggs' voice rose to a shrill scream. "I won't have it! I won't have it! He'll throw another dagger at you."

"We'll see that there's no danger of that. But it's as you like, Mr. Coggs. We are prepared to pay twenty-five dollars for a few minutes' work. We can, of course, use someone else. But you've proved an observing person."

"I'll be glad to oblige," said Coggs. "Mamma, you can stay here——"

"Me stay alone! If you go, I go!"

"Telephone for another car, Higgins," said Alby. "Mrs. Coggs may go with you, but not into the museum. And, by the way, Mr. Coggs, have you a grey coat and hat? No? Then Inspector Higgins will have to scare one up. As for the muffler, think you remember Marlin's well enough to duplicate it, Mr. Coggs?"

"Well, pretty close, I guess——"

"Close, nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Coggs. "I remember exactly what it looked like."

"Good. Then you, Mrs. Coggs, might pick out one just like it."

Mrs. Coggs complained, "It'll take time. You can't find just what you're looking for right off. And I don't want to be dragged in on any murder business."

"Shut up, Mamma. How could we be more dragged in that we are?"

* * *

A policeman opened the museum door. Inspector Higgins whispered a question, then motioned Coggs to follow him into the entrance hall.

"Sit there," he said. "That's where Marlin used to sit when he wasn't moving round. Keep your back to the stairs, Mr. Coggs. I'll go drum up our young man."

Coggs' eyes gleamed with malicious satisfaction as he sat at the handsome Jacobean desk, but as minutes passed, and more minutes, he began to fidget.

"Waiting's hard work, ain't it?" said the policeman who had opened the door.

"Sure is." Coggs leaned back, resting the palms of his hands on the corners of the chair-seat, transferring his restless tattoo now to the chair rungs, now to the bottom of the chair seat.

Suddenly he sat frozen still. Someone was coming downstairs. Resolutely he kept his head turned away.

And then Sheridan Dinard was exclaiming: "Marl——" but the word was cut short.

Coggs turned. He and Higgins saw Sheridan passing his hand across his startled eyes.

"Didn't expect to see me here, did you, Mr. Gas Inspector?" Coggs sneered.

Sherry's mouth tightened, his nostrils quivered. Higgins said: "Give Coggs another look at your hands, Dinard. Nobody wants an injustice done."

Sherry extended his hands.

"No doubt about it!" Coggs exclaimed vindictively. "And I'll bet the same man that cooked up that gas inspection killed the girl with lavender eyes and also your Mr. Marlin."

"Incredible!" But Sheridan's exclamation was hardly more than a murmur.

"The jury'll find it credible enough," Coggs jeered. "I guess that's all you want of me, ain't it, Inspector? The policeman can help you handle him, I guess?"

"We can manage," said Higgins. "Go on home. But hang round there. The D.A. may need you."

Sherry did not take his eyes from Coggs until the latter had limped out of the house, then, going to the telephone on Marlin's desk, he dialed a number with lightning speed. Presently he was talking to Adelaide.

"I've only a minute, darling, but I had to tell you first. I've found the right scrap of bronze. We may catch that boat yet!"

Then he handed the instrument to Higgins. "Your turn, Inspector. Get your fingerprint men. I can lead you to some fingerprints of our friend Marlin."

Meanwhile Alby's car was stopping at post office after post office on the Long Island road which paralleled the rail route to Quapatuck. At each stop the Assistant District Attorney got out, leaving a disappointed Joey behind.

When Alby returned to the car, after another stop, he studied a map. "Hmm," he murmured. "Cut across to Cove City, Gus," he told the driver.

"I'll take you in with me this time, Joey," Alby said as the car approached the Cove City post office.

"Oh, boy!"

They entered through a side door, and were directed to the postmaster's desk.

CHAPTER 28.

ALBY identified himself and, in reply to the postmaster's questioning glance at Joey, explained. "A witness in the case of the girl who died laughing, as the papers call it. I'm hoping you can help me to another witness if not to one of the criminals."

"Me!" exclaimed the postmaster.

"A list of your boxholders might help," said Alby. "We have reason to believe the girl was English and was lured to this country by some one who may have used a Long Island address. I've already arranged with Mr. White, the District Attorney of this country, for co-operation."

"Well, no harm giving you the list of boxholders. There's not many of them—now and then there's somebody we just can't figure out. Jim!" he called to a clerk at the window. "That Mr. Salter been in yet to-day?"

"Nope," Jim sauntered back to the postmaster's desk. "But he's about due. He always comes the days we get letters from England. There's one in his box now."

"Let's see that letter," said Alby.

The clerk looked at the postmaster. "Get it, Jim," said the latter.

Alby reached for the telephone, called the local district attorney, said a few words and hung up the receiver. "Mr. White will be right over. But in case Mr. Salter gets here first——"

"Here's the letter," said the clerk. Alby read the carefully printed address: Victor Salter, Esq., Box 307, Cove City, Long Island, U.S.A.

"There's your Mr. Salter now," said Jim. "See, two blocks down in the brown coat."

"Put something in his box," said Alby, "quick—those box rent bills will do. I want his fingerprints. And you, Joey, keep your eye on that brown coat. When he hands the left bills back to you, apologise. And look at his hands, the back of his hands. Delay him as long as you can. Say you think you had a letter for him. Pretend to look for it."

"Here's Mr. White now," said the postmaster, as a heavy-set politician came in.

"Hello, Alby," White greeted him. "Anything Mr. Alby wants, boys, is O.K."

"There he is now, real near, Mr. Alby," whispered Joey.

"Quick with these rent bills, Jim. Here, take the kid with you. Put him where he can see Salter's hands."

"And now I'd like to see the contents of that letter," said Alby. District Attorney White passed a sponge along the flap of the envelope, but they were all listening to the conversation up front.

"Just a minute, Mr. Salter," Jim was apologising. "I'm sure there was a letter—I had it in my hand along with this bunch of bills. It won't take but a few minutes——"

"Here we are," whispered Mr. White. "Damp, but open!"

"The signature, quick," whispered Alby. The letter was signed Daisy, in the same sprawling handwriting Alby had seen on her photographs.

At the same moment the outer door closed. Jim and Joey came back to the three others. "He said he'd be back in fifteen minutes," Jim reported.

"Dash out front, Joey," said Alby, "and tell Gus to follow him. No, you come back here," he replied to Joey's unspoken appeal.

"Guess our boys won't need Gus," said White. "Salter's walking right towards police headquarters—into their arms. But I thought you were hunting a man with a bulb on his neck."

"Salter apparently collects his mail for him," Alby explained, "and does a few other odd jobs. If I'm not mistaken, our men have already found that he's been prowling round the Coggs' house at Quapatuck, not to mention their garage."

"You phoned you had it doped out as a two-man murder," said White. "What is it now? A gang?"

"No. One principal and two accomplices."

Joey came back and stood at the window. Alby reached for the telephone and called his office.

"Any report from Quapatuck?" he asked. "Good. . . . Did they leave word where you could reach them? . . . Telephone them to get back to the office as quick as possible and to develop the prints right away. . . . Is Harrod there? . . . . Hello, Harrod?"

Harrod's voice was vibrant with excitement. "Gosh, chief, I'm glad you phoned. Scotland Yard's come through with old Asbury Sheridan's will, a man overboard on the Carinthia, and—listen to this—Gertrude! Gertrude is on the way to London now, from Birmingham. They'll cable again when she arrives. And listen, A.A.! We've got Marlin's fingerprints." Harrod's words tumbled over themselves in his excitement. "Dinard reacted exactly as you predicted. Higgins is itching to attach bracelets."

"Tell Higgins to hold on," said Alby. "I'll bring him an extra pair of wrists——"

"Look, look, they're getting him now. Look, outside the drug store!" exclaimed Joey.

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"Hello, Harrod?" Alby spoke into the telephone again. "Tell Higgins the Cove City police will meet him in my office and hand over our Long Island accomplice in about two hours. Meanwhile, corral the whole crowd in my office—the Coes, Wilcox, Dinard, Oswald, Miss Sayre. I've got Joey here. And tell the D.A. and the Police Commissioner we can throw and tie our party to-night."

Alby hung up the receiver. "Now, I'll have a good look at this letter."

Daisy's letter read:

"Dear Cousin Victor,

"Everything is ready. The dress is lovely and I've twelve shillings over. When I get my fortune in September, I'll repay all you've spent on me. And I know I shall make you proud of me on the stage. And it will be sweet to make dear Cousin Nan's dream come true.

"No, I've not told a soul. Gertrude knows there's to be a journey because I couldn't hide the new trunk. But she doesn't dream it's America, or that I'm to be a star! Though I am dying to tell her, but don't worry, I won't. No, I won't make friends on the boat. I can take care of myself. No, I don't keep a diary. Would you like me to? This is the second time you asked.

"Your letter was a day late, so I may get to you before this answer does. Anyhow, your instructions came, I'll wait at the dock. If you don't come in two hours, I'll telephone the New York number. I understand how hard it is to arrange about Cousin Nan and I can take a taxi to Twelfth St.

"Love to you both.

"From your affectionate cousin,
"Daisy."

At eight o'clock, when Alby and Joey reached Center Street they found Harrod gloating over a sheaf of cables.

"Did the Cove City police deliver a little gift to Higgins?" Alby asked.

"Yes. And how he's talking right now! Meanwhile, Santa Claus hasn't neglected us." And Harrod tapped the papers in his hand.

"Good. Everybody on hand?"

"Yep. Out there." Harrod nodded towards the outer room. "Except Dinard, who's in reserve, as per orders. What about the reporters? Seems that Coggs tipped them off—phoned them when he got back from the museum that you were about ready for action!"

"Hmm. Wants an audience to see how cleverly he helped teacher. Well, let the reporters in. Joey, go out there with the others and wait."

Joey's face fell, but brightened when Alby added, "Eyes open, and mouth closed, get me? Now for the cables," Alby added, as Joey closed the door behind him.

Harrod handed him one, but before reading it Alby asked, "Where did you find Marlin's prints?"

"Some blurred ones just where you said they'd be. But six beauties on some printed invitations to an archaeologists' congress that Dr. Coe is secretary of. Seems Marlin folded them and stuck them into addressed envelopes. Then Coe decided that the society's officers should have letters instead of printed bids. Dinard picked out the officers' envelopes while Marlin was having lunch. Marlin never missed them. Luckily they weren't thrown away. Each one had a clear print of some part of Marlin's mitt. When Dinard saw Coggs sitting in Marlin's chair, dressed like Marlin, he said an image of Marlin sitting there folding those notices flashed into his mind."

"Great." And Alby read the cable Harrod had given him:

"No deaths Carinthia sailing March 28, 1928, except one suicide, Duncan MacDonald, carpenter, thirdclass passenger, jumped overboard, leaving watch, money and letter confessing fake passport. Cabin-mate Peter Marlin questioned at time but absolved from complicity."

"Mm." Alby gave a satisfied little grunt. Harrod handed him another cable:

"Asbury Sheridan, 84, drowned February 9, 1926, with all direct descendants, son, Harold, daughter-in-law, Mary, both grandchildren, Neil and Francis. Supposed cause of accident, defective bridge which gave way on family's return from weekly visit to daughter-in-law's family. Sheridan's other son, Percy, killed in war, 1916. Will, in event of no direct heirs, gives estate to distant cousin, Daisy Satterly, to inherit on twenty-fifth birthday. Sheridan Dinard, another distant cousin in America, contingent legatee if said Daisy dies without issue before inheriting. Quotation from will follows: Whereas bad blood existed between his family and mine even before my half-brother, Dean Sheridan, disgraced our family by turning counterfeiter, for which crime he is now in prison, I specifically provide that no property of mine shall fall to him or his children. But in the remote contingency that all above-mentioned legatees shall have deceased, such grandchildren of said Dean Sheridan as have no prison record may inherit equally. Otherwise my estate is to revert to the crown. End quote. Unable to locate Dean Sheridan's one surviving child, Nan, vaudeville actress, married 1900 to Vance Vail, actor. Theatrical agencies being canvassed. Further cable later."

"And this one came next," Harrod handed Alby a third cable:

"Daisy Satterly was heiress to Asbury Sheridan fortune as per previous cable. Ballet dancer in small travelling opera troupes since 1920. Salary five pounds weekly. Unmarried, no children. No known relatives except possible descendants of Dean Sheridan. No connection Marlin. Friend Gertrude Smiley due London this noon. Expect further cable.

"There is another," Harrod said. "A long one. It's being decoded now. Meanwhile, here's something you'll like." And Harrod handed him the last of the papers in his hand.

Alby began to read and his face broadened into a smile just as Higgins appeared in the doorway, grinning.

"Well, we got one pair of bracelets on," was Higgins' greeting.

CHAPTER 29

"OF all the rabbit-hearted, spineless jellyfish, this Willie Verseter is it," Higgins told Alby. "'So this is the boy they're going to fry for Cousin Daisy,' I says to him. And he began to whimper. 'It wasn't me, it wasn't me, I never did it!' So I says, 'If you talk fast and straight right now, maybe the State will save up a little of that electric juice for somebody else instead.' And he just gushed facts. Johnson wrote 'em down, and he signed them, and then settled in for a good cry. Here they are." Higgins drew several sheets of foolscap from his pocket.

Alby looked over the confession, which was signed not Victor Salter, but William Verseter, and nodded. "Bring him in and call Dinard," he said.

When Higgins brought William Verseter in, Alby asked Dinard, "Is this the man who knocked you out the other night?"

Sherry nodded, then said, "But why did you do it?"

Verseter made no reply. Snivelling, he turned his frightened eyes away.

"You will understand presently," Alby said to Sheridan. "Higgins, detail someone to bring Willie in when I buzz. Dinard, you'd better stay out, too, till Willie has made his entrance. Your face would spoil my climax. I'll pull off the little drama in the outer room. Is that latest cable decoded?"

"Here it is, Chief," said Harrod. "A letter and some pages of a diary!"

There was no sound now except the crackle of the paper as Alby passed each page to Higgins and Harrod. "What a beast," he murmured once as he read Daisy's diary. "It won't take a jury ten minutes to bring in a verdict."

"Now for the fireworks," said Higgins, opening the door.

"Please take seats near me," said Alby to the waiting witnesses. The circle narrowed, and a tenseness seemed to vibrate in the air.

Mr. Alby began quietly. "We have been fortunate in solving the murder of the girl who died laughing. Some of you," he looked from the reporters to Mr. and Mrs. Coggs, "urged a quick arrest. But despite a wealth of obvious clues, we felt that first we must learn not only the identity of the murdered girl, but the motive for the crime. With the murderer's unconscious aid and the help of Scotland Yard, we have discovered both. The girl's name was Daisy Satterly. The motive was greed."

The tenseness in the room increased.

"From the beginning," Alby continued, "we guessed that the murderer was connected with the museum. Daisy Satterly, also called Diantha Sheridan, was a distant cousin of Sheridan Dinard."

Adelaide's caught breath made a sharp sound. All eyes turned to her frightened eyes. Her face was dead white.

"The fact that a museum dagger had been used," Alby continued, "that a statuette belonging to the museum had figured in the case, that certain members of the museum staff knew the week-end habits of the occupants of the house on Twelfth Street, all pointed one way. The police felt, however, that this was a two-man murder. The mysterious disappearance of Peter Marlin, complicated the case. We now have reason to believe that Peter Marlin, too, has been done away with."

"I thought so all along," said Mr. Coggs, complacently.

"No one," said Alby, "was in a better position to know than you, Mr. Coggs—all right, Higgins."

Higgins stepped forward. "Andrew Coggs, alias Peter Marlin, I arrest you for the murder of Daisy Satterly."

"You're crazy!" said Coggs. "Crazy!"

"I stated that this was a two-man murder," Alby said. He pressed a button on the desk before which he stood. "We shall now introduce the associate murderer."

Through the further door two policemen pushed the cringing young man with slant-set eyes, and hair growing above the knuckles of his knobby hands.

Mrs. Coggs screamed. "He never did it! I tell you he never even saw the girl! He was with me every minute of the time——"

"I must warn you, Mrs. Coggs," said Alby, "that anything you say will be used against you. You, too, are under arrest, as an accomplice."

"Me! I was down at Quapatuck every minute. And——"

"Don't be a fool, Mamma!" said Mr. Coggs. "It's all a mistake. As for this young man, I've not an idea who he is."

"Let me introduce your son," said Higgins, "William Vail, alias Victor Salter, alias Willie Verseter. He's signed a confession."

William shrank before his father's venomous look.

"You rat!" Mr. Coggs spat out the words.

William whimpered. But Mrs. Coggs shrieked, "He's a good boy—don't you be afraid, Willie!" She turned fiercely upon her husband. "He never did anything but what you made him do! And he never even saw Daisy Satterly, alive or dead! You did it all;" And then to Alby, "He did it all, everything, do you hear? He killed Daisy, and he tried to kill Miss Sayre. He just couldn't wait, the stupid fool, till you arrested Dinard. Afraid they'd get married or have a baby. So he went up on the roof, and got Dinard's bedroom slippers with his window opener, and planted the footprints, and didn't even know she wasn't in bed! He even stole their marriage licence. Yes, and he'd have killed me, too, as soon as we got the money, and have married his Susie Brown, his landlady's

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daughter that he had his picture taken with! So he couldn't marry her as long as his wife was alive! My eye! He did everything. You'll find Daisy's suitcase in one of them automatic files in the Pennsylvania Station. And his make-up box in another, and the museum keys! . . I tell you!" she screamed, "Willie never did a thing!"

"All right, boys. Take them away," said Alby quietly.

"Look!" exclaimed Joey. "He's forgetting to limp! And his double chin's gone! And he's exactly the height of Dennis Swift! Look! Miss Sayre——"

But Adelaide wasn't looking. Some moments earlier Sheridan had appeared in the doorway just behind her chair, and now her eyes were closed as he held her tight in his arms.

The reporters who had dashed out to telephone the news to their various papers returned and joined in the general appeal for explanations. "But he can't be Marlin!" Dr. Coe was exclaiming. "Nothing about him——"

"This cable from Scotland Yard explains much." And Alby read aloud one of the two last cables to arrive:

"Vaudeville agency reports Nan Sheridan and husband Vance Vail teamed together about twenty years. Son William joined them 1920. Title of Act: The Versatile Versoters—Victor, Vera, and Villie. Impersonations, acrobatics, human-fly climbing. Vance Vail, or Victor, classed A1 impersonator. Remarkable facial muscles. Also apparently able to change height, shape of hands and feet. Once very popular. Few engagements since war. Last one Plymouth, February, 1928. Rumored that trio emigrated Australia, but no passports to persons of their known names or pseudonyms. Nan Sheridan Vail rumored rich. Possibly acquired through father's counterfeiting career. No prison record for William Vail or Verseter."

"I see," said Sheridan, slowly.

"Clear as mud to me," said one of the reporters named Robinson. "You never suspected Dinard, Alby?"

"Only of knowing the girl's identity. Which unconsciously he did. But he'd hardly have uttered that unmistakable description—a blonde with lavender eyes and a short upper lip—if he'd killed her. Besides, only a bungling imbecile or an exhibitionist would have left so many clues—the dagger, the disappearing statuette, the gas-inspector business, the scratch in Miss Sayre's cupboard, propinquity at the time of the murder; lack of an alibi for the half-hour before it, and the hour during which Daisy's trunk was taken to the hotel and opened; the trunk check on Miss Sayre's desk——"

"Even now I don't understand how that got there," said Adelaide.

"Coggs waited in the hall yesterday morning after interrupting your telephone conversation with Mr. Dinard. When he heard you go into your aunt's apartment he unlocked your door, and put the baggage check where you'd be sure to find it. That check had to be found. If you hadn't remembered the number, he'd have got word to us some other way. For Daisy's trunk contained signed photographs taken in England. Therefore Scotland Yard would be called upon to unravel her identity, as Dinard's cousin, whose death made him heir to a fortune. The motive, you see."

"But how did you pick Coggs?" asked Wilcox. "After all, his alibi——"

"Was perfect, yes. But showy. Overdone, like everything else about the crime. From the very first he and his wife seemed to be putting on an over-written character act. They conspicuously forgot too many things. And nearly all these lapses of memory involved expense—which was out of character.

"And then they really forgot something—they forgot not to provide their Sunday dinner. The refrigerator contained the makings of an Irish stew. Imagine the penny-pinching Coggses leaving that meat to spoil. That Irish stew made me know what I already suspected—that Coggs was in on the murder. Yet, obviously, either Coggs or his double had been in Quapatuck from Saturday noon till late Saturday night."

"You knew from the beginning that there was a double?" Sheridan asked.

"I suspected it, when you reported a Coggsy impression of the man who attacked you, though you could remember no more than a hairy-knuckled fist. . . . Obviously, if you hadn't committed the murder, someone wanted it to seem so. And someone was too impatient to let the State remove you. but Coggs was at home, with police protection. Could there, then, be a junior Coggs, who had been playing his father's part in Quapatuck? Mrs. Coggs had wept over a dead baby, by way of explaining the papa-and-mamma business. Were they, I wondered, in the papa-and-mamma habit and afraid of a slip-up if they changed their lines?

"Then, a telephone call could summon Oswald to the Ninth Street house at any moment, and company could have entered and departed during his absences. That long telephone wire had a less ridiculous explanation than the one the Coggses gave. It enabled them to muffle their calls in the clothes closet. Knowing the carrying power of their stage-trained voices, they took no chance of being overheard."

"But how'd you guess those bozos were English?" asked Joey.

"Tea for breakfast suggested the idea. And then Mrs. Coggs despite a perfect American accent, frequently slipped into English expressions."

"But," Wilcox interrupted, "if you knew yesterday noon that they were guilty, why not have arrested them then?"

"I had nothing a jury would consider evidence. And no motive. That's why," he turned to Dinard. "I had to let the case develop against you. Until your supposed motive should turn up, I couldn't find a counter-motive. Fortunately, with Scotland Yard's swift help, you didn't have to suffer long."

"But I still can't believe," Dr. Coe said, "that Coggs could have been the Marlin Dr. Wellington recommended——"

"He wasn't. The real Marlin never reached you. Dr. Wellington mentioned Marlin's scar, and his hairy wen, but said nothing of his snuff-taking, or his smell; which he would have, had they existed. The addition of an unpleasant odor to a sufficiently marked man indicated that Marlin, like Coggs, like the murderer who sowed clues broadcast, had a habit of overdoing things.

"If, then, Coggs was Marlin, we might be able to find some fingerprints in the museum. I'd have had to arrest Dinard if Joey had identified him as Dennis Swift—but, having him at large instead of in gaol enabled him to lead us to fingerprints—our first bit of absolute evidence."

CHAPTER 30.

"I still don't see," said Sheridan, "how you knew Coggs would remind me of Marlin."

"I didn't know," said Alby. "Every one who spoke of Marlin mentioned his conspicuous features. No one seemed able to tell me what I wanted to know. So I had a midnight supper with Coggs, and discovered one trait that did help: in nervous or unoccupied moments he strums on the rungs or the under part of the seat of his chair. That suggested a new place to hunt for fingerprints—museum chairs.

"But I had noticed the way Dinard's mind worked. An unseen laugh had stirred his unconscious memory of Daisy. His subconscious mind had noticed something familiar about a chair in the Coggs' apartment, a familiarity which came and went. Perhaps it was the placing of the chair? If Dinard could see Coggs, dressed as much as possible like Marlin, sitting in Marlin's chair, which unconsciously he might move at a familiar angle, perhaps we might get a definite recognition of Marlin out of Dinard. So we kept Coggs waiting long enough for him to indulge his habit of strumming on chair rungs. At which moment we sent Dinard down the stairs. Dinard's unconscious mind did its stuff—recognised the gesture—the angle of the chair, and—a moment later—the set of Coggs' eyes—a slantwise set, which his son, Dinard's assailant, inherited, and which Coggs' impersonations could disguise. In that moment when Dinard saw through the Coggs' disguise to the actual eye-shape and slant, his mind made a characteristic short cut. He recalled that only last Friday Marlin, sitting in that very chair, at that very angle, had folded some mail which hadn't been sent and upon which there might have been—and were—fingerprints."

"Why the anonymous letter to me?" asked Dr. Coe.

"And why was I involved?" added Wilcox.

"Malice is the answer to those questions. He hated you all for the five irksome years as your servant. If he could break up a happy marriage and ruin a career, good."

"We could have arrested him several hours ago, on those fingerprints," Higgins put in. "But we hoped for what we got—fireworks, when we produced Willie."

"They threw a swell act," said one of the reporters. "But I'd like the beginning of the story——"

"Scotland Yard has just sent us a cable which reveals most of the story," Alby said. "Read it, Harrod."

Harrod read:

"Following is letter received by Gertrude Smiley from Daisy Satterly: 'Dear Gertrude, I can't even hint where I'm going, because I promised. But I didn't promise not to keep a diary, so I'll start one and enclose it, but on your honor don't read it unless something happens to me or it will bring me bad luck. Good-bye for a little while, your loving Daisy.' Enclosed (the cable continues) was thin notebook containing the following:

"'To-morrow I sail for America and fame, happy, but frightened, too.

"'You—I mean Gertrude—will remember the gipsy five years ago that stopped me outside the theatre in Hull and said, "A great fortune awaits you, but tell no one or it will cause delay. Marriage in six years. An earlier marriage would bring disaster." Well, I did tell Gertrude, because I didn't believe in fortune-tellers then. But next week I heard of Cousin Asbury's fortune, that I couldn't have till I was twenty-five. I'd have had the money sooner, if I hadn't disobeyed the gipsy. Then six months ago a letter came from America signed Cousin Victor Salter, who is the husband of my mother's cousin, Nan. He wrote that his best friend, a famous producer, had returned from England where he had discovered a dancing genius in a travelling troupe in York, and her name was Daisy Satterly, and after the depression he was going to look her up!!!! Cousin Nan thought it might be me. Was my mother's name Janet? If so, say nothing of this correspondence to anyone, but send some family information no outsider would know. So, to prove I was the right one, I wrote him what I've never told anybody, the family disgrace, which was that Asbury Sheridan's half-brother, Dean, died in prison. Cousin Asbury Sheridan fixed his will so Dean's children couldn't inherit. But they all died years ago, except Cousin Nan, who went into vaudeville. I met her only once when I was little, but I remember she taught me a dance. So I wrote all this, and promised not to breathe a word. Cousin Victor wrote back saying she had never recovered from the shock of losing

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their only child, but maybe I could be a daughter to her in her old age, and it would be pleasant to have someone of their own blood to inherit their estate when they died.

"But better than that, he promised me a chance on the stage some day. We wrote quite a few letters. Then Cousin Nan had a dream that when she got back to their New York flat from the doctor's, and opened the door, there was I, all grown up, in an old-fashioned pale blue costume, with puff sleeves and a white wig. And if that dream could come true, she could die happy. So Cousin Victor wrote could I come immediately if he sent money for passage and the costume, and then we'd stage Cousin Nan's dream just as she dreamed it. And he said he'd seen the producer again, and as a result I am to be starred almost at once. But the producer thought I needed a catchier name, so Cousin Victor went to a numerologist and they thought up Diantha Sheridan, if I was willing. Of course I was.

"So to-morrow I sail. I've made one mistake. I packed Cousin Victor's letters in my trunk. He asked me to bring them to prove I'm the right person. I'll explain about packing them by mistake. If only you—I mean Gertrude—could come, too! But I'll send money for a ticket the minute I get some, which ought to be soon, since I'm a "genius."

"'(Signed) Daisy Satterly, from now on Diantha Sheridan.'"

There was silence when Harrod finished the long cable.

"But I still don't understand how he planned the whole thing," said Sheridan, "for it must have been his work, that gipsy business with poor Daisy?"

"Yes," said one of the reporters. "Give it to us straight on from the beginning, Alby."

"Very well. Six years ago, Coggs, alias Victor Verseter, and Nan, alias Vera Verseter, vaudeville impersonators, read in the London 'Times' that Dr. Coe, famous archaeologist, and his assistants, Sheridan Dinard and Lester Wilcox, were visiting Dr. Wellington, preparatory to an expedition into Egypt. Sheridan Dinard—that name in Asbury Sheridan's will represented one of the obstacles between a large fortune and the Verseter's son, William. The following year an alleged accident occurred; Asbury Sheridan and all his direct descendants were drowned when a bridge gave way. Now only Daisy and Dinard stood between William and a fortune. The gipsy at Daisy's stage door, probably a Verseter in disguise, fostered what superstition she had by foretelling delays if she told anyone the predictions. Both the fortune and the delay came true. Daisy, now, could be counted on not to marry and produce additional heirs before she could be murdered. Meanwhile Dinard must be attended to."

"You mean," Dr. Coe asked, "that the scheme was worked out six years ago?"

"Most of it. The versatile Verseters disappeared from the stage. Willie's confession says he and his mother came to America. His father, impersonating a drain inspector, got into Dr. Wellington's house, and 'by accident' dropped a weight on the real Marlin's hand, temporarily disabling it. Next day, in a new disguise, he presented a forged recommendation from a recently deceased archaeologist to Dr. Wellington. Marlin's bruised hand got him a temporary job. Coggs', or rather, Verseter's, intention was to earn a recommendation from Dr. Wellington to present to Dr. Coe later. But luck played into his hand. Dr. Wellington was about to sell his collection, and the real Marlin wished to emigrate to America."

"And then," Joey excitedly guessed ahead, "he went with Marlin, shoved him overboard, made himself up to look like Marlin, and got the job with Dr. Coe, where he could spy on Mr. Dinard."

"Right, Joey. But even the real Marlin probably did not recognise his cabin mate, for he crossed in disguise as a carpenter with a fake passport."

"But why did he wait so long for his murders?" Adelaide asked.

"He had to establish himself as an American, be forgotten as a Verseter, and bring about a situation which would make Dinard seem to have murdered Daisy. Once the State had electrocuted Dinard, Willie could be discovered in Australia, surprised at his good fortune.

"But the matter moved slowly; the perfect setting had not developed. Then two years ago Dinard met Adelaide Sayre. Miss Sayre and her aunt had lived for many years at their present address. So a Mr. Coggs sprang into being, and went into real estate business. He bought the house on Twelfth Street, another on Ninth, and a place at Quapatuck."

"He must have had money."

"Mrs. Coggs had money. Her father was a successful counterfeiter for many years before he was caught. But they were greedy."

"What precipitated them just at this time?" Wilcox asked. "Dinard's engagement?"

"That, and the fact that Daisy, after inheriting, could make a will of her own. And the very nearness of Daisy's twenty-fifth birthday made it a conspicuous time to make Dinard seem to murder her. Besides, Dinard must be got out of the way before his marriage, to prevent a new obstacle—a possible heir. From this point, the rest of the story, I imagine, is clear."

"I don't see how he managed his timing," said Sheridan, "and the changes in personality. Especially Saturday. He reached the museum at ten-thirty and stayed till past one."

"Quite simple. He left his house about nine-thirty, having Oswald carry his bag to the street car. In the men's room at the Pennsylvania Station he met his son, who had a make-up box. Occupying adjoining toilet compartments, they followed the usual Saturday routine. William became Coggs, limped out, joined Mrs. Coggs, and proceeded to Quapatuck. Coggs rechecked the make-up box and appeared at the museum as Marlin.

"After everyone had gone, he opened the cabinet with a key he had had made in advance, took the dagger, and then proceeded to remove all his fingerprints from the museum. As he was about to leave, he saw on Dinard's desk the statuette, which could easily be converted into a door knocker—and an additional clue. Dinard, he knew, was calling for Miss Sayre about six-thirty. He would, therefore, stage the murder about that time. He would not meet Daisy's ship, which docked at two, but would go home, wait for her telephone call, and have her arrive about five-thirty, visit with her and give her time to get into her costume. He decoyed Oswald to Ninth St. so that he would not, even in some disguise, be seen entering his apartment.

"The rest was easy," Alby continued. "Daisy waited two hours and telephoned. He told her to bring her trunk check and to come to his apartment after five. He drilled the peep-hole into the door, and just before she arrived attached the statuette.

"She arrived and changed her costume. They visited. He kept watch. He saw Dinard come in and start up the stairs. Then something—we'll never know what—must have made her laugh. Nervousness? Excitement? But this laugh was not according to plan. It had to be stopped. He stabbed her 'in the mid-peal' as Dinard put it.

"He watched to see Sheridan and Adelaide come downstairs. He heard them talk with Oswald, and was ready for his getaway, at the moment of Dinard's unforeseen return to get Miss Sayre's forgotten letter. While Dinard was upstairs, he opened the door, removed the statuette, and quickly plugged the hole with putty. From the window he saw Dinard drive off with Miss Sayre, then dashed up to her apartment and planted a scratch in her cupboard. Then in some unrecognisable character, probably unlike either Coggs or Marlin, he walked out of the house with Daisy's bag. When we find the bag, we'll doubtless find something of Dinard's planted in it.

"And all this while Willie was blatantly establishing the Coggs' alibi in Quapatuck.

"A telephone message to Quapatuck told of the deed. Then he took Daisy's trunk check to some expressman whom he had spotted in advance, arranged for the time of delivery to the Hotel Astrakan, also chosen in advance. He telephoned to the Ballards, asked for Dinard, pretended to be Dr. Swithin, an English anthropologist, who had to see Dinard immediately at the Waldorf. That took Dinard away from the Ballards long enough to spoil his natural alibi. All Coggs had to do then was to watch the trunk being delivered, go into the hotel, open it, remove Daisy's letters, and hurry back to the museum, to get the telephone call he knew would come—the one from Dinard asking about Dr. Swithin.

"On the way in, he dropped the statuette in the bushes. Then he replaced the dagger, leaving the case open, to attract attention to it. He saw a chance to involve Dinard further by waiting, and planting an angry letter of resignation.

"About this time, he knew the police would be questioning Oswald, and that Oswald would have told about the door knocker and its mysterious disappearance.

"And then Dinard telephoned, gave him his chance to explode with outraged pride, to leave the typed note in the typewriter, and get out.

"Then he went back to the Pennsylvania Station in time to meet Willie, as Coggs. And once more in the men's room they changed personalities. And Mr. Coggs then went back to Twelfth St. with his wife."

"Gosh!" said Joey.

"And then Willie," Higgins added, "made his big mistake. He wasn't content to let the law take its course. Instead, he tried to bump Dinard off."

"But how did you know where to look for Willie?"

"We knew," said Alby, "that Coggs must have been getting letters from the girl. We did some guessing and visiting round, till we found the right post office. And, by a stroke of luck, Willie, calling for the last letter. We should have found him, anyway. All outgoing steamers were being watched; we found a ticket for La Guaira in Willie's pocket."

"He sure must have been a swift human-fly," said Joey, "to have got down off the roof and out of the black thing I saw him in and into his nightshirt before Burt and the other detectives got into the house."

"He was a lightning change artist. We found the black costume—acrobat's tights—while he and Mrs. Coggs were on their way to the museum this afternoon—tucked between the refrigerating coils of the icebox. And now," Alby stood up, "if——"

"Scuse me, boss," Oswald raised his gold-lettered superintendent's cap respectfully. "But don't nobody know where a married man kin get a job? Of course I'll stay and keep the fires going through Miss Sayre's wedding next Saturday——"

There was a burst of laughter. But Dinard smiled at Oswald. "Maybe I can put in a good word," he said. "Dr. Coe's going to need a new caretaker for the museum——"

"That's right nice of you, Mr. Dinard. I always did say you didn't seem like a murderin' man!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person).

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